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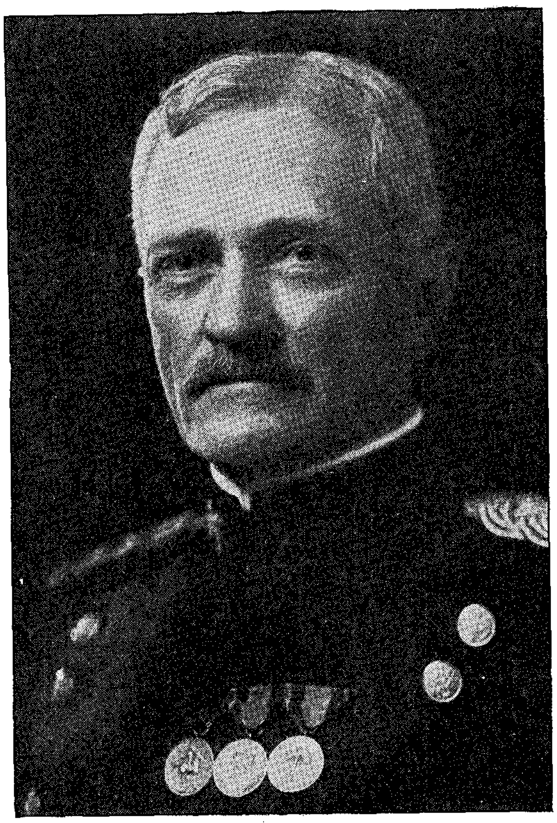
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

INVADING MEXICO TO AVERT INTERVENTION

OUR ARMED INVASION of Mexico on the trail of Villa and his band of murderers is "deliberately intended to preclude the possibility of intervention," declares Secretary Lansing, and an overwhelming majority of our press earnestly hope that this intention may be realized. While no competent editorial observer shuts his eyes to the perilous possibilities with which the situation bristles, neither does he ignore the omens of a happy outcome supplied by General Carranza's cordial cooperation with our punitive expedition, by our evidence of good faith in permitting the continued exportation of ammunition to Carranza's forces, and by the public demonstrations of approval in Mexico City and in Querétaro, Carranza's provisional capital. Even in the comment of the Texas papers, which are too near the danger-zone to be easily deluded with false hopes, we find a strong note of optimism. Before Pancho Villa "now yawns the pit he so ruthlessly dug for his adversary," says the Houston *Chronicle*, which thinks that "the launching of this expedition will serve to quell the rising tide of passion along the border, which, if permitted to expand much further, would certainly and inevitably plunge the two countries into war." "Assuming that it will remain a punitive expedition, the task assigned to our troops will be more difficult than dangerous," remarks the Dallas *News*, which says that 3,000 is an outside estimate of Villa's present forces, and thinks that "he could hardly recruit this to more than 5,000." The Galveston *News* commends President Wilson for conceding Carranza the reciprocal right to pursue bandits across the border into the United States, because this permission will aid the Provisional President in smothering the incendiary oratory to which our invasion will give rise in Mexico. "To do that is worth while," adds the Galveston daily, "for there is nothing to be gained by closing our eyes to the fact that our efforts to limit this operation to the one purpose we have in view may fail wofully." The note of warning is sounded also by the El Paso *Times*, this border paper seeing "squally times" ahead unless Americans and Mexicans alike heed General Pershing's admonition that "this is no time to indulge in idle theories about invasion." The same paper emphasizes editorially General Pershing's statement that the sole purpose of his expedition is to "aid in eliminating an international outlaw," and that this constitutes "a most friendly act of assistance on our part." Turning to New Orleans, another city not far removed from the Mexican volcano, we find *The Item* affirming that with Carranza welcoming the Americans as his aids "Mexico's years of misery are near an end, with Carranza as the leading Mexican figure in the work of pacification."



LEADING OUR TROOPS INTO MEXICO.

General John J. Pershing's experiences in fighting Geronimo and his Apaches in the Southwest, and in subjugating the Moros in the Philippines, peculiarly fit him for his present difficult task. He holds the record for rapid promotion in the United States Army, having been advanced by President Roosevelt in 1906 from captain to brigadier-general over the heads of 862 other officers.

We are "united at last," exclaims the New York *World*, which is gratified to note that "a murderous assault upon Americans, in one locality at least, is resented by the whole body of our citizenship." "We are all unanimous now—Bryanites, hyphenates, and all the rest"—agrees the Rochester *Post Express*, and the New York *Herald*, admonishing us that

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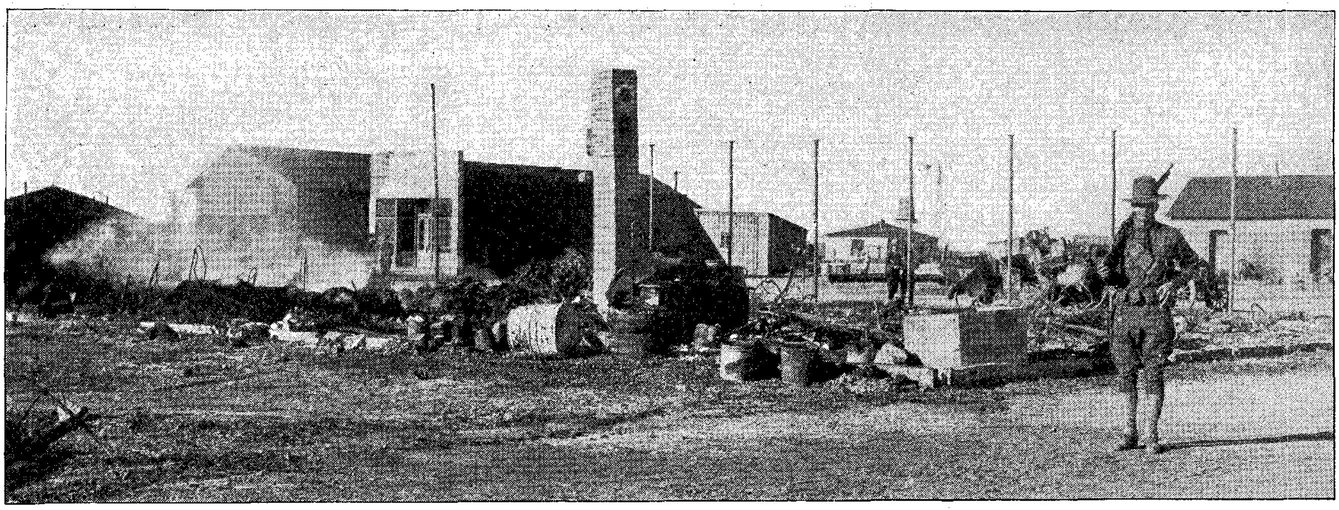

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SCENE IN COLUMBUS, N. M., AFTER THE VILLISTA RAID.

"this is a time for Americans to stand together," adds that "the few in this land who are giving vent to carping criticism, the while reflecting upon the good faith of their own Government either directly or by innuendo, deserve the condemnation of their fellows."

"In no single act has the present Administration given clearer proof of its fitness to be entrusted with the foreign relations of the United States than in its friendly reply to General Carranza's request for 'reciprocal rights,'" declares the St. Louis *Republic*, which repeats the assurance that our soldiers are in Mexico "on police-duty pure and simple." If our military movement into Mexico is saved from becoming an armed intervention, says the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, we owe the fact not only to President Wilson's handling of the crisis, but to "the surprizing good sense displayed by General Carranza." Not only is the reciprocal agreement "perfectly fair," says the New York *World*, but it has the added advantage of "saving the face of the Carranza Government." "From every point of view," remarks this paper, "it is highly desirable that Villa's sinister power be not increased by American disregard of Mexican sensibilities." "The new step," says the Columbia *State*, "is of a piece with the whole Mexican policy of the Administration, namely, helping the people of that distracted Republic to attain a basis of sane self-government." As a matter of expediency, the reciprocal-invasion agreement "helps both the record and the situation," remarks the Boston *News Bureau*, which goes on to say:

> "As a concession it sentimentally fortifies our previous position. It attests our singleness of purpose—that of catching Villa—and reenforces the assurances of respect and cooperation given in our first announcement of that purpose. Mexican pride and suspicion are given no fresh fuel. Our record for magnanimity and sincerity is enhanced.
>
> "But the important effect is in the other direction, and it is more practical than sentimental. It cuts the ground from under any sinister designs that may have tempted Carranza. It erases the occasion for whatever menace his note contained. It makes still clearer the advantage that should come to him, following our recognition and present attitude, if he will act fairly and sensibly—or is able as well as willing to do so."

"And is it not possible," asks the same paper, "that other interests than purely Mexican will be somewhat baffled by our liberality of attitude?" For—

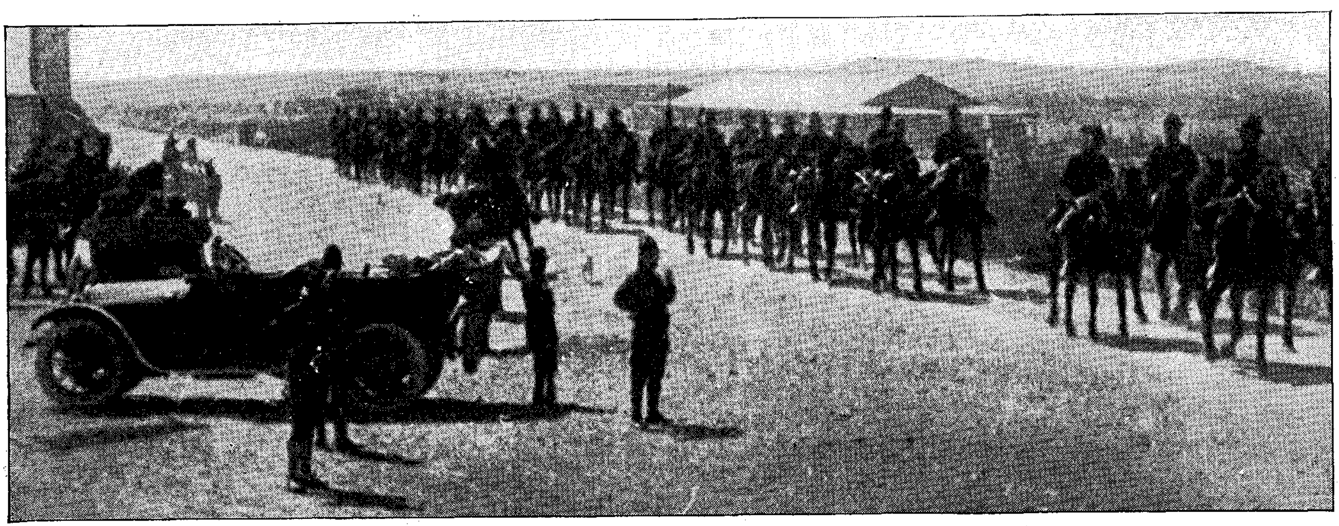
> "Travelers have flatly asserted—what a larger world-situation made a plausible suspicion—that foreign intrigues have been operative in making more acute for us the Mexican muddle. No doubt such influences would have been happy to witness the present distraction further gravely complicated."

General Carranza's "political courage" in accepting our aid, remarks the New York *Sun*, "seems to have laid the specter of intervention." If Carranza can hold his people in line, agrees *The Evening Sun*, Mexico is confronting her great opportunity. But serious peril, it adds, "lies in the ignorant passions of the Mexican populace, goaded and inflamed by malignant agitators." At least, says the New York *Times*, "we begin our enforced task with the clear understanding that everything that can be done to prevent intervention will be done by our Government, with the approval of the whole country." And the New York *Globe* reminds us that President Wilson is opposed to intervention in Mexico "on both idealistic and practical grounds":

> "His moral convictions are confirmed by practical considerations. He realizes that to conquer Mexico would imperil good relations with all Latin America and make impossible a Pan-American Union. He is aware that to put Mexico in order would probably mean ten years of war and the continuous employment of half a million troops, and that if we succeeded all we would gain would be to have an Ireland or Poland on our hands. He does not think the integrity of American investments would be promoted by a new sort of anarchy in Mexico."

It is possible to invade Mexico with armed forces without going to war with Mexico, explains the Springfield *Republican*, because "an expedition against outlaws, such as Villa's forces, has in itself no status as a war in international law; it is merely a performance of police-duty." Nevertheless, it adds, "within a week the whole border may be aflame."

A sigh of mingled relief and apprehension, remarks the St. Louis *Star*, went up from one end of the country to the other at the news that President Wilson, without waiting to ask the authorization of Congress or the consent of Carranza, ordered a military expedition into Mexico to capture the bandits who invaded our territory and murdered our citizens at Columbus. There was relief because incisive action had come to break the long strain of "watchful waiting," and apprehension because the outcome might be war. Immediately after the Columbus raid the President announced that an "adequate force," acting "in entirely friendly aid of the constituted authorities in Mexico and with scrupulous respect for the sovereignty of that Republic," would be sent at once in pursuit of Villa. At the same time the Secretary of War issued a statement that "so soon as the forces of the *de-facto* Government can take control of the situation any forces of the United States then remaining in Mexico will, of course, be withdrawn." Carranza's double-barreled response was a note to the American Government asking permission to send Mexican troops across the border into the United States in pursuit of bandits if the occasion should arise, and a proclamation to the Mexican people declaring that "under no circumstances will any motive, be the reasons or ex-



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13TH U. S. CAVALRY CROSSING THE BOUNDARY FOR WATCHFUL MARCHING.

planations of the United States what they may, justify the armed invasion of Mexican territory without reciprocal rights being granted to the Mexicans," and that "not for an instant will the invasion of Mexican territory or an outrage to its dignity be tolerated." Not less prompt was President Wilson's reply granting the permission requested, and expressing gratification "that the *de-facto* Government of Mexico has evinced so cordial and friendly a spirit of cooperation" with our efforts to capture and punish Villa and his band. This reply, according to Carranza's Foreign Secretary, "relieved a very delicate situation," and was celebrated in Mexico City and Querétaro by parades and other public demonstrations in approval of the agreement, the crowds proclaiming Carranza "the savior of his country's honor." Carranza's next step was an order to his generals "to cooperate in every way with the American expeditionary force."

While most of our papers comment in the spirit advocated by General Pershing, we find Mr. Hearst's New York *American* arguing that "real intervention would save bloodshed," and his New York *Evening Journal* remarking that "the job in Mexico must be complete some day," and asking, "Why not attend to it properly now?" What is Mr. Hearst's idea of attending to it properly may be gathered from the following sentences:

"California and Texas were part of Mexico once. Does anybody suggest that California and Texas would like to go back to Mexico, or that California and Texas are anything less than homogeneous, patriotic, typical sections of the United States?

"What has been done in California and Texas by the United States can be done ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE SOUTHERN BANK OF THE PANAMA CANAL AND A FEW MILES BEYOND.

"And if this country really wanted to do what would be for the best interest of civilization, and especially of Mexico and Central America, the pacifying, prosperity-giving influence of the United States would be extended south to include both sides of the great Canal.

"Naturally there would be objections. There were objections among our original thirteen States when it was suggested that they should enter the Union and share in the general power and prosperity.

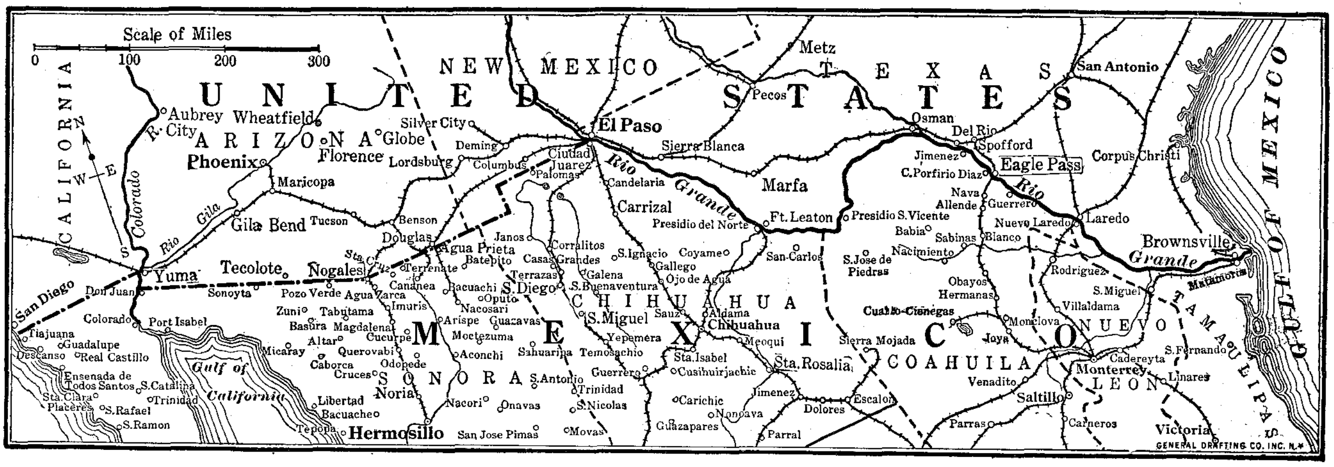
"Texas that was Mexico, and California that was Mexico, had days of mourning. Citizens objected to being taken in.

"But they would object much more violently now to being put out."

And the Chicago *Tribune*, in editorials published on March 10 and 11, announced its belief that "intervention is inevitable," and declared that in trying to avoid it "we back away from a moral duty, an opportunity, and a responsibility." "What essential difference is there," it asks, "between the old Cuba and the present Mexico?"

That the Mexican masses, distrusting our assurances of good faith, or even kept in ignorance of them, may turn away from Carranza and rally behind any leader who adopts "Death to the Gringoes" as his slogan, is a possibility that many of our editorial observers do not blink. There is "a grim probability," thinks the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "that Villa, Zapata, and Felix Diaz may join forces." While Villa is a bandit, remarks the Baltimore *News*, "he is a bandit with a national past and national and now international possibilities." The Washington *Times* reminds us that failure in our effort to "get Villa alive or dead" would be a death-blow to American prestige in Mexico. And in the Springfield *Republican* we find certain "highly explosive elements" in the situation thus enumerated:

"The reports that Villa's desperado attack on an American town had made him a hero in parts of Mexico are not to be con-


Scale of Miles
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CALIFORNIA
UNITED STATES
NEW MEXICO
TEXAS
ARIZONA
MEXICO
GULF OF MEXICO
Gulf of California
SONORA
CHIHUAHUA
COAHUILA
NUEVO LEON
TAMAULIPAS
Rio Grande
Colorado R.
Gila R.
Aubrey City
Wheatfield
Phoenix
Florence
Globe
Silver City
Deming
Lordsburg
Maricopa
Gila Bend
Tucson
Benson
Douglas
Yuma
Tecolote
Nogales
San Diego
Don Juan
Columbus
Palomas
Ciudad Juarez
El Paso
Sierra Blanca
Pecos
Metz
Osman
Del Rio
Spofford
Eagle Pass
Jimenez
C.Porfirio Diaz
San Antonio
Corpus Christi
Laredo
Nuevo Laredo
Brownsville
Matamoros
Marfa
Candelaria
Carrizal
Presidio del Norte
Ft. Leaton
Presidio S.Vicente
San Carlos
Agua Prieta
Casas Grandes
Corralitos
Janos
Galena
Terrazas
S.Diego
S.Buenaventura
Ojo de Agua
Gallego
Coyame
S.Ignacio
Nacozari
Arispe
Moctezuma
S.Miguel
Chihuahua
Aldama
Sauz
Mequi
Sta.Rosalia
Sierra Mojada
Cuatro Ciénegas
Monclova
Monterrey
Saltillo
Linares
Victoria
Cadereyta
Parral
Jimenez
Escalon
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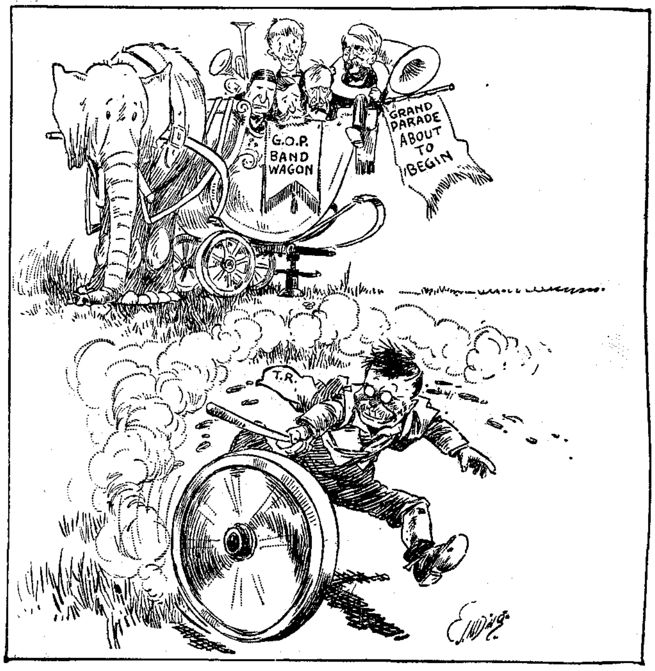
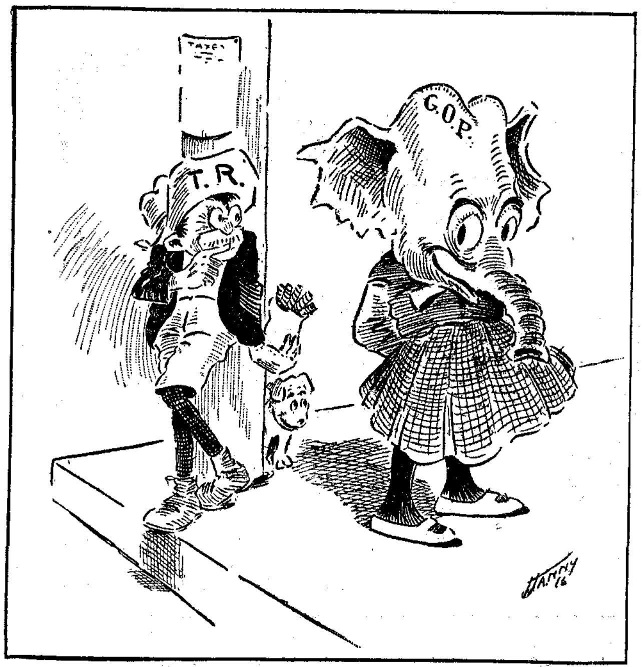
THE MEXICAN BORDER.


G.O.P. BAND WAGON
GRAND PARADE ABOUT TO BEGIN
T.R.

THE NECESSARY FOURTH WHEEL.
—Darling in the Des Moines *Register and Leader.*



T. R.—"I ain't mad atcha any more!"
—Hanny in the St. Joseph *News-Press.*

THRILLING EXPERIENCES OF OUR CHIEF FAUNAL NATURALIST WITH THE

sidered improbable. The blazing audacity of the act might readily bring him popularity not merely among the peons from which Villa sprang, but also among the educated and propertied classes. A strong anti-American feeling was noted in Mexico in General Diaz's last years as President, and there were mob-demonstrations in Mexico City, inspired and led by students, which had a portentous look. Americans have never been loved south of the Rio Grande. Texas, California, and the war of 1846–48 furnish the historical roots of the dislike; racial and cultural differences have made the border a dark and bloody ground for seventy-five years, and in the past generation the capitalistic penetration of Mexico by American promoters and engineers has aroused dread of the loss of national independence.

"Campaigning for Villa, 'dead or alive,' will not be quite the same as running down Apaches or cattle-thieves. Villa has done things in recent Mexican history that appeal to the imagination; he commanded large armies and won important battles. He was Carranza's big fist in the earlier days of the revolution after President Madero's murder, and at one time he seemed not unlikely to become another Diaz and be the undisputed ruler of Mexico. Villa has a certain untutored genius in war, and his brute force is the sort that makes many humble peons his adoring followers. An outlaw he now is, but nearly every fighting-man in Mexico has been technically an outlaw at one time or another in the past five years. The feeling that Villa is 'one of us' may take deep hold of the Mexican masses, even of the soldiers of Carranza's army, in case the spectacle of American troopers in stern pursuit of him should be long drawn out."

And the military difficulties confronting our punitive expedition are so great, *The Republican* goes on to say, that "its final success may be deferred for many months":

"The pursuit of the Apache Indians under Geronimo a generation ago lasted some two years. Villa knows every hiding-place and water-hole of the desert and mountains of northern Mexico, and he will get protection from the mass of the humbler inhabitants of that region whenever he needs a refuge. During the operations under Generals Funston and Pershing, moreover, there may be incidents full of danger to the relations between the two countries, even if Mexico as a whole remains quiet. Clashes may occur between American soldiers and Mexicans which will be exaggerated and distorted in the reports circulated from the Rio Grande to Yucatan, provoking popular animosity against the 'gringoes.'

"That the business can be put through on the lines now contemplated, without an extension of the military operations into a general campaign of intervention, must be the earnest hope of every one; yet it would be inexcusable folly for the United States Government not to make ready for the gravest contingencies."

COL. ROOSEVELT OUT AND IN THE RACE

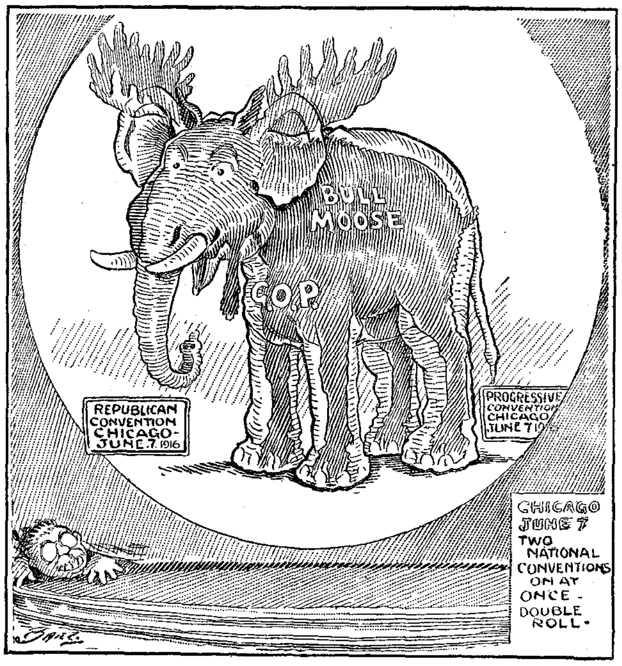
THE RINGING UTTERANCE of Colonel Roosevelt that he does not wish the nomination and is "not in the least interested in the political fortunes either of myself or any other man" only means that he is willing to run. At least, such is the idea of some editorial observers, and, among them, the San Francisco *Bulletin* (Ind. Rep.) says that "of course he wants to be President," and "he thinks he knows exactly what ought to be done." Nor is he a Colonel House—"no side-lines for him; he wants to run with the ball." This journal then quotes from the ex-President's statement the caution that it would be a "mistake" to nominate him "unless the country has in its mood something of the heroic," and his urging that the delegates to Chicago "should approach their task unhampered by any pledge, except to bring to its accomplishment every ounce of courage, intelligence, and integrity they possess." With these views, observes *The Bulletin,* Colonel Roosevelt "can't care a continental army whether his name is in the primaries or not." It was to keep his name out of the Massachusetts primary, we learn from the press, that Colonel Roosevelt made his pronouncement to Mr. Stoddard, of the New York *Evening Mail,* while at Port of Spain, Trinidad, B. W. I., on a holiday-tour. From the published reports we cull as follows:

"I will not enter into any fight for the nomination, and I will not permit any factional fight to be made in my behalf. Indeed, I will go further and say that it would be a mistake to nominate me unless the country has in its mood something of the heroic—unless it feels not only devotion to ideals, but the purpose measurably to realize those ideals in action.

"This is one of those rare times which come only at long intervals in a nation's history, where the action taken determines the bias of the life of the generations that follow. Such times were those from 1776 to 1789, in the days of Washington, and from 1858 to 1865, in the days of Lincoln.

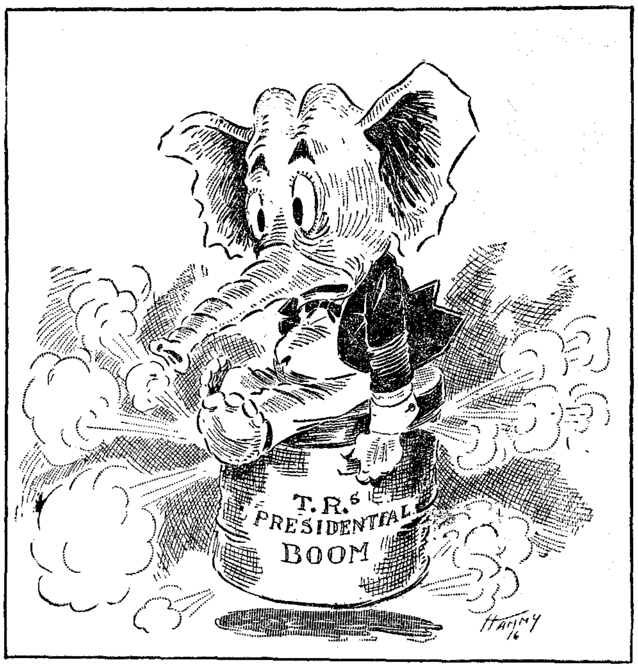
"It is for us of to-day to grapple with the tremendous national and international problems of our own hour in the spirit and with the ability shown by those who upheld the hands of Washington and Lincoln. Whether we do or do not accomplish this feat will largely depend on the action taken at the Republican and Progressive national conventions next June.

"Nothing is to be hoped from the present Administration, and the struggles between the President and his party leaders in Congress are to-day merely struggles as to whether the nation


BULL MOOSE
G.O.P.
REPUBLICAN CONVENTION CHICAGO-JUNE 7 1916
PROGRESSIVE CONVENTION CHICAGO JUNE 7 1916
CHICAGO JUNE 7 TWO NATIONAL CONVENTIONS ON AT ONCE - DOUBLE ROLL·
Bart

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis *Daily News*.



SITTING ON THE LID.

—Hanny in the St. Joseph *News-Press*.

GREATEST LIVING PACHYDERM OF THE AMERICAN POLITICAL JUNGLE.

shall see its governmental representatives adopt an attitude of a little more or a little less hypocrisy and follow a policy of slightly greater or slightly less baseness. All that they offer us is a choice between degrees of hypocrisy and degrees of infamy."

The Des Moines *Capital* (Rep.) speaks of this declaration as being "so full of American red blood that one who loves his country feels like proposing three cheers." Colonel Roosevelt knows "there are legions who wouldn't vote for anybody else," remarks the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* (Rep.), and he also knows that there are "as many, or more, legions that would not vote for him under any circumstances." This is "probably the reason why he will not enter the Presidential contest." Again, the Tacoma *Ledger* (Rep.) is impressed by Colonel Roosevelt's counsel to the convention delegates because it "conflicts with the views of many of his followers who have attacked the representative system and advocated Presidential primary instructions," and it observes:

> "It is not entirely clear to what convention he refers. For the most part, his interview reads as if he has reference to the Republican National Convention. In one place, however, he says whether we grapple with the tremendous national and international problems of our own hour in the spirit and with the ability shown by those who upheld the hands of Washington and Lincoln will 'largely depend upon the action taken at the Republican and Progressive national conventions next June.' His advice seems to be intended chiefly for the Republican party, for he realizes that there is little of the Progressive party left. . . . . .
>
> "Evidence grows that Colonel Roosevelt will support the nominee of the Republican National Convention."

Colonel Roosevelt's "unwillingness to precipitate a factional fight at the polls" has been "several times asserted," the Boston *Transcript* (Ind. Rep.) tells us, and "always the assertion has been followed by additional evidence of his popularity." Then this journal cites approvingly Colonel Roosevelt's definition of the delegates who "should be the very best men that can be found in our country, whose one great mission should be to declare in unequivocal terms for a program of clean-cut, straight-out national Americanism, in deeds not less than in words, and in internal and international matters alike." The Kalamazoo *Progressive Herald* also warmly indorses Colonel Roosevelt's "patriotic message to Americans," and says that "the crisis is too grave to dwell on the desire of individuals." Echoing the ex-President's statement about the character of the delegates, this journal urges that they should be "the best Americans; not politicians."

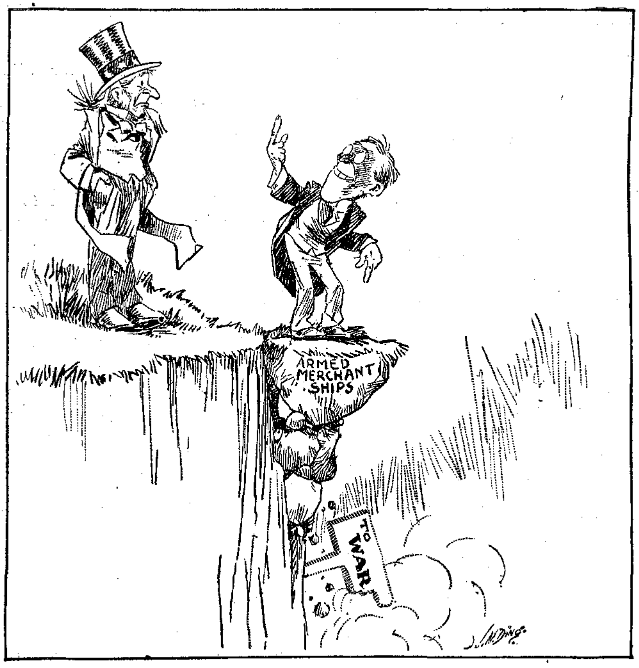
Among the independent dailies we find the Washington *Post* summing up the situation as follows:

> "All that the Colonel has done is to state the conditions on which he will become a candidate. He has merely made it plain that he will not compromise to get the nomination for himself; that if he should receive it, it would be with the understanding that he would continue the fight he has been making against the present Administration's foreign policy.
>
> "Without doubt, Colonel Roosevelt will make a fight in the resolutions committee, which will draw up the Republican platform. This is likewise true of former Secretary Bryan's program in the Democratic party. These two leaders will try to see to it that their views are represented, or else openly rejected, in the two great political parties."

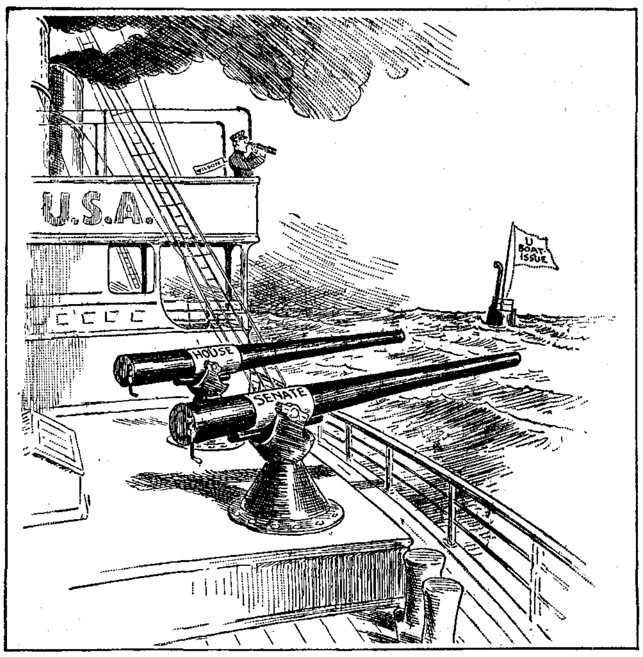
As the New York *Evening Sun* (Ind.) sees it, Colonel Roosevelt "serves notice here and now that if he should be returned to the White House" he "would not hesitate to proceed to direct action against those who have wronged the United States grievously," and it tells us that—

> "The Colonel has set a good example for Presidential possibilities. In this of all years it is highly desirable for the people to know the positions on our international relations of the candidates among whom they choose. The conventions which will nominate a candidate at Chicago—for it does not seem probable that two candidates for President will be chosen there—should know the views of their nominee. This is no year for political pigs in pokes."

To turn now to his critics, the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Ind. Dem.) claims that tho "the Old World is taking what has been described as a bath of blood, the New World is not hankering after any such experience." One way to invite it would be to "send the Colonel to Washington again," and this journal adds: "That would be part and parcel of the logic of his nomination; also of his election. It is too big a price to pay." Referring to the statement of "Theodore Roosevelt, Hero," that "it is utterly impossible to say now with any degree of certainty who should be nominated at Chicago," the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind. Dem.) remarks that "not since Cæsar declined the crown upon the Lupercal has there been a finer display of simple and unaffected modesty."



Wilson—"Come on—you've a perfect right to stand here!"
—Darling in the Des Moines *Register and Leader*.



THE ARMED LINER.
—De Mar in the Philadelphia *Record*.

A REPUBLICAN AND A DEMOCRATIC VIEW OF THE *U*-BOAT ISSUE.

THE DISILLUSION OF THE PRIMARY

WIDE-SPREAD DISTRUST of the Presidential-primary laws appears to be felt by various editorial observers, some of whom go so far as to call them "farcical." In the Democratic party a primary is considered superfluous, while in the Republican ranks the leading "possibilities" show a strange unwillingness to let their names appear on the ballots. Then, too, instead of enabling the voters to select their candidates themselves, we are told, in certain cases the statutes seem to have been drawn "as if the real intentions were to deprive them of the exercise of a free choice." Such is the observation of the Minneapolis *Tribune* (Rep.), which points out that in Minnesota the voters have "very much less to say about the nomination of a President than under the old system." That the new method is "in great disrepute this year among those who regarded it as the ark of our political covenant four years ago," is the conviction of the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* (Rep.), which notes particularly the great change of form it takes in the twenty-two States legally requiring a primary. Thus Ohio requires the Presidential candidates to file written acceptances, we are informed, while Illinois will not permit any candidate to decline. Colonel Roosevelt, who formerly favored the Presidential-primary idea, has tried in vain to withdraw his name in the latter State, but "his protests are to be officially ignored." If we examine further we find "a bewildering variety of conceptions of how a candidate for President should conduct his campaign." In the present situation the Democrats "complain of the needless expense, with only one Presidential candidate before them"; and turning to the Republican party, whose press are more vitally concerned in the matter this year, *The Globe Democrat* observes:

> "The men whom the country esteems of Presidential size are not submitting their candidacies to the primaries. Most of the favorite sons are respecting each other's preserves. Mr. Fairbanks had no opposition in Indiana. No avowed candidate will dispute with Senator Sherman in Illinois. Senator Cummins is to have Iowa. He and Senator La Follette are reported to have formed a compact in each other's interest in certain Northern States. . . . While over half the delegates to the Chicago convention will be selected by primaries, nobody expects any Presidential candidate to make a formidable showing on the first ballot. The convention will choose the nominee. There may be occasions when the Presidential-primary laws are useful, but they are farcical this year."

The Tacoma *Ledger* (Rep.) also claims that the convention will pick the nominee "with little regard to the preference vote in any State," which is based on a State rather than a national judgment. In the view of the Boston *Transcript* (Ind. Rep.), the "popular reaction" against the Presidential-preference primary is "a significant sign of the times." It reminds us that Justice Hughes, Colonel Roosevelt, and Mr. Root have all refused to appear on primary ballots. Where the new system, so popular in 1912, is receiving a try-out, there "the least interest in its operation" is shown. In instance, this journal cites the Indiana primaries, and tells us that:

> "It was a cut-and-dried affair in so far as the vote for President went. Thirty delegates were elected and instructed by the Democrats for Wilson, and an equal number were elected and instructed by the Republicans for Fairbanks. There was not the semblance of a contest in either party on this score, and the names of Wilson and Fairbanks were the candidates for President appearing on the ballot. Instead of encouraging a popular expression of opinion on the relative merits of the various Republican aspirants and eligibles for the Presidency, the preference primary operated in Indiana to suppress such a vote. We know now only that on the first ballot the Indiana delegation at Chicago will cast a complimentary vote for Fairbanks, in line with a Hoosier custom that has almost become a habit at national conventions. To whom these thirty delegates will rally or to whom they will be delivered on the subsequent and deciding ballots probably not even the delegates know."

The St. Louis *Star* (Ind.) remarks that if we are to have popular Presidential primaries, a petition must be permitted "to name any person or persons whatever." It makes note then of "the frantic efforts of men, who are at least receptive candidates for the Presidential nomination, to keep their names off primary ballots," and points out that—

> "So many names have been taken from State primary ballots in this way in various States having the popular system that it fails in its purpose of letting the voter know for whom he is voting. With no name and no pledge, he is practically voting for uninstructed delegates. If the purpose of permitting the voters of the party to vote for delegates pledged to specific candidates is to be accomplished, nobody should have the right, including the individual named, to have the name and pledge omitted from the ballot. A list of unpledged delegates at a popular primary would be as uncertain as to what they stood for as the old primary ticket."

SOCIALISM'S STAKE IN THE WAR

ON ACCOUNT OF THE WAR the Socialist party will poll a vote of more than 1,500,000 at the coming Presidential election, according to its candidate, Mr. Allan Louis Benson, of Yonkers, N. Y. The working people in Europe, he explains in an interview in the New York *World*, are learning that the competitive system "creates an owning class," and the owning class, which has the trade at present, must struggle to keep and extend it, while the class which has not the trade is "bent on getting it, no matter how," and "there is the cause of the war."

Mr. Benson's prediction, remarks the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), shows at least that "he goes into the campaign with the proper amount of enthusiasm," and while there is no doubt that his party may attract many voters among the antimilitarists, on the other hand, "many who have heretofore voted the Socialist ticket may make an exception this year on account of their belief in thoroughgoing preparedness." No one knows what effect the progress of State Socialism in the various warring countries may have on the Socialist vote in America, this journal thinks, and tho the war "seems to have dealt a blow to internationalism . . . it is a great mistake to suppose that Socialism has received a wound from which it will not speedily recover." Another factor in the vote noted by *The Republican* and other dailies is the advantage Mr. Eugene Victor Debs possest in running as a labor-leader as well as a Socialist, and the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Ind. Dem.) remarks that "most of those who voted for the railroad organizer knew a lot more about Debs than they knew about Socialism." The rise of the Debs vote is recalled as follows: 1900, 99,613; 1904, 391,587; 1908, 420,711; 1912, 913,155.

THE FIRST NOMINEE.

Allan L. Benson gets a start of three months over other candidates in the Presidential race by receiving the Socialist nomination in March.

Mr. Benson is a magazine- and newspaper-man, the press inform us, and was born in Plainwell, Michigan, November 6, 1871. He has been an editor on the staff of the Detroit *Times* and the Washington *Times*, and has written books and magazine-articles on economic and political subjects. His running mate is Mr. George R. Kirkpatrick, author and lecturer, of Newark, N. J. In the New York *World* interview mentioned above, Mr. Benson, surrounded by a family "almost Rooseveltian in size," says in part:

> "My campaign will be an effort to save the United States from the fate of Europe. For forty years European Socialists have been warning the old countries that this war of owning classes would take place. But their warnings went unheeded. . . . . . .
>
> "I purpose in my campaign to show what brought about this European War and to demonstrate that the same forces are now at work here and will inevitably plunge this country into war. I do not mean war this year, or in ten years or in twenty. I think Europe is sick of fighting, and no nation or combination of nations has the stomach to attack us. But if our owning classes keep reaching out, as those others did, we shall eventually be at war with some one.
>
> "Then I purpose to argue that if the people owned the nation's industries (which is the Socialist platform), and if those industries were operated for use—not for profit—there would be no wars. Peoples themselves would never go to war unless urged by monarchical or industrial rulers. There would be nothing under Socialist rule but kindliness and a spirit of 'help the other fellow.'
>
> "All natural resources, all industries, would be in the hands of the Government. The Government would be in the hands of the people—which it certainly is not now—and the people therefore would truly and actually govern themselves and their work and their production."

Editorially *The World* (Dem.) takes issue with Mr. Benson's "optimism" and argues that "such a theory of the power of Socialism is not borne out by existing conditions." We read then:

> "The movement was so powerful in Germany and France before the present war that some of its enthusiastic leaders were confident that serious international conflicts were no longer possible. German and French Socialists often fraternized and talked as Mr. Benson now talks. Yet when the call to arms was made they responded as ardently and with as little real acquaintance with the merits of the dispute as anybody else.
>
> "Socialism does not preach brotherhood more consistently than Christianity, and it has not been engaged in the work nearly so long. At its best, Socialism is secular, with not many pretensions to motives loftier than policy and self-interest. If religion, rooted in the inspiration and dogma of nineteen centuries, was unable to keep a dozen so-called Christian nations from one another's throats, what reason is there to hope for greater things from a modern social philosophy as to the ultimate aims of which few of its leading expounders are agreed?"

The New York *Evening Post* sees in the nomination of Mr. Benson proof that Socialist sentiment is "overwhelmingly against the militarist position taken by Charles Edward Russell and other Socialist leaders in a moment of panic." Pointing out that Mr. Benson received a plurality of about 3,000 over the nearer of his two opponents in a total vote of 32,938, this journal goes on to say:

> "The ballots were cast by dues-paying members of the Socialist party as distinguished from the larger body of enrolled Socialists or the still larger body which cast its vote for Mr. Debs four years ago. In 1912 the Socialist vote was a little over 900,000. Mr. Benson has thus been nominated by about 4 per cent. of the voting strength of his party. This, however, is a normal condition, and does not indicate Socialist apathy. On the contrary, the total vote shows that the Socialist party has spoken out very decisively on the question of preparedness, which at one time seemed to threaten severe dissensions in the Socialist ranks."

The referendum vote by which the candidate was chosen, says the Socialist New York *Call*, is the first ever polled for the nomination of national candidates either in the Socialist party or any other. The method is this: Nominations are made and opportunity afforded those who wish to decline. Ballots bearing the remaining names are sent to the entire membership and returns received by locals, then by State headquarters, and finally by the National Office. The platform this journal epitomizes as "War on War," and it adds:

> "The membership of our party has spoken. It is not a spineless pacifism. It is not peace at any price. It is a strong, virile, vigorous FIGHT, a fight on the things that have made of this beautiful world a shambles and a house of the dead and of mourning. It is a FIGHT for the better day. And a hundred thousand Socialist party members, a million convinced Socialists, ten thousand agitators and workers and stump-speakers and soldiers in the revolution echo and reecho the cry:
>
> "THREE CHEERS FOR BENSON AND KIRKPATRICK! ON WITH THE WAR ON WAR!
>
> "DOWN WITH CAPITALISM AND ALL ITS ACCURSED PRODUCTS!
>
> "LONG LIVE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM AND THE SOLIDARITY OF THE WORKERS!"

JUDGE GARY'S INDICTMENT

A *SHERLOCK-HOLMES* PROBLEM is suggested to some observers in the indictment of Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation and half a dozen steel companies, as the consequence of the East Youngstown (O.) strike-riots in January. The New York *World* refers to the action of the Mahoning County grand jury as "The East Youngstown Mystery," and other critics question whether it does not exemplify a "class-use of indictments." Judge Gary himself is reported in the press as calling the indictment "an outrage—a travesty." The charge is violation of a State antitrust act, *The World* notes, and conspiracy to keep wages down. Wages were low, and "doubtless other factories did follow the Steel Trust in fixing them." Moreover, living conditions were "shocking," but the grand jury was "considering the death of four persons and the destruction of a million dollars' worth of property in one of the strangest riots of all industrialism." Lives were lost and property destroyed, this journal recalls, "not about the mills, but in the business-center of the town, and what the Steel Trust had to do with burning Monahan's butcher-shop on Main Street has ever since puzzled the local and visiting psychologists." Conceding that the grand jury presumably acted on evidence, *The World* observes that it "shirked the most interesting part of the problem," for what the whole country would like to know is, "how did steel-strikers or any one else expect to benefit by burning non-combatant grocery-stores and meat-markets?"

The St. Louis *Star* calls attention to the simultaneous indictment of the mayor and aldermen "for graft," and "condemnation of the mayor and chief of police for inefficiency during the riots," and remarks that it "suggests a local fight." This serves to weaken the matter of the other indictments, which would be "taken more seriously if they did not appear to be part of an assault upon the city administration." If the indictment is only "a local play to the galleries," this journal adds, it will mean little, but if it is "well founded in law and facts, and the prosecution is active, it might mean considerable."

The reason that Judge Gary is indicted individually, County Prosecutor A. M. Henderson explains in a press-interview, is that "the evidence laid before the grand jury tends to show that he is the dictator of the iron and steel industry in the United States." And he is the sole steel magnate indicted, we read further, because it was necessary for the grand jury to rely on information furnished by officials of other companies. The Socialist New York *Call* speaks of the "mysterious doings at Youngstown," wonders why the grand jury found "such an indictment," and tells us that—

> "When the affair took place, reports persistently stated that the local stockholders of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company were strongly opposed to the proposition that the company should be merged with other auxiliaries of the Steel Trust, fearing, no doubt, for their investments and profits. Their opposition to the merger, combined with the fact that in the rioting a large part of the business-section of the city was burned down, with a loss of over a million dollars, the inactivity of the mayor and council—censured by the grand jury—all these things combined seem to indicate that the indictment is in reality part of a trust versus antitrust fight, and that the grand jury, representing the smaller local capitalist-interests, mustered up sufficient courage to attack their would-be absorbers with the power of the law. . . . . .
>
> "It will be best to defer judgment until we see how this thing works out. It will, no doubt, be an interesting conflict in a certain sense, but we should certainly like better evidence that it is being conducted in any way in the interests of the workers, even incidentally."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* notes a parallel between the East Youngstown indictment and that of the Trinidad County, Colorado, strikers. In each case the indictment-power is used by a class-interest—"for capital in Colorado, for labor in Ohio"; and this journal adds:

> "Our advice to the party of the first part, and to the party of the second part, in a labor-controversy, is to provoke no violence, to do no violence, and to refrain from attempts to use the indictment-power frivolously against the opposition. Grand juries should not be the pawns of employers; neither should they be the pawns of labor-unions. *Ex-parte* indictments of American citizens, for spite, are gravely pernicious."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

Congressman Page is turning over a new leaf.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Calling out sixteen-year-old boys lends a new meaning to "infantry." —*Columbia State.*

At least, we have Villa to thank for his promotion of the preparedness-campaign.—*New York Tribune.*

For a pacifist Secretary of War Mr. Baker is certainly starting out with the time of his life.—*New York Evening Sun.*

The Germans can hardly hope to gain on the Meuse what they have just lost on the Potomac.—*Boston Transcript.*

Perhaps Villa is only philanthropically anxious to teach the new Secretary something about war.—*Wall Street Journal.*

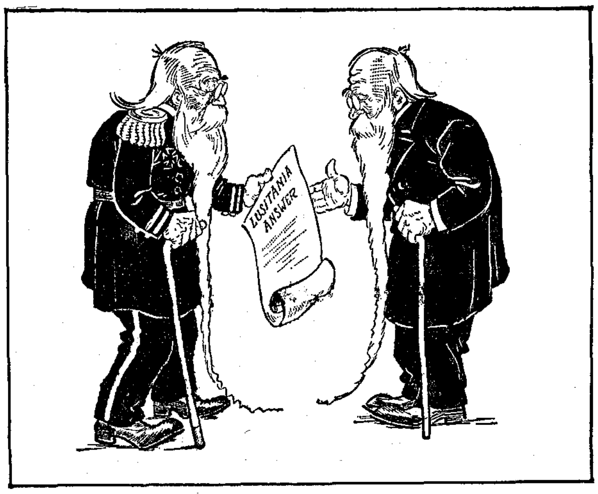
The more "Wisconsin ideas" we hear about, the surer we are that State should sue somebody for slander.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Krupp firm subscribing $10,000,000 to the fourth German war-loan does not share our national prejudice against rebates.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Let it be noted in passing that the enemies of Mr. Brandeis have not—as yet—charged him with starting the European War.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Of course, all these hyphenates who say Germany is such a great place to live in will hurry back when peace comes and help pay the Kaiser's war-taxes.—*Philadelphia North American.*

If it be true, as charged in the Commons, that only one shell out of seven made in the United States explodes, Great Britain may join Germany in demanding an embargo.—*New York Telegraph.*



VON BERNSTORFF AGAIN SUBMITS GERMANY'S REVISED ANSWER TO SECRETARY LANSING. —Plaschke in the Louisville *Times.*

When Congress showed its hand, Wilson showed his fist.—*Columbia State.*

Warning to the Kaiser: The American Ship of State also is armed. —*Philadelphia North American.*

Mr. Bryan never carries his theory of non-resistance into Democratic politics.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

If Germany must torpedo armed ships, there are plenty of enemy dreadnoughts to practise on.—*Columbia State.*

Evidently the original scrap of paper is to be found in the "obey" clause of the marriage-contract.—*Washington Post.*

If every Congressman had been naturalized he would at least have read the American Constitution.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Nobody would begrudge some Congressmen all the mileage they want, if it were not for the return-trip.—*Springfield Republican.*

Whether or not Carranza cares for poetry we do not know, but we are confident that he would just dote on a Villa-knell.—*New York Evening Sun.*

The two machine guns at Columbus both stalled after a few shots, and there were not enough rifles for the men, thus establishing the ideal pacifist conditions. —*Wall Street Journal.*

This is the first time we can recall when it would have been safe for Portugal to undertake to whip Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and the Turk all at one time.—*Indianapolis Star.*

"I should hate to see the United States go to war over a question of law," says Professor Hyde, international-law expert. But how about a little matter of lawlessness?—*Chicago Herald.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE SEEN FROM JAPAN AND MANILA

THE ADOPTION of the Philippine Independence Bill by our Senate seems to have been received by some Japanese editors with mingled curiosity and interest, while not a few are evidently perplexed. Incidentally, they complain that every time a Philippine bill is discust at Washington, Japan is sure to be dragged into controversy and roundly abused by both parties.

The *Jiji-Shimpo*, an influential financial journal in Tokyo, has grave doubts whether the independence of the Philippines at this moment will be beneficial to the natives. It refers with approval to the statement of ex-President Taft made before the Philippine Committee of the House when the Jones Bill was being discust at the last session of Congress:

> "Whether the islands should be given independence or should continue to be ruled from Washington is a question to be decided by the United States, and by her alone, but we can not but feel apprehensive as to the capacity of the Filipinos to reap the full benefit of independence."

The Tokyo *Nichi-nichi* is not a little puzzled that our Government should want to let the Philippines go at a moment when it is anxious to build up a greater army and navy. Heretofore our advocates of larger armament, the journal believes, have based their arguments upon the necessity of protecting our interests in the Far East which have been growing steadily since the acquisition of the Philippines. Why, then, should the Wilson Administration launch a stupendous armament-program when it is getting ready to retire from the Far East? This situation the editor thus explains:

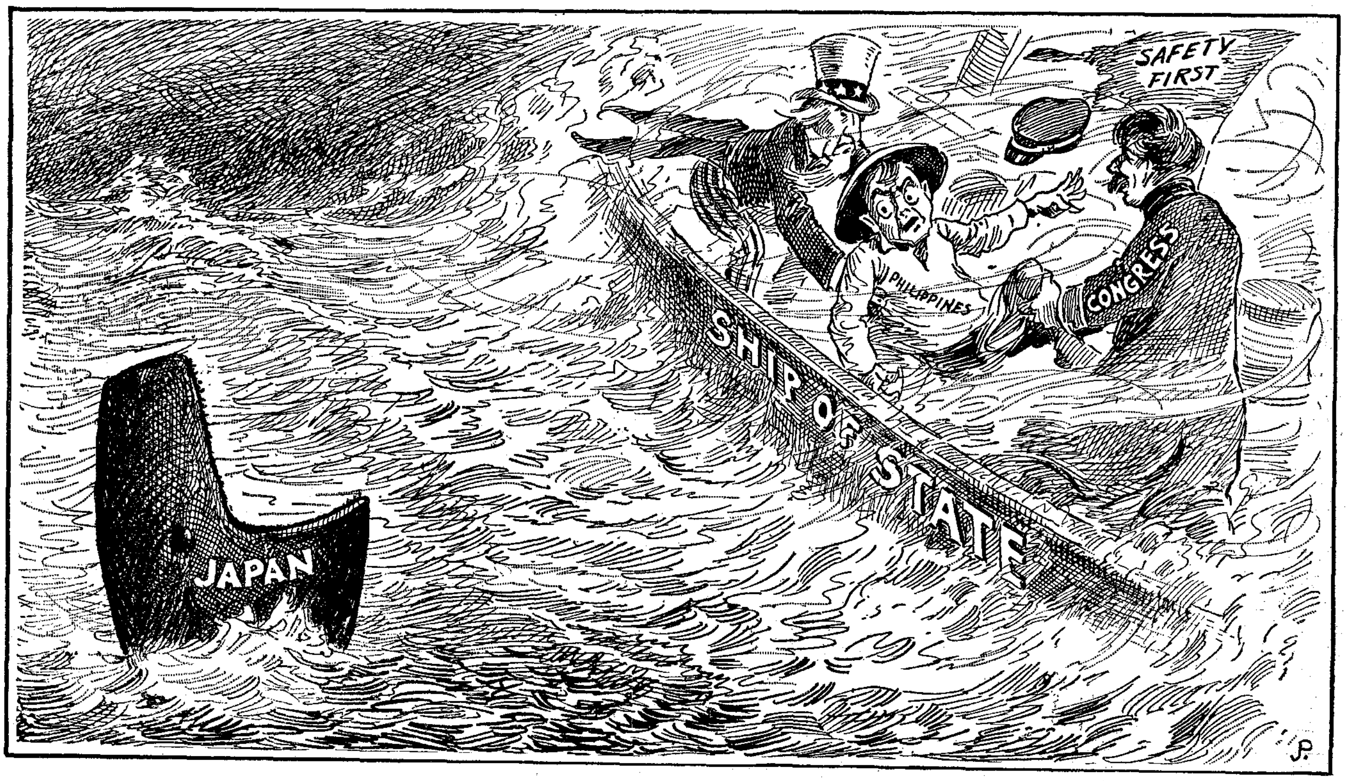
> "The great war in Europe must have convinced American publicists that America's greatest danger lies, after all, in the Atlantic rather than in the Pacific."

The Osaka *Asahi* doubts if America intends to grant real independence to the islands. While the Independence Bill, as passed by the Senate, seems to provide a fair guaranty for Philippine autonomy, our Government, the *Asahi* thinks, will continue its occupation of naval bases and will retain the right to control the foreign relations of the islands, thus establishing a virtual protectorate over the country.

In the islands themselves the bill is received with some qualms, and the "Japanese menace" seems to be an article of faith: this we gather from a study of the Manila *Philippines Free Press*, which says:

> "Within a short time, as things are going now, there will be enacted or recorded a new version of the old Biblical narrative of Jonah and the whale, with the Philippines in the rôle of Jonah and Japan in the place of the whale.
>
> "For the American Ship of State is passing through stormy seas these days—days when 'Safety First' is the national slogan—and apparently it is thought advisable to lighten ship as much as possible. So, the Philippines being, to use President Wilson's words, a 'burden' and an 'embarrassment' at this particular juncture, and full of menace and dire possibilities for the future, they are going to be cast overboard. And what happened to Jonah is seemingly destined to happen to the Philippines, except that, on the part of the whale, there will be no subsequent disgorging. However, nobody has yet blamed the whale; nor should anybody much blame Japan. For, after all, the first craving in the animal world—and man is still mostly animal—is hunger. And Japan is land-hungry.
>
> "There is no use trying to scare the people of the Philippines, and *The Free Press* has always deprecated holding up the Japanese bogie to try to frighten the Filipino people into the sheltering arms of Uncle Sam. Especially now, also, in the light of present-day events, would such an effort be foolish. Equally foolish, however, would it be to shut one's eyes to the fact that the logic of geography, of natural law, and of present developments seems to point inexorably to Japan as the final arbiter of the destiny of these islands, be it ten, or twenty, or even fifty years hence."

After giving us its views in some detail, *The Free Press* goes



THROWING JONAH TO THE WHALE.

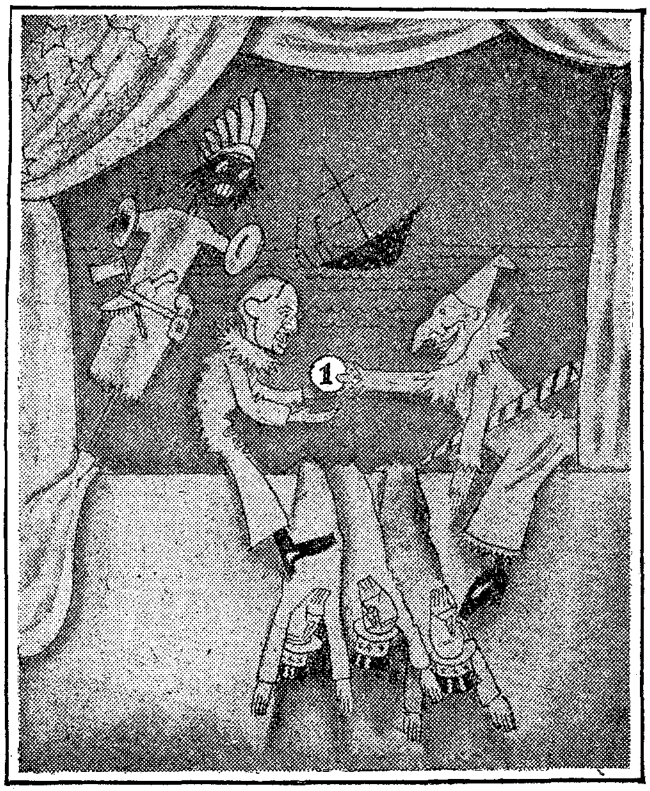
—*Philippines Free Press* (Manila).

on to summarize the views of other Manila papers, both Spanish and English, and says:

> "The amendments to the Jones Bill—with their promise of independence within four years—naturally have constituted the chief subject of the week's editorial comment. Scanning such comment, the exultation and the rejoicing which might well be expected under the circumstances, at least from the Filipino press, are conspicuous by their absence. At the same time, the joyful note is occasionally struck, tho in modified tone. What may be called the dominant note, however, is one of satisfaction, mingled with appreciation. There is also much asseveration of the unquenchable desire of the Filipino people for independence, and, for those who might look for some sign of apprehension, there is an insistence on the readiness of the people to accept independence at all risks and all costs.
>
> "In the three American dailies the dominant note is one of regret at the uncertainty which must prevail pending the establishment of an independent Government. Thus *The Daily Bulletin* said that rather than four years of suspense a fixt date would be much preferable; while *The Cablenews American* even questioned the advantage of the Clarke amendment over the original preamble of the Jones Bill. *The Bulletin* also took the view that if the other Powers should refuse to pledge themselves to recognize the sovereignty of the islands, the American Government would be placed in rather an embarrassing position, and it believed 'No pledge by the Powers, no independence,' brought us right back to the same unsettled condition as exists at present.
>
> "In its independence editorial *The Times* said the factors responsible for the amendments were the uneasiness of the people of the United States as to foreign complications, and the oft-repeated desire of the Filipino people for independence. It was as tho the American people said: 'We have been deafened by demands for "freedom" these many years. Even with the case of Belgium before them, the representatives of the Filipinos have loudly continued their campaign. Well, they know what they want—in Heaven's name let them have it!' In conclusion, *The Times* said it was time to remind the American community that when independence came it would be their duty to coöperate with the Filipino people."

While the English press in Manila represent local American opinion rather than the views of native Filipinos, we find a substantial accord between the two elements of the population when we read the newspapers published in Spanish and the "Japanese menace" still looms up:

> "Turning to the editorials of the Filipino press, we find *El Ideal* saying that the United States was acting in accordance with the policy that those nations that wish to live in peace must get rid of those territories which may cause provocation; *La Vanguardia* praising the Democratic party for its courage in facing the situation and recognizing in the islands a possible cause of complications with Japan, and so a menace, and exclaiming that the ancient arms of the old spirit of retentionism were falling into disuse on account of their very inconsistency, and in another editorial expressing the belief that the Powers would join with the United States in guaranteeing the sovereignty of the islands; *Consolidación Nacional* carping a little at the Nationalists arrogating to themselves the glory for gaining independence, and in another editorial expressing appreciation of Speaker Osmeña's nobly felicitating a representative of the paper on the common triumph in the realization of the ideal which *Consolidación* always had preached and defended; and *La Democracia* calling for the restoration of the national banner."



THE GREAT AMERICAN PUPPET-SHOW.

The German *Punch* "settles the *Lusitania* question.'

—© *Meggendorfer Blätter* (Munich).

RUTHLESS *U*-BOAT WAR

NO COMPROMISE with the United States on the question of submarine-warfare, is the slogan of the German press; and we are told, in the words of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, that Germany intends to wage "ruthless *U*-boat war" against her enemies, whatever the attitude of the United States may be. The belligerent tone of the press, however, is somewhat discounted by facts, for it must be admitted that since March 1, upon which date the new submarine-campaign was inaugurated, the dispatches have not brought word of any startling increase in the number of boats sunk by the undersea-craft, and the new campaign has not, as yet, developed any dramatic incident comparable with the sinking of the *Lusitania*, altho, of course, one may possibly occur while this page is in press.

However this may be, there is no doubt that the German people—as represented by their press—believe that a renewed submarine-activity is vitally necessary, and they are convinced of the propriety of their stand both from the point of view of ethics and international law. The semiofficial *Kölnische Zeitung* expresses the prevailing view admirably when it says:

> "The latest news will be greeted by the German nation with a feeling of relief. It dissipates all fears that the German Government and that of our allies might be induced to drop the sharp weapon of submarine-warfare, which has caused havoc among our enemies in the past, and carries bright hopes for the future. The Imperial Chancellor has notified the American public, with gravity and decisiveness, for which the German people are grateful to him, that Germany does not consider the sinking of the *Lusitania* as illegal, and can not, therefore, condemn to death her whole submarine-warfare; that even at the risk of a breach with the United States, Germany will not disavow the deeds which our heroes in the little *U*-boats have accomplished at the most extreme peril to their lives and with unexampled courage. The latest news from America suggests that even now President Wilson does not wish to let matters go to extremes, and in the payment of a proper indemnity sees a sufficiently satisfactory settlement of the whole regrettable conflict to enable him to face his electors and annihilate the criticism of his opponents."

The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which recently warned Wilhelmstrasse of the perils of a breach with the United States, has changed its mind and now advocates renewed submarine-warfare despite any opposition:

> "Henceforth all armed enemy ships are to be treated as war-ships and attacked. The legality of our standpoint is unassailable. An enemy vessel is enemy territory. If one mounts guns in a church, it is subject to attack by our shells. If one shoots at us with these guns, our right becomes a duty. As to whether one may avail himself of a right or fulfil a duty—whether it is good and useful to act as one has a right to act—this is a question which in war admits of no dubious answer. In war, politico-strategic opportunism, which is hidden from the general gaze, is the only decisive factor.
>
> "The German Government decides to make use of its right. Armed ships of the enemy are war-ships and can be ruthlessly destroyed. The position has therefore become clearer. The decision of the German Government will obliterate fears exprest

here and there that out of weak regard for American susceptibilities we might be cajoled by diplomacy into sacrificing our whole submarine-warfare. Within what dimensions we shall continue to wage *U*-boat warfare is plainly seen from the Government's declaration."

Maximilian Harden in a long article in his Berlin *Zukunft*, which after some months of suppression has now reappeared, advocates complete indifference to the views of neutrals, especially of the United States. He argues:

"If the dispute with the United States can be covered over with any respectable formula, there need be no splitting of hairs. . . . But if Great Britain is yearning for proof that we can not wound her in the heart with submarines and aircraft, and if she will not discuss peace until this has been demonstrated, then the United States must reconcile herself to the convictions that no further hesitation will cripple our submarine-war, and that no stars or no stripes will protect a ship in the war-zone. . . . We are not tired and not afraid; months of war have not paled our resolution. A worthy and moderate peace would be welcome, but the enfeebling of Germany's power to strike—never!"

GERMAN FAVOR FOR YUAN'S CROWN

THE REAL RULER of China, the Petrograd *Novoye Vremya* tells us, is the German Ambassador at Peking, Dr. von Hintze, to whom the President of the Celestial Republic or the Emperor of Flowery Land—no one seems to know at the moment what Yuan's title really is—turns for advice and direction upon every move that is made. Petrograd may not be just now the best place in the world to learn the intentions of Berlin, but this, at least, is the story told by the Peking correspondent of the leading organ in Petrograd, and his views are not without a certain interest. He writes:

"Let no one be deceived by the avowals or denials of Yuan Shi Kai. His course of action has long been decided, and nothing will turn him from the end he has in view—the Imperial crown.

"It is no longer any secret that Yuan Shi Kai, with the support and complicity of the five largest provinces in China behind him, is convinced that he can successfully inaugurate a new Imperial dynasty, despite the revolution in Yunnan. This conviction is assured by the stand of the German Ambassador in Peking by whose influence the present President of the Celestial Republic, an ardent partizan of Germany, has long been dominated. As far back as last December, Dr. von Hintze notified Yuan of the official consent of Germany to the restoration of the Monarchy in China, and that Germany and Austria-Hungary would cooperate to this end, but only in case the crown were given to Yuan Shi Kai.

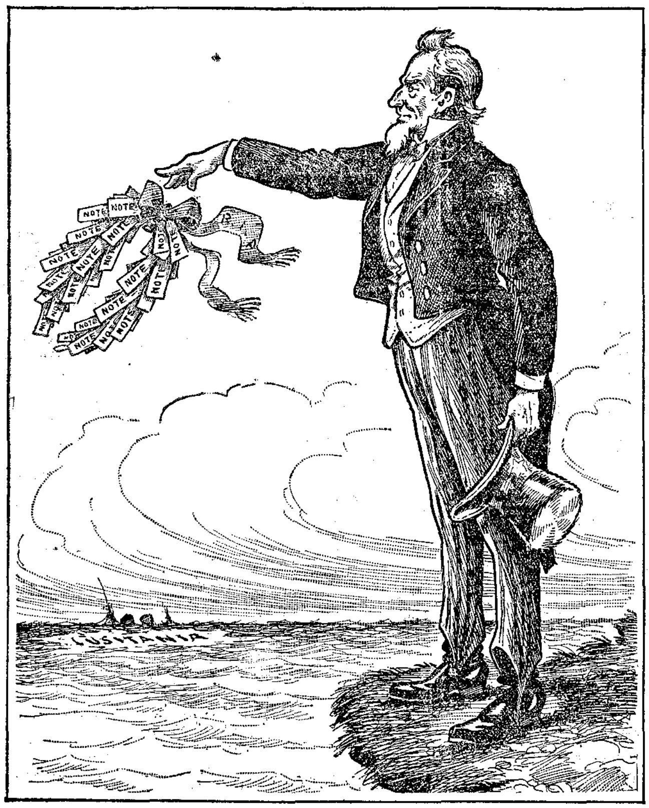
"The concurrence of Germany has already been exhibited in a number of important acts. It is Germany that has inundated the southern Chinese provinces with millions of monarchical circulars published in various dialects, which were prepared by and published at the expense of the German Legation in Pekin. The ignorance of the masses enclosed within the Great Wall of China is cleverly exploited by Austro-German agents in the circulars they are distributing."

The correspondent of the *Novoye Vremya* claims to have secured copies of these circulars and gives us extracts from two of them. From the first we gain exclusive information which now appears in an American paper for the first time. It runs:

"Peace has been concluded between Germany and Russia, and the latter has abandoned to Germany all her possessions in the Far East and also her naval bases in the Pacific Ocean. Owing to these acquisitions, the powerful war-fleet of Germany will crush the naval power of treacherous Japan, and her marine—both naval and mercantile—will be presented to China as a personal gift from the Emperor William II. But, in order that this may be happily realized by the Chinese people, it is indispensable to put to flight the enemies of Yuan Shi Kai and to accept the will of Heaven, which insists upon crowning as Emperor the President of the Celestial Republic."

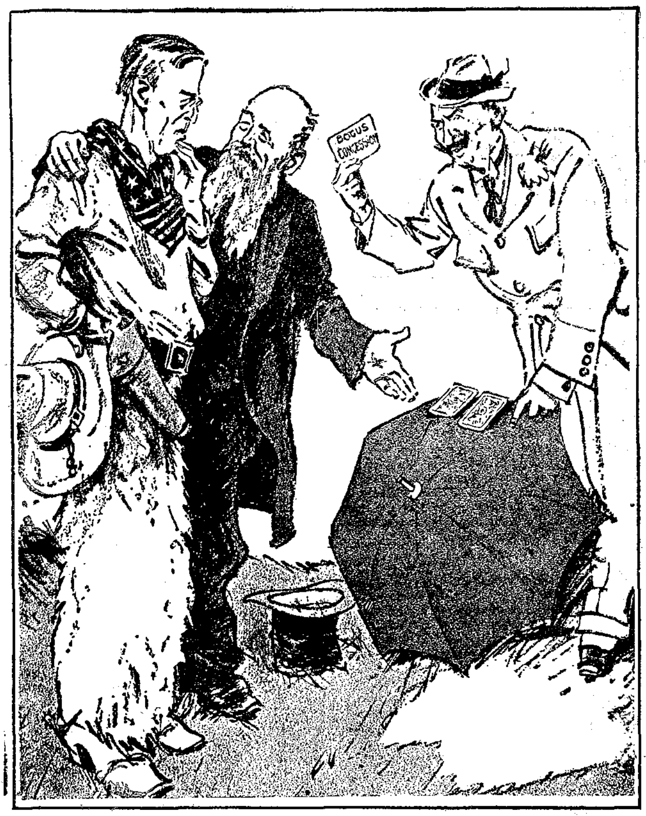
The second circular is slightly more theological in tone: the people are warned of the serious consequences that follow opposition to heavenly commands, and speedy punishment is threatened:

"If the inhabitants of the Celestial Republic do not contribute with all their power to the restoration of the Monarchy and the ascent of Yuan Shi Kai to the Imperial throne, then they will soon see China devastated by storms, hurricanes, fires,



AND SPOT CASH, AS WELL!

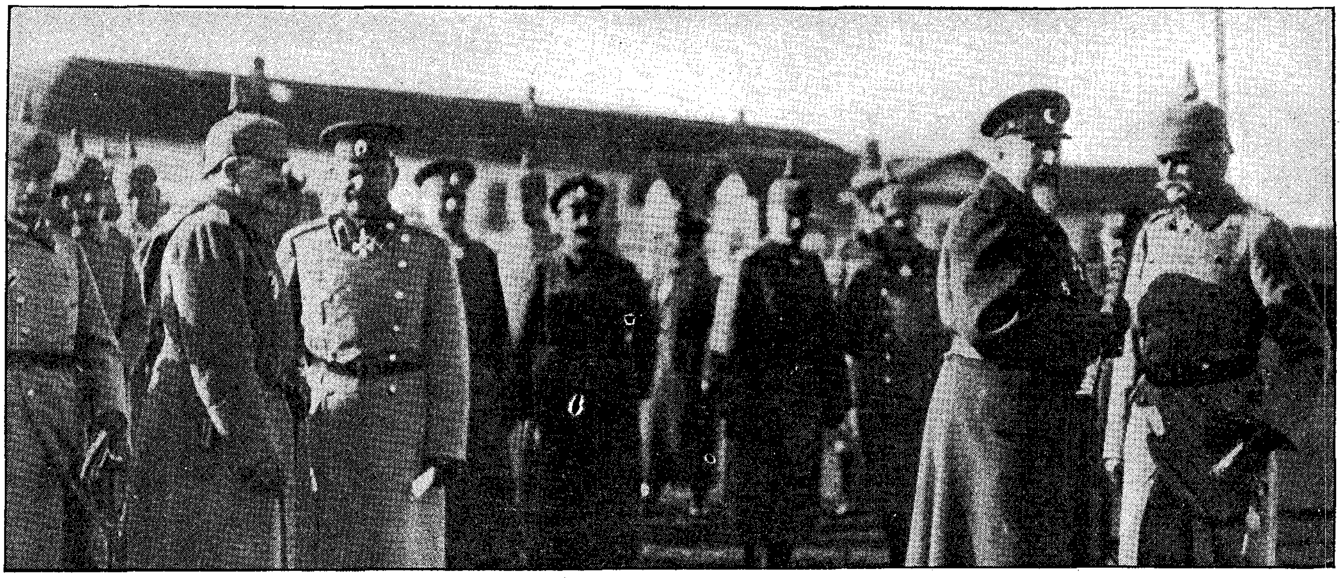
UNCLE SAM—"Rest in peace! I have come to terms with your murderer and secured an admission that his crime was 'not justifiable.' Consider your murder avenged!" —*Daily Star* (Montreal).



THE EASY DUPE.

VON TIRPITZ (to Tenderfoot Wilson)—"My *dear* boy, how *very* unfortunate! Better luck next time!" —*London Opinion.*

BRITISH IDEAS ON OUR SUBMARINE-DIFFICULTIES.



THE KAISER IN CONQUERED SERVIA.

Kaiser Wilhelm, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and Field-Marshal von Mackensen, after a review of Bulgarian troops at Nish. The Kaiser is talking to the Bulgarian Commander-in-Chief, while King Ferdinand is seen with Marshal von Mackensen at the right of the picture.

and floods similar to those which recently overwhelmed the province of Shanghai, where 15,000 people perished and 4,000,000 are now without food or shelter."

That the recognition of Yuan as Emperor is assured by the Central Powers is hinted by the Shanghai *National Review*, an English organ, which, in a far less sensational article, states that Japan is opposed to the change merely on account of Yuan's personality:

"The Monarchy is decided upon, and, except in the dispatches and in the purblind eyes of the foreign Powers, Yuan Shi Kai is Emperor. All that is really necessary now to put the seal on the change is his formal enthronement and the recognition of the foreign Powers. Three foreign Powers, it is practically certain, will recognize the new order of things the moment it is officially notified to them. Several others will follow suit almost at once. The Powers that are hanging back are Japan, Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy. Japan has set her face against a monarchy with Yuan Shi Kai as monarch, tho for two years and a half every official and semiofficial publicist in Japan was urging this country to go back to a monarchy at the earliest possible moment. Japan's objection is to the man, not to the principle at stake, and not to the creation of conditions that would enable her to profit by fishing in troubled waters."

WHAT BULGARIA FIGHTS FOR

THE HOPE OF THE ALLIES that, sooner or later, the masses of the Bulgarian people would realize the ungrateful rôle they are playing in fighting against their liberator, Russia, and that this realization would produce a revolt against King Ferdinand and his policy, is doomed to disappointment. This we learn from a singularly penetrating summary of the situation published in the Paris *Temps* from the pen of a neutral correspondent in Sofia. While every Bulgarian peasant—before this war—looked up to Russia as the leader of the Slav race, this feeling, we are told, was not sufficiently powerful to prevent the Bulgarian people from following their leaders into a war against their two Slavic neighbors, Russia and Servia. The *Temps* correspondent writes:

"This passive obedience may be explained in two ways. In the first place, the Bulgarian peasantry in general did not realize why they were called to arms and against whom they were going to march. Consequently, especially at the beginning, the question as to whether they were fighting for or against Russia was never even raised. In the second place, the Bulgarian peasant, both by nature and education, is ever ready to bow down before and obey authority. The period of the Turkish domination was too long and that of national independence too short for the Bulgarian people to realize fully the extent of their liberty, much less to make a stand against their authorities."

This passive acceptance of the decisions of King Ferdinand and his ministers by the rank and file of the people has been paralleled by action of the leaders of the opposition. The correspondent of the *Temps*, naturally pro-Entente in his sympathies, is not altogether pleased with the political opponents of Premier Radoslavoff, for he writes:

"What provokes the greatest surprize is the change of front on the part of the leaders of the opposition parties. Before the war they called themselves the adversaries of the Radoslavoff Government; they never tired of speaking and writing against German imperialism and swore to be faithful friends of the Entente. Immediately war was declared they hastened to unite with the Government in proclaiming the 'Sacred Union.' From that moment Messrs. Guechof, Malinof, Sacesof, and company have done nothing but cooperate each in his own way. Mr. Guechof organizes the Red Cross, and in his newspaper, the *Mir*, emphatically declares that this war is not a war of Teutonism against Slavism. . . . As leader of the Bulgarian Democrats, Mr. Malinof goes further than Mr. Guechof and urges the Government to go on 'until the military force of the Entente is completely broken.' His newspaper, *Preporetz*, declares that Bulgaria will not make peace until she has obtained the guaranty that she shall keep everything she has now conquered."

The real objective of Bulgaria in this war is disclosed, the *Temps* correspondent tells us, by the views of the *Preporetz*. Says the correspondent:

"Any one who has followed, however little, the latest events in Bulgaria knows perfectly well that many of the political catch-phrases are contrary to the truth and that the latest of them—'the delivery of the region torn from Bulgaria'—in reality hides the desire to impose a Bulgarian hegemony in the Balkans."

Well-informed opinion in Sofia, we are told, while a little uneasy, is sure that Bulgaria will come to no harm:

"King Ferdinand and his Government, despite the military successes achieved, are not certain of their final victory. They have thought it well to be prudent and to leave open a way to retreat. These tactics are supported above all by the leaders of the opposition, for there are in Bulgaria to-day some who think that in case the present attempt at cooperation with the Germans and Austro-Hungarians should not succeed, a return to Russia and her allies would still be possible. They count a good deal on the Slavophil tendencies of Russia and the sympathy shown by certain Entente statesmen toward Bulgaria prior to her entrance into the war."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

TO AVOID BREEDING DEFECTIVES

SENTIMENT HOSTILE to the preventable production of defective children appears to be growing. Even where there is objection to limiting the freedom of the individual by restrictive legislation it is recognized as the height of absurdity to favor the marriage of defective with defective, as our system of educating them in groups has hitherto tended to do. Statistics show beyond doubt, for instance, that two congenitally deaf parents are more apt to have deaf children than one deaf parent and one normal one. Why, then, should we insist on educating the deaf in institutions by themselves where they will be practically certain to mate with deaf partners? The same applies equally to other forms of defectiveness. In his book on "Being Well Born," Prof. Michael F. Guyer, of the University of Wisconsin, has some pertinent paragraphs on this subject. Our quotations are from an abstract in *The Volta Review* (Washington, March). Says Professor Guyer:

"In certain abnormal states there is danger of confusing similar conditions which may have two entirely different sources of origin. Deafness, for example, may be strictly inborn as the outcome of a germinal variation, or it may result from extraneous influences, such as accidents, infective diseases, neglected tonsils, and the like. The former is inheritable, the latter not. Bell, in 1906, in a special census-report to the United States Government, showed that deaf-mutism is markedly hereditary, particularly where deaf-mutes intermarry, as they are prone to do. Fay's extensive studies on 'Marriages of the Deaf in America' also demonstrate the hereditary nature of the congenital forms of deafness. Cut off as such individuals are from communication with normal people, the association of the two sexes in special schools and institutions is, of course, highly conducive to such marriages. . . . Two deaf-mutes should not have children, and yet such marriages are occurring every day. Even if two persons marry from families which tend to become hard of hearing, the evidence indicates that their children are likely also to develop this partial deafness as they grow older, altho it seems safe for a person of such tendency to marry into a family without it. . . . . .

"Education of the public in the principles of eugenics is the method calculated to be of more far-reaching service than any other, in the negative as well as in the positive phases of eugenics. Education is necessary before we can have effective restrictive measures for the mentally incompetent established and enforced, and it is also a prerequisite to intelligent procedure on the part of normal individuals in considering their own fitness for marriage.

"Of greatest importance in preventing undesirable marriages, as far as people of normal intelligence are concerned, will be the sentiment of disapproval which will arise on the part of society itself when it becomes really convinced that certain marriages are inimical to social welfare. Public opinion is, in fact, one of the most potent influences in marital affairs, simply because refusal to abide by the dictates of the community means social ostracism."

That social disapproval can become a real factor in preventing marriage is evinced, Professor Guyer reminds us, by the barriers to marriage based on race, religious sect, or social status. Even in democracies one is looked down on who marries "beneath" his or her social set. This sentiment of tabu, so readily and often so senselessly cultivated, will inevitably be extended in the direction indicated above when there is wide-spread knowledge of the facts of human heredity. To the establishment of a disapproval which is the product of its own sentiments rather than to legislative enactments, society must look for the greatest furtherance of the eugenic program. The writer goes on:

"Necessary as legal restraint is in certain cases, it must obviously be restricted to only the most glaring defects. Moreover, legislation can not run far in advance of public opinion. "It must be admitted that there is a reluctance on the part of many even thoughtful individuals to the application of methods which savor in any way of restraint. An objection not infrequently urged by such persons against the application of certain eugenic principles is that they demand an unwarranted curtailment of personal liberty. . . . . .

"We do not hesitate to send the pick of our stalwart healthy manhood to war to be slaughtered by the thousands and tens of thousands when an affront is offered to an abstraction which we term our national honor, and, sublimely unconscious of the irony of it all, we throw ourselves into a well-nigh hysterical frenzy of protest when it is proposed to stop the breeding of defectives by infringing to a certain extent on their personal liberties.

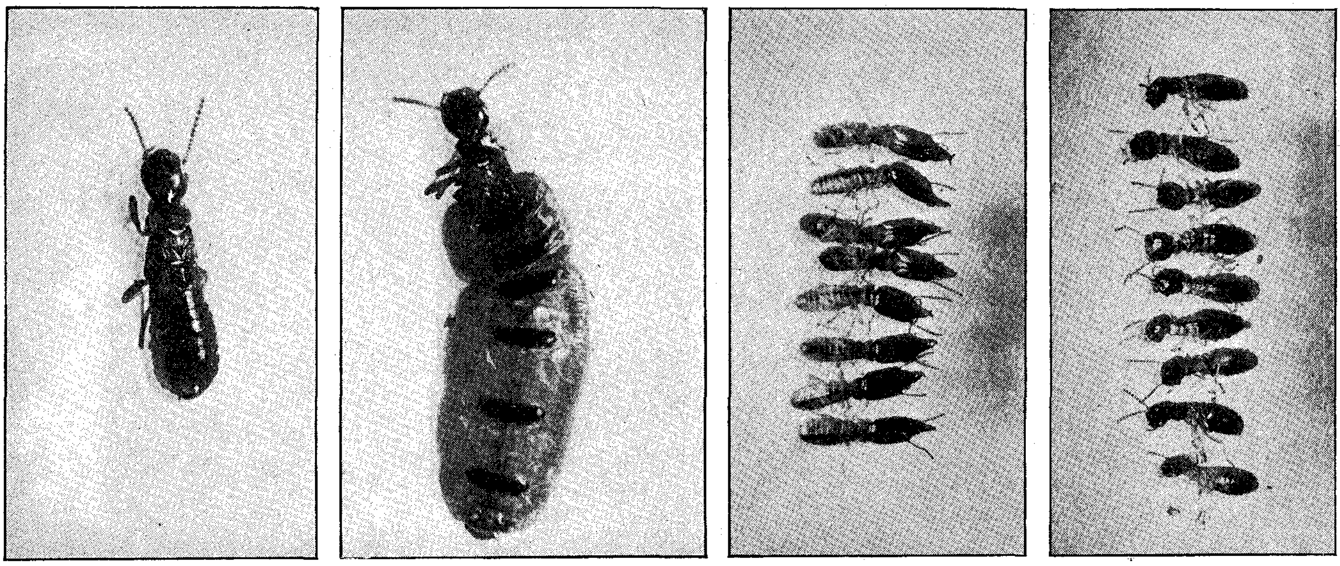
"Society has already found it necessary to suppress certain individuals, and yet we hear little complaint about loss of personal liberty in such cases. But if it is necessary to restrain the man who would steal a purse or a horse, is it not still more urgent to restrain one who would poison the blood of a whole family, or even of an entire stock for generations? Surely there can be but one answer: society owes it to itself as a matter of self-preservation to enforce the restraint of persons infected with certain types of disease and of individuals possessing highly undesirable inheritable traits, so that perpetuation of such defects is impossible.

"One of the most crying needs of the present is the awakening and educating of women to the significance of the known facts. For they are perhaps the greatest sufferers, and, once informed, as a mere matter of safety if for no other reason, they will see the necessity of demanding a clean bill of health on the part of their prospective mates. Furthermore, in the last analysis woman is the decisive factor in race-betterment, for it is she who says the final yea or nay which decides marriage, and thus determines in large measure the qualities which will be possest by her children. Above all, young women must come to realize that the fast or dissipated young man, no matter how interestingly or romantically he may be depicted by the writer of fiction, is in reality unsound physically, and is an actual and serious danger to his future wife and children."

A NATIONAL LEPER-HOSPITAL

LEPERS are not numerous in the United States, but our horror of the disease seems to be inversely proportional to our experience and knowledge of it; and when a case does turn up, the spectacle of otherwise sane communities hunting the poor patient through the woods and driving him across the line into the next county is not one to which we can point with pride. Only three States have leper-hospitals, and it is now proposed that the national Government shall step in and do something. Says *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago, March 4):

"A bill is at present pending before Congress providing for an appropriation of $250,000 for the erection of buildings, maintenance, and salaries of a national leprosery, and for the study of leprosy and its prevention. It has passed the lower House and is now before the Senate Committee on Public Health and National Quarantine. Physicians, sanitarians, and public-health workers especially interested in this subject have appeared before this committee and recommended the passage of the bill. The leper has always been a source of distress to his fellow man, and his care a vexatious problem. In the United States the question has been especially difficult, owing to the fact that only three States possess permanent leproseries. In practically all new cases that have appeared in this country during the past few years, the patients contracted the disease outside of the United States. Altho the manner of propagation of the disease is not fully understood, it is known to be contagious, and the prevention must be realized chiefly through isolation. While our laxness in regard to vital and morbidity statistics makes it impossible to say definitely how many cases there are, it has been estimated that there are between 800 and 1,000 cases at present in the United States, and



Illustrations with this article from the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

THE "AMERICAN WHITE ANT," OR TERMITE, A DESTRUCTIVE PEST DIFFICULT TO ERADICATE.

From left to right are shown the termite "king," the "queen," the termite "soldiers," and the mature workers of the tribe.

that the number is increasing. When patients suffering from leprosy are discovered they are sensationally discust by the newspapers, and treated rather as criminals than as unoffending unfortunates whose existence is thenceforth to be marked by hysterical fear on the part of the populace and an almost inhuman persecution by unsympathetic and uninformed public officials. The leper chooses rather to spend his time in continual flight than to remain long in any one place where he will be subject to unremitting indignities."

LOCATING GUNS BY SEISMOGRAPH

GUN-FIRE affects the landscape much like an earthquake, say dispatches from Verdun; so it is not surprizing to learn that the guns are being located by earthquake-detectors. An eminent Austrian authority on the art of interpreting the tracings made by the seismograph when recording terrestrial tremors announces that this instrument, when sufficiently sensitive, may be used to tell not only the position of hostile artillery, but the caliber of the guns. Professor Belar is director of the seismologic observatory at Laybach, in the center of one of the regions of Europe most frequently subject to seismic disturbance, and is the author of many memoirs upon this subject. He has devoted special attention to the study of earth-tremors occasioned by thunder or human activities, such as blasting, etc. According to an account in the *Tidens Tegn*, of Christiania, Professor Belar has conducted a series of experiments during the last ten years with very sensitive instruments in order to obtain and classify diagrams of artificial movements of the ground. An excellent opportunity for pursuing his researches was furnished the Austrian professor by the engagement between Italian and Austrian troops several months ago at Isonzo, some 80 kilometers from Laybach. The tremors induced by the heavy cannonade were duly registered by his delicate apparatus, and a study of the diagrams led him to propose the employment of the seismograph to detect the batteries of the enemy, since he was able to distinguish in these the difference between the shocks produced by the fall of projectiles and those caused by the recoil of the guns. Moreover, the form of the tracings revealed to the practised eye the number as well as the caliber of the latter. He suggests building movable seismographic stations 10 to 12 miles in the rear of the trenches and connected with them by telephone, so that trained observers can transmit information to the commanding officer.

AMERICAN WHITE ANTS

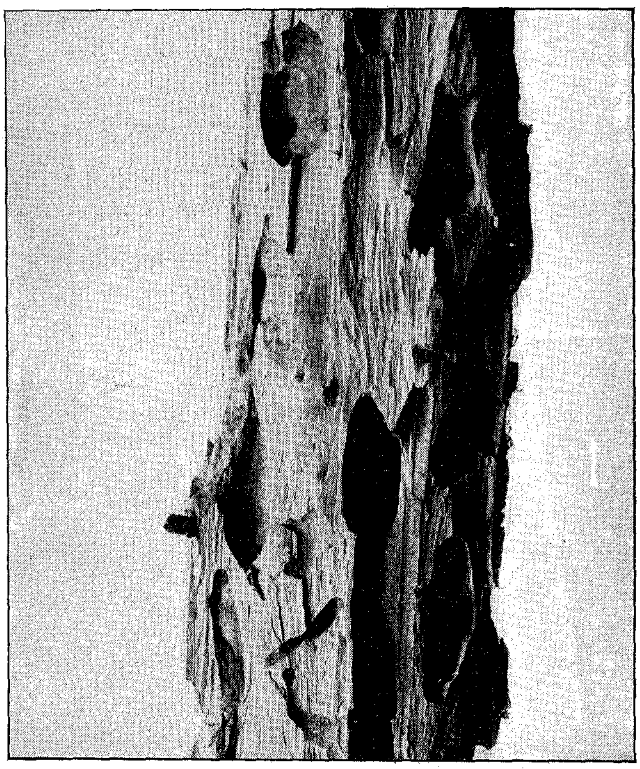
THE "WHITE ANT," or termite, which is not an ant at all, except colloquially, is popularly supposed to be restricted to the tropics. This is by no means true. There are at least three species of this injurious insect in the United States, chiefly in the South, and only one of them was imported. They are capable of seriously damaging the woodwork as well as the contents of buildings and other structures of wood, and occasionally the roots of living trees and various growing crops. Their subterranean habits, insidious method of attack, and often countless numbers make the termites very difficult to destroy. Always coming up through underground galleries, they work under cover, avoiding exposure to the light, so that the damage is often hidden until beyond repair. The United States Department of Agriculture has just issued a bulletin (No. 333, Washington, February 16) describing these pests, the damage they do, and methods of prevention. The writer is Thomas E. Snyder, assistant in forest entomology. Says Mr. Snyder, in substance:

"In North America termites do not construct large permanent nests of earth or mounds above ground, as in the tropics. They make the nests in the wood of dead trees, decaying logs, or stumps in the forest; or in the foundation-timbers of buildings, fences, or other structures of wood in contact with the ground; or in a labyrinth of underground passages in the earth, usually underneath wood or other vegetation. These nests are not as permanent as the mound-nests, since the species have wandering-habits, and there are seasonal changes in the colony-life. These species of termites are essentially wood-destroyers; their excavations usually follow the grain in solid wood. A protective outer shell of wood is always left intact by these blind, soft-bodied insects.

"Termites infest buildings by means of tunnels through the ground to and up through the foundation-timbers, or, in case of foundations of stone or other impenetrable material, cover their pathway by means of 'sheds' constructed of earth and excrement over the surface to the woodwork. Termites sometimes inhabit and enlarge the burrows of various other wood-boring insects.

"The center of activity in termite-colonies changes with the seasons, due to varying needs as to conditions of warmth and moisture. A single colony may be spread over an extensive area, and it is often impossible to define the limits of a colony. Average colonies probably contain several thousand individuals. In old, long-established termite-colonies the number of individuals runs up into the tens of thousands. Young, recently established, or incipient colonies are small and the increase in numbers is slow.

"While termites damage a great variety of wooden structures, stored books, documents, paper, and other material, as well as occasionally injuring or killing living trees, shrubs, and growing crops, the principal and most serious damage is to foundation-timbers and the woodwork of buildings occupied by man and the contents or material stored therein. Similar damage to other construction-timber in contact with the ground is considerable in the Southern States. Apparently, it is only occasionally that these insects attack living trees and shrubs, growing crops, or other vegetation, and then only because the land has been recently cleared and there is much decaying wood or humus in the soil; or, according to C. L. Marlatt, of the Bureau of Entomology, in the case of corn in the prairie-region of Kansas, because the insects are present in enormous numbers and have been breeding in the heavily sodded soil, where they feed on the roots of the vegetation. Sometimes this injury to growing corn is due also to the method of plowing-under old stubble."


THE TERMITE'S WOODCRAFT IS OF A DISASTROUS NATURE.

Some of the recorded "stunts" that have been performed by this redoubtable insect in our own country are boring through several feet of mortar in the walls of the Illinois Capitol at Springfield; damaging timber bridges in Massachusetts and Ohio; destroying badly creosoted wood-pavement in Atlanta, Ga.; putting coffins out of commission in cemeteries; eating a passage through a whole bolt of ticking in St. Louis; ruining stacks of books, paper, or documents in many places; damaging the bandages in a hospital; making sacks of flour, rice, and peanuts inedible, and injuring shade-trees by gnawing at the roots. Besides the crop-damages alluded to above, depredations on cotton, cane, rice, garden-vegetables, potatoes, nuts, vines, and nursery-stock have been reported. In greenhouses, they are considered a pest by florists. As far north as New Rochelle, N. Y., they recently killed two hundred geraniums by tunneling the inside of the stems. Among means of defense, Mr. Snyder puts "complete dryness" first. He says:

"Books and valuable documents, etc., should not be packed away in unventilated chambers where they may become moist and moldy, as they are then particularly subject to attack by white ants, which are very likely to be present in old buildings even tho their work has not been sufficient to bring them into special notice.

"Certain species of woods are highly resistant to termite-attack, due to the presence of oils, alkaloids, gums, or resins as well as to hardness and other factors.

"California redwood has been used for more than twenty-five years in the Philippines and has never been known to be injured by white ants. Its use in Manila is very general, especially in the construction of cabinets, filing-cases, etc., where it is desirable to protect valuable papers from these insects. Redwood is not resistant against termite-attack in contact with the ground in California.

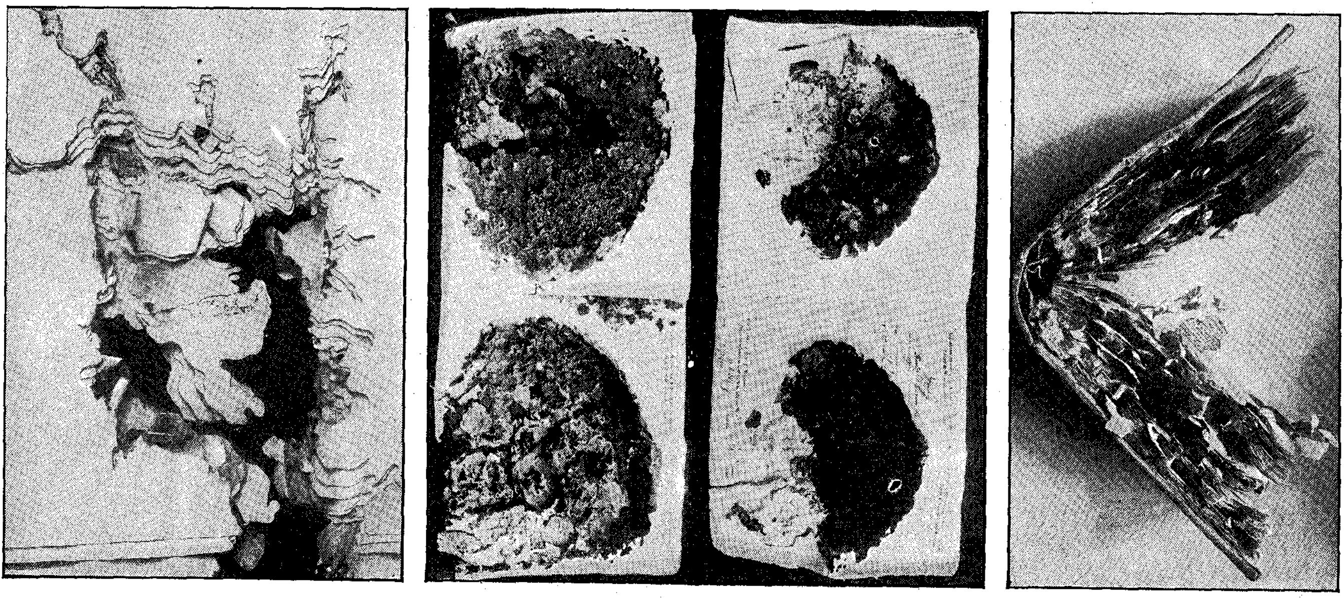
"Another resistant North-American cabinet-wood is black walnut; of the tropical species, teak, mahogany, and 'peroba' are resistant woods.

"As to timber to be set in contact with the ground, E. Gerry gives data on the durability of native hardwoods; of the conifers, incense-cedar, Eastern red cedar or juniper, Western red cedar, and Southern bald cypress are resistant.

"In case of greenhouses iron frames and concrete-work should, wherever possible, replace woodwork, and woodwork should be impregnated with bichlorid of mercury. Wood impregnated with this preservative can be painted after treatment.

"In some cases thorough and repeated drenching of infested timbers, where accessible, with kerosene-oil may afford temporary relief and kill some of the white ants.

"Poles, mine-props, railroad-ties, posts, construction-timber, and other wood in contact with the ground should be treated with chemical preservatives."


THE TERMITE HAS HAD A PERCEPTIBLE EFFECT ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.

We find him here dining impartially on railroad-statistics, Washington Navy-Yard plans, and a tome from an Arkansas library.

SOLDIERS WARNED AGAINST ALCOHOL

THE FRENCH SOLDIER has been specifically warned against alcohol by the Academy of Medicine in Paris, which has drawn up an appeal to the Army and is circulating it by means of leaflets. The following translation was made for *The British Medical Journal* (London, February 12), from which we quote it:

"SOLDIERS—BEWARE OF ALCOHOL

"Those who, like you, are exposed to exhausting labor, to perilous enterprises, and to strong emotions, are ever inclined to look to alcohol as a stimulant and a comforter, and to seek for it in the tavern as a distraction from the monotony of cantonment and garrison life.

"It is, therefore, well that you should know what use you may make of alcohol without impairing your health.

"Certain errors about alcohol are wide-spread.

"1. It is said to give strength. This is not exact. The truth is, it gives a false spurt of short duration, but a grave diminution of strength never fails to follow this excitement. Thus alcohol takes away more strength than it gives.

"2. It is also said that alcohol gives warmth. This is true for a few minutes, but the feeling of warmth which spreads over the limbs after a nip of brandy is delusive and is soon followed by a lessening of warmth and strength. Men who take nips are far more subject to chills and to diseases to which men at the front are liable.

"3. It is further asserted that in the form of a 'pick-me-up' alcohol stimulates the appetite. This is quite wrong. It would be difficult to produce any man whose appetite had ever been really stimulated by a 'pick-me-up.' These *apéritifs*, habitually taken, lead without fail to disease of the stomach, liver, and mind.

"4. Lastly, it is maintained that alcohol taken during meals, as wine, beer, or cider, aids digestion. An important distinction must be drawn between 'distilled' liquors like brandy and 'fermented' liquors such as wine, cider, and beer. Alcohol is altogether noxious. The *petit verre* after meals should only be taken on rare occasions. Fermented liquors, on the other hand, may be drunk subject to two conditions. They must be consumed in great moderation, which, as regards wine, should never exceed one liter (a pint and three-quarters) in twenty-four hours, and only at meals."

The preamble and the first three paragraphs of the appeal were adopted, we are told, without discussion, but the fourth paragraph, in which a distinction is drawn between distilled and fermented beverages, was discust at some length. As originally proposed, the paragraph contained after "aids digestion" the words "This is true," which were afterward struck out. The original draft did not contain the words in the second part of this paragraph as to the *petit verre* after meals, and originally stated that fermented beverages might be useful.

MEDICINE-CLOSETS, GOOD AND BAD

A CLOSET where curative apparatus is kept ought to be a source of health and cleanliness, irradiating the household. On the contrary, it is really "a thing of which few families are proud," to use the discouraging words of John L. Boyd, in *The Forecast* (Philadelphia, March). Disorder, he says, is usually its chief characteristic, dissatisfaction results from a resort to it, and "danger is often rampant on its shelves." Its contents include germ-laden tooth-brushes; odds and ends of prescriptions, in bottles that belong in the ash-can; old tins that "may come in handy some day"; possibly rusty razor-blades. Everybody uses this closet, and no one is responsible for its order—there is "general apathy" regarding its condition. The mere fact of its connection with family therapeutics is possibly regarded as a protection from what would otherwise be classed as insanitary. Writes Mr. Boyd:

"The first requisite in any well-regulated bathroom is that each member of the family have his own cabinet, which, if he desired, he could keep under lock and key. While this, no doubt, would be repulsive to many families, as it would suggest selfishness, it would, at least, make each individual responsible for his own belongings and force the stingy members to provide their own necessities.

"If this is not possible, and it seldom is, then each member of the family should have ample shelf-space for his very own. In addition, every member of the family should be taught to feel that it is not honorable or safe, or even decent, to use bathroom-articles that belong to another. Nowadays, the tooth-brush is about the only article that retains its pristine individuality throughout its life, and wo betide even this useful contrivance if it is not plainly marked, or if it is not of some distinctive color or shape.

"Now we come to the question as to what should be contained in the well-regulated medicine-cabinet. As regards toilet-articles, these should always be kept in the individual spaces allotted to the members of the family. Each one should have his own toilet-powder, his own soap, his own razor and shaving tackle if he is a man, his own tooth-powder or paste, his own cold-cream or vaseline, his own toilet-water or perfume, his own atomizer, or any other article which his fancy may dictate.

"On the shelf containing the articles of general use there should be a pair of scissors, a bottle of a reliable and harmless antiseptic, and various medicinal agents for use in case of emergencies.

"This collection of medicines should be very carefully selected, and while it is impossible for these things to take the place of a physician, a number of simple remedies are always useful and often serve to ward off serious illness, if a little specific knowledge and common sense are used."

First on Mr. Boyd's list come the disinfectants—peroxid of hydrogen, for delicate tissues; boric acid, for the eyes; and iodin, for parts that can stand it. Then there are absorbent-cotton, sterilized gauze for bandages, and adhesive plaster. He

IN EMERGENCIES!

First Send for the Doctor! Phone No.__________

Then try to remove the poison from the stomach. This can usually be accomplished by tickling the back of the throat with the end of the finger or a feather, or by the administering of emetics.

EMETICS

Alum—One tablespoonful dissolved in half-pint (tumbler) of tepid water.
Ipecac—Two tablespoonfuls of sirup of ipecac.
Mustard—One tablespoonful mixed in half-pint water.
Salt—Two tablespoonfuls in half-pint water.

ANTIDOTES FOR POISONS

Carbolic Acid
Empty the stomach and give olive-oil, one-quarter of a pint in one pint of water, or give milk or white of egg in water.

Oxalic Acid
Sulfuric Acid (Oil of Vitriol)
Do not give emetics for any of these three poisons. Give whiting, chalk, plaster scraped from the walls, washing-soda, or soap and water. Follow with milk and eggs, olive-oil, or thick gruel.

Prussic Acid
Give an emetic at once. When stomach is emptied follow with milk or olive-oil or white of egg.

Tartar Emetic
Give large quantities of warm water to provoke vomiting. Give strong tea. When vomiting ceases give white of egg in milk or water.

Corrosive Sublimate (Bichlorid of Mercury)
Give large quantities of milk before giving emetics. After this has been given empty the stomach thoroughly.

Illuminating-Gas
Get patient into fresh, pure air. Throw open all windows.

Ammonia
Caustic Potash
Caustic Soda
Do not give emetics. Give vinegar in water or lemon-juice. Follow with olive-oil, quarter-pint in pint of water, or white of egg.

Arsenic (Fowler's Solution, Rough on Rats, Paris Green)
Prompt emetic should be given. If there be any medicine at hand containing iron, this can be given. Follow with milk and eggs, olive-oil, or barley-water.

Toadstools, Tobacco
Produce vomiting. Follow with strong coffee or brandy.

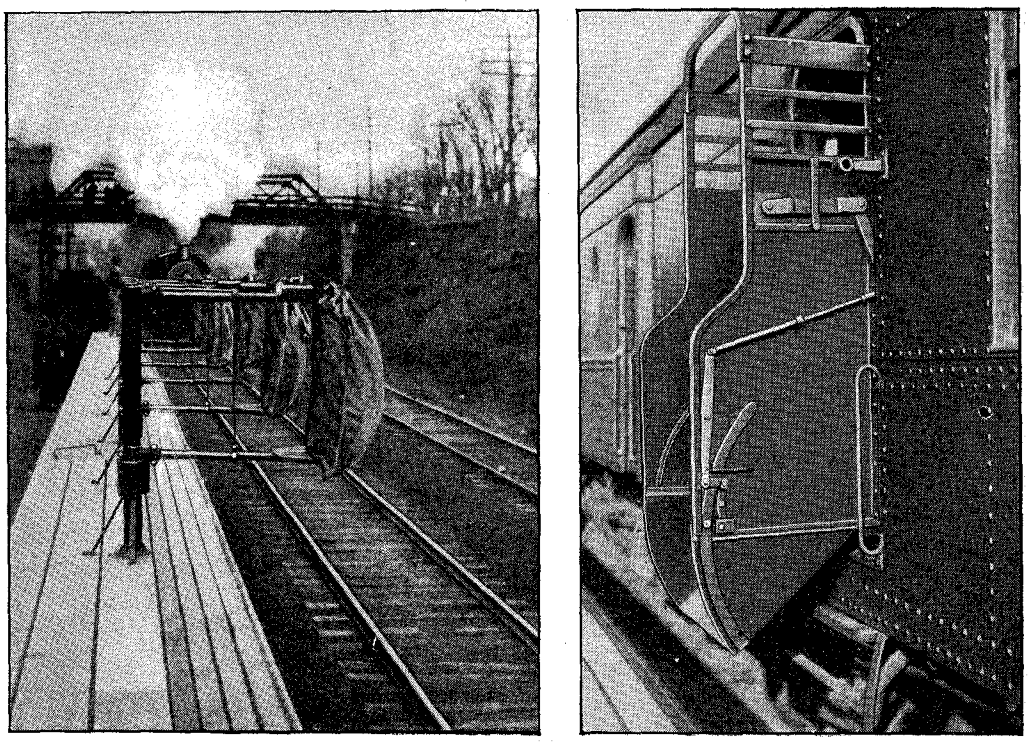
Ptomain Poisoning
Give an emetic. Purge with castor-oil. Strong coffee or brandy.

Opium
Laudanum
Morphin
Paregoric
"Soothing Syrup"
Keep patient warm and awake until arrival of doctor. Under no circumstances must he be allowed to relax into a stupor. Shout at him, slap his chest with wet towels, walk him about with support on each side.

CUT THIS OUT AND PASTE ON THE DOOR OF YOUR MEDICINE-CABINET.

bars laxatives, which he would leave to a physician's prescription, also headache-pills and powders, many of which are dangerous. Such poisonous substances as it may be necessary to include should be plainly labeled POISON, and preferably kept under lock and key. Plans for calling attention to poisons, such as were enumerated recently in these columns, are given in detail, but Mr. Boyd thinks lock and key are the best safeguards. He goes on:

> "Whatever precaution is taken, a well-lighted bathroom would be an additional safeguard. In these days of electric lights and self-lighting gas-lights, there is no excuse for any one going into a bathroom in the still watches of the night and fumbling about for medicine. An electric pocket-lamp is an admirable thing in homes where there is neither electricity nor gas, and matches, of the safety variety, should always be within reach in the bedroom where light can not be secured by the touching of a button.
>
> "A very helpful and valuable thing to have in the bathroom-cabinet is a small book telling one what to do in cases of accidents or poisonings — that is, what to do until the arrival of the doctor. A chart showing the various antidotes for poisons should be pasted upon the inside of the door of the cabinet, and when one purchases a poison care should be taken that an antidote for that particular poison is on hand.
>
> "The most efficacious and the safest article to use in case of an emergency is the telephone, and in homes where there are children, the doctor's phone number, or those of a number of near-by doctors, should always be posted over the telephone for instant use. After the doctor is on his way, the book upon first aid can be consulted and its suggestions acted upon. But first call the doctor!
>
> "That truly is Safety First."



Courtesy of "The Popular Science Monthly," New York.

AN AUTOMATIC DEVICE FOR HANDLING EGGS "ON THE FLY."

Parcel-post eggs are the latest thing in progressive henneries, and this device receives them from and delivers them on board passing trains without breakage.

CATCHING EGGS "ON THE FLY"—Eggs may now be delivered from a station-platform and caught with ease and safety by the mail-car of a fast-speeding express-train, by means of an automatic mail-exchange system recently adopted by a large Western railroad. The illustrations above give an idea of how it is done, and *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York, March) describes the mechanism as follows:

> "This device works with great speed. When the train nears a station a lever on the truck of the mail-car is operated by a track-trip, thus setting in motion the system of cams which perform the functions of discharging and receiving the mail from the station. A set of arms moves out from the side of the car, and, as the train passes, the suspended pouches of mail are caught by the arms and drawn into the car. Another cam, deriving its power from the car-axle, picks up the mail-pouches which are to be delivered at the station, and deposits them in a chute, where they slide into a trough on the station-platform. This chute extends down until it nearly touches the platform, and the pouches fall but a few inches. They slide on the smooth surface of the trough until their fall is broken. As soon as the train has passed the station, the apparatus is automatically drawn inside the car and the doors are locked."

IRON-BACTERIA

VARIETIES of higher bacteria which flourish in water that is impregnated with iron, and which seem to be fond of that metal, are described by Dr. David Ellis in a contribution to *Science Progress*. Our quotations are from a review in *The Lancet* (London, February 5). These bacteria collect iron from the water and store it up in their tissues, and it is thought that they may have played an important part in building up iron-bearing rocks in prehistoric geologic ages. As the organisms grow and multiply, their mucilaginous outer membranes become impregnated with a brown oxid of iron. Under the microscope the red deposit which forms the bed of ferruginous springs will generally be seen to consist of a multitude of small, hollow tubes. These are the sheaths built up by the organisms during their lifetime, left as memorials of their activities. The reviewer goes on:

> "The paper is full of interest as to the life-history of this group of organisms, but the section which from the hygienist's point of view claims more attention is that dealing with those iron-collecting organisms which appear and multiply sometimes in water-supplies and are the cause of a considerable nuisance. But there is no reason to think that these organisms possess any pathological significance. No poisonous excretions are liberated as a result of their growth, yet, as Dr. Ellis points out, they seriously inconvenience the engineer and give anxiety to others who are concerned to see their water-reservoirs assume a sinister tint. When a certain (at present unknown) sum total of conditions holds, these organisms multiply at an extraordinary rate, and the water in a very short time takes on a disquieting rusty-red color. It would appear that these sudden rapid multiplications never last long because the organisms themselves probably make the water unfit for their continued existence. One of the best examples quoted by Dr. Ellis occurred at Cheltenham in 1896, when the water supplied to the town became red, turbid, and developed an offensive odor. Within a fortnight the filters had become clogged. This state of affairs continued for about six weeks, after which the water once more began to assume its normal appearance. There was no evidence to show that this rapid growth of the iron-organism had any pathological significance. . . . The same inconvenience has occurred in London, Berlin, Lille, Rotterdam, and elsewhere."

LETTERS - AND - ART

HINDU MUSIC NEXT

IT HAS NOT BEEN VERY HARD for extreme Westerners like ourselves to accept the music and rhythms of the Russians who come to us from the borderland of the East. But when the music of the extreme East arrives, as it is said to be immediately imminent in the tour of Mme. Ratan Devê, singer of the songs of India, we shall be put to a severe test of appreciation. The average Oriental does not appreciate our music, and it is equally true that the average Westerner does not appreciate Oriental music. Oriental music reaches our ears, but not our hearts. It is "too monotonous," "too quaint," "too illusive," "too funny for anything," we exclaim when we listen to it. But it is a healthy sign of the times, however, that systematic attempts are being made in the West to study Oriental, especially Hindu, music. There are, no doubt, fundamental differences between Oriental and Occidental music. Hindu music is declared by experts to be of a "finer texture than our own, and this makes it hard for our untrained ears to detect any beauty in it." But they warn us against doubting that the Hindus have brought music to a scientific perfection, even tho they have very little of written music. Experts further claim that "a regular system of notation had been worked out in India before the age of Panini (350 B.C.). This notation passed from the Brahmans through the Persians to Arabia, and was thence introduced into European music by Guido d'Arezzo at the beginning of the eleventh century. . . . The Hindu divides the octaves into twenty-two subtones instead of the twelve tones and semitones of the European scale."

SINGER OF THE SONGS OF INDIA.

Mme. Ratan Devê, who sings, squatting Indian fashion, and accompanies herself on the tamboura.

The distinction made by the Indian poet Tagore is given in Basanta Koomar Roy's "Rabindranath Tagore: The Man and His Poetry":

"I hold that the provinces of Western and Eastern music are distinctly separate. They do not lead through the same gates into the same chambers of the heart. European music is, as it were, strangely entwined with the actualities of life, so it becomes easy to connect the air of a song with the multiform experiences of life. An attempt to do the same with our music would be fatuous and the result most unwelcome. . . . Our music differs from the European in being a single strain of melody, *not the harmony of various voices and instruments*. Also we have numerous scales, and the melodies written in each scale are appropriate to a certain range of emotions. For example, certain airs are always sung in the morning, others at twilight, others at night; so that their strains are associated in our minds with those hours. In the same way a certain range of melodies is consecrated to the emotion of love, another to that of heroic valor, another to repose, and so on. . . . . .

"Music, on the whole, is not dependent on words. It is majestically grand in its own glory. Why should it condescend to be subservient to words? When it is inexpressible, tho, music is at its best. What words fail to convey to human minds, music does with perfect ease. So the less there is of verbosity in a song, the better it is for the song itself. Music begins when words end."

Some further peculiarities of Hindu music are noted by Mr. Inayat Khan, the famous musician, in a lecture before the Royal Asiatic Society of London. Thus:

"Improvisation is a great feature of Indian music, and is a native gift of the people: every little child who learns a song from a temple or theater or wherever he finds it sings it with improvisations. He adds something of his own; and much more so the skilled musician. Another feature of Indian music is repetition—a singer may repeat a few words five, ten, twenty, forty, or fifty times. This may seem monotonous or useless, but it is a secret of the inspirational tendency. As many times as a painter would look at his picture, so many times would he be inspired by it; as many times as a writer reads his book, so many times it would give him a new idea. So with the performer of music. Singing the same theme and repeating it in order to add and improvise upon it, he could do much better than by taking a paper and reading it once and never repeating it again."

The rhythmic sense of the Hindus is well presented in an article in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, by E. Agnes R. Haigh, where she says:

"Greek music consisted of three things—melody, words, and dance. This was the art in its full expression. . . . In Indian music we find exactly the same musical triad. The ancient Hindu writers agree in describing Saugita (music) as consisting of three elements—Gita (vocal music or song), Vadya (instrumental music, or accompaniment), and Writya (percussion, or dancing); and this natural association is preserved to the present day. . . . . .

"Tho the organized dance no longer holds its ancient place, the rhythm of bodily movement still accompanies the rhythm of sound. Not only does the player mark his time by tapping a rhythmic accompaniment to notes, rests, and pauses, but the listening audience clap their hands and sway their bodies to the measure, sometimes giving themselves up to the music almost as an enthusiastic conductor of an orchestra will express his time-sense with an abandon of gesture quite beyond the needs of keeping his performers together. With us, of course, such beatings by performers or audience would be out of place, for the reason that the structure of our music is artificial, and artistic propriety demands that it shall be kept in the background, but the natural rhythmic measure of Eastern music stimulates the body to respond and so to realize the sound in movement. So strong is the sense of rhythm and its association with time in the Indian temperament that the worker engaged in any labor requiring bodily movement with a recurrent action instinctively becomes vocal. Words and melody discover and respond to the rhythm in his task. When two or more are engaged in the same piece of work the singing generally becomes antiphonal. The carpenter sawing wood, the boatman propelling his barge, the laborer toiling in the fields, the 'coolie' lifting sacks or hoisting stones upon a crane—each sings the rhythmic air which the movements suggest to him. The loudness, rapidity, and degree of abandon of the singing are an actual index of the amount of vigor put into the work. Among the most artistic and pleasing of the 'motives' are the improvised verse-melodies of the palanquin-bearers."

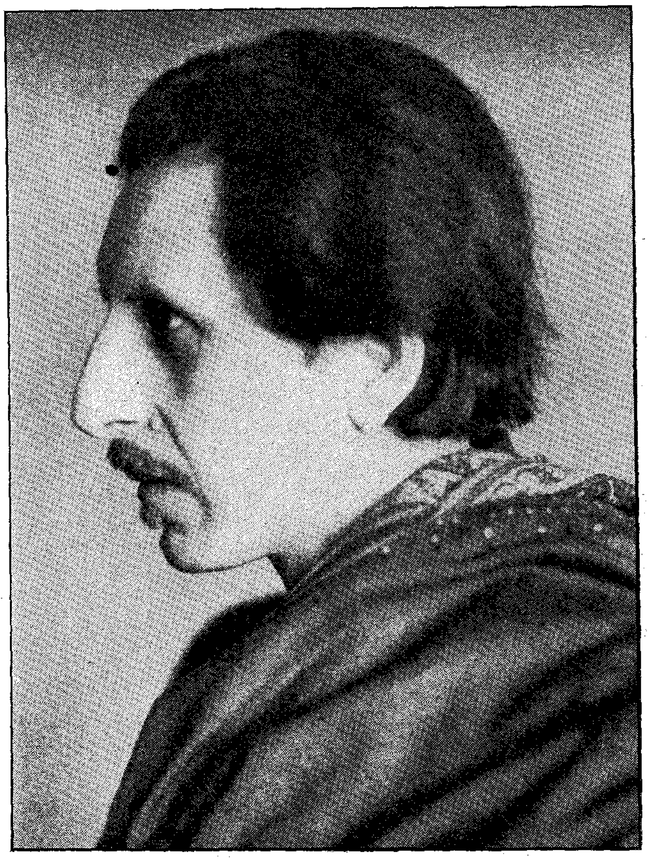
Bernard Shaw declares that "since MacDowell began to compose, the Americans have shown an alarming facility in modern German harmony and orchestration, and the time has come for an Indian missionary—to show what can be done without the aid of as much as a common chord or dominant seventh, and with untempered intonation."

FRENCH SCHOOL-TEACHERS IN THE WAR

THIRTY THOUSAND school-teachers of France have been enrolled in the active fighting-forces. Of this number 2,057 fell in the first year of the war, when the mortality in the younger men of the nation was the highest. The number of wounded and taken as prisoners reaches nearly 8,000. They are not behind other classes in deeds of valor, we learn from the London *Times*, for 700 have been mentioned in dispatches, 45 decorated with the "Legion of Honor," 52 with the "Médaille Militaire," and 9 with the "Order of St. George." So much is the record of one year for the teachers of young France, and, we read, "it is significant that nearly every one of them answering the call to arms elected to join the troops in the field rather than to remain in the rear occupied with administrative duties." It is asserted that quite as brilliant a record has been achieved by those who, overtaken by the tide of war, have for over a year remained at their posts in the districts still held by the invader. Thus:

"Tho no statistics are compiled, it is known that many have been shot by the enemy in endeavoring to protect the interests of France; others have been removed as hostages to Germany, while still others have been killed while performing their humble duties. When, at the approach of the enemy, all civil authorities have evacuated a town, the French school-teacher is expected to remain to safeguard the civil population. To him falls the duty of negotiating with the German military authorities, of bargaining with them in regard to proper payment for goods requisitioned, and of performing all the functions of administrator, at the same time of keeping up the courage and high sense of patriotic discipline among the stricken inhabitants—and even, if possible, holding classes as usual.

"Behind the firing-line the tasks of the teachers who for reasons of age or infirmity are not mobilized are almost as arduous. At the outbreak of the war the school-house in the country districts at once became the rallying-center of the community. It is the school-teacher who twice daily receives the official *communiqués;* and in small, out-of-the-way places, where newspapers are rare, he copies them in his own handwriting, to be distributed in the district. More often he reads them aloud to the assembled villagers, comments on the military operations, and keeps the community intelligently informed about the course of the war. He reads and writes the letters for the illiterate, receives notices of the deaths of relatives of the people of his district killed in action; arranges the forwarding of packages to the front and to prisoners of war. It was under the direction of the school-teachers of France that before the end of the winter campaign of last year over 500,000 woolen mufflers, pairs of socks, mittens, etc., were made and forwarded to the troops in the field. Under their initiative many school-houses have been turned into *garderies* (play-rooms), where the smaller children of the community are kept while their mothers and elder sisters are at work in the field or factory. These children, whose ages range from ten months to six years, are cared for from early morning until nightfall. They are given three good meals, and are often provided with clothing collected by the teachers. The work receives no subvention from the State, and is supported entirely by funds which the school-teacher is able to collect. They further instituted the *Noël du Soldat,* to provide Christmas presents for the troops in the field, a penny from each child bringing over £20,000; while the teachers themselves all over France agreed to give at least 2 per cent. of their monthly salary for Red-Cross and similar purposes."



DR. ANANDA COOMARASWAMY,

The leading art-critic of India and lecturer on Indian music. His wife, seen opposite, gives the practical demonstration.

The men thus deflected from their usual duties to posts connected with the prosecution of the war constitute nearly half the teaching-staff of France. Many of the school-houses and over half the more important school-buildings in the chief cities of the country have been requisitioned by the military authorities for hospital-purposes, yet the schools have been able to carry on their work. We read:

"A call for volunteer instructors met with surprizing results. In one school a judge gives the Latin lessons. In another a prefect has taken charge of the courses in German, a dentist teaches natural science, and an artist, a hotel-keeper, a chemist, and a bookkeeper have joined the teaching-staffs. Competent substitutes were everywhere found to carry on the work of the absent instructors; so that with the opening of the new school-year, conditions were again nearly normal, as the military authorities have, whenever possible, evacuated the school-buildings.

"If we look for the causes of the stoic confidence to be found throughout France and of the firm belief that victory will be achieved, the rôle of the school-teacher in bringing about this point of view can not be overestimated. The Germans are accustomed to proclaim that their battles are won in the classroom, and that the victories in the field are a logical result of the brilliant and solid foundations of German education. France to-day can boast of an even more remarkable achievement. Every school-teacher throughout France has become the interpreter of the ideals and aims of the Allies. He has made the people realize the broader issues of the war, and the need for patience in hours of defeat and for still greater fortitude until the final victory."

MEREDITH'S PREVISION OF WAR

NO ONE EVER SUSPECTED or accused George Meredith of jingoism, bloodthirstiness, or "patriotism" of the extreme kind. Yet, as a writer in the Literary Supplement of the London *Times* points out from accumulated evidence, he frequently gave utterance to England's peril of a European war, and urged her to be ready to meet it. Some poetical allusions to the "danger of war" occurred as early as 1885, when he wrote—

> Avert, High Wisdom, never vainly wooed,
> This threat of war, that shows a land brain-sick.

In 1891 he published "One of Our Conquerors," in which he makes his people, *Skepsey*, *Durance*, *Radnor*, and *Fenellan* speak some of his own apprehensions. For example:

"One of the most notable of these . . . comes in Chapter III. Says *Radnor:*

"'Dr. Schlesien's right: we go on believing that our God Neptune will do everything for us, and won't see that Steam has paralyzed his Trident. . . . If we won't learn that we have become Continentals, we shall be marched over.'

"And *Fenellan*, relying on individualism and the mob, cries:

"'Well, then, conscript them, and they'll be all of a better pattern. . . . By Heaven! it's the only honorable thing to do.'

"*Mr. Radnor* disapproved. 'No conscription here.'

"In Chapter X we have *Durance's* opinion that 'in the face of an armed Europe, this great nation is living on sufferance,' and *Skepsey's* eloquent comment on it—'Oh!'

"In this same year, 1891, Meredith writes twice to Frederick Greenwood (October 1 and December 9) on this subject. The later of the letters says:

"'The notion of stirring Englishmen with verse is comic. Foemen in the guts might do it. Or Brighton bombarded, or supplies of fresh meat failing. We have an inefficient navy. We have no army fit to encounter 20,000 European troops. And Invasion is an acknowledged possibility.'

"And this same year saw the writing of the noble poem 'England before the Storm,' which I will venture to give in full:

> The day that is the night of days,
> With cannon-fire for sun ablaze,
> We spy from any billow's lift;
> And England still this tidal drift;
> Would she to sainted forethought vow
> A space before the thunders flood,
> That martyr of its hour might now
> Spare her the tears of blood.
>
> Asleep upon her ancient deeds,
> She hugs the vision plethora breeds,
> And counts her manifold increase
> Of treasure in the fruits of peace.
> What curse on earth's improvident,
> When the dread trumpet shatters rest,
> Is wreaked, she knows, yet smiles content
> As cradle rocked from breast.
>
> She, impious to the Lord of Hosts,
> The valor of her offspring boasts,
> Mindless that now on land and main
> His heeded prayer is active brain.
> No more great heart may guard the home,
> Save eyed and armed and skilled to cleave
> Yon swallower wave with shroud of foam,
> We see not distant heave.
>
> They stand to be her sacrifice,
> The sons this mother flings like dice,
> To face the odds and brave the Fates;
> As in those days of starry dates,
> When cannon cannon's counterblast
> Awakened, muzzle muzzle bowled,
> And high in swathe of smoke the mast
> Its fighting flag outrolled."

In 1903 Meredith wrote a letter to *The Daily Telegraph*, using words about the Emperor that the devoted "Meredithian" who collates them thinks he would "have seen reason to modify had he lived to see what he had foreseen":

"The Kaiser, an estimable gentleman, but not yet a fully tried sovereign, has drawn in a deep breath of briny air, and would give it out in war-ships. Germany, once foremost among the nations for intellectual achievements, now spouts Pan-Germanism over Europe, and seeks to command the North Sea. For our part, we have only to take the warning they give us, and be armed, stationed, and alert. That is the way to preserve the peace. For Pan-Germanism challenges many foes, and a Power ambitious to be preponderant in a great navy as well as a great army will find its adversary within, besides those that press around it. A slumbering England will offer it the chance it craves before the inevitable financial strain brings it to the ground. A watchful England may look on calmly for that certain issue."

Another Meredithian, spurred on by this first contributor, sends to the *Times* supplement a quotation from the "Essay on Comedy," giving an analysis of Germany's character and schooling which, he says, may "provide a parallel reference equally significant to our understanding to-day":

" . . . the Germans have gone through no comic training to warn them of the sly, wise emanation eyeing them from aloft, nor much of satirical. Heinrich Heine has not been enough to cause them to smart and meditate. Nationally, as well as individually, when they are excited they are in danger of the grotesque, as when, for instance, they decline to listen to evidence, and raise a national outcry because one of German blood has been convicted of crime in a foreign country. They are acute critics, yet they still wield clubs in controversy. Compare them in this respect with the people schooled in La Bruyère, La Fontaine, Molière; with the people who have the figures of a Trissotin and a Vadius before them for a comic warning of the personal vanities of the carest professor. It is more than difference of race. It is the difference of traditions, temper, and style, which comes of schooling. . . . When the Germans watch and are silent, their force of character tells. They are kings in music, we may say princes in poetry, good speculators in philosophy, and our leaders in scholarship. That so gifted a race, possest, moreover, of th stern good sense which collects the waters of laughter to make the wells, should show at a disadvantage, I hold for a proof, instructive to us, that the discipline of the comic spirit is needful to their growth. We see what they can reach to in that great figure of modern manhood —Goethe. They are a growing people; they are conversable as well; and when their men, as in France, and at intervals at Berlin tea-tables, consent to talk on equal terms with their women, and to listen to them, their growth will be accelerated and be shapelier. Comedy, or in any form the comic spirit, will then come to them to cut some figures out of the block, show them the mirror, enliven and irradiate the social intelligence."

In 1908, within a year of Meredith's death, he wrote "The Call," a poem expressive of his feeling that the danger of attack was urgent. The poem is "perhaps his most weighty utterance on the subject, because it gives due importance to the arguments, or sentiments, that might be pleaded on the other side, before it goes on thus":

> It can not be declared we are
> A nation till from end to end
> The land can show such front to war
> As bids a crouching foe expend
> His ire in air, and preferably be friend.
>
> We dreading him, we do him wrong;
> For fears discolor, fears invite.
> Like him, our task is to be strong;
> Unlike him, claiming not by might
> To snatch an envied treasure as a right.
>
> So may a stouter brotherhood
> At home be signaled over sea
> For righteous, and be understood,
> Nay, welcomed, when 'tis shown that we
> All duties have embraced in being free.
>
> This Britain slumbering, she is rich;
> Lies placid as a cradled child;
> At times with an uneasy twitch,
> That tells of dreams unduly wild.
> Shall she be with a foreign drug defiled?
>
> The grandeur of her deeds recall;
> Look on her face so kindly fair:
> This Britain! and were she to fall,
> Mankind would breathe a harsher air,
> The nations miss a light of leading rare.

"TIPPERARY'S" RIVAL

THOSE WHO HAVE FELT that "Tipperary" was too flippant a song for soldiers to sing on the eve of death have a substitute in "Keep the Home-Fires Burning." This song is said to rival the first one in the affections of the soldiers, and its appeal to the non-combatants is doubtless as strong, for it has been introduced into the overture for the Drury Lane Pantomime, and we read the audience sing it, "words and all, not shrilly, but roundly and gently, as if they love it, much as, when the time comes, they sing 'God Save the King.'" It was written by a boy of twenty-two—Ivor Novello, son of Clara Novello-Davies. "His remarkable talent," says *Musical America* (New York), "is inherited from his mother, who ranks among the first artist-teachers of the Continent." This song is sung in every camp of the war-zone, is published in six languages, and, we are told, "is popular in England, Wales, France, Italy, Russia, Scandinavia, and America." We read:

Photo by Claude Harris, London.—Courtesy of "Musical Courier," New York.

IVOR NOVELLO,

Whose song of the soldier, "Keep the Home-Fires Burning," is now sung in six languages.

"Two months after it was on sale, Mr. Novello went to the trenches in Lena Ashwell's concert-party, where it was sung over four hundred times in twenty-five days. One man, upon his return, wrote: 'They whistled it during the hours of night-watch duty.' It is so simple that the boys learned it at once.

"On his trip home from the front, 3,000 soldiers passed him on their way to the trenches, and they were singing 'Keep the Home-Fires Burning.' The memory of that spectacle will never fade from his mind, for he realized that probably half of them would never see 'the home-fires' again. Mr. Novello gives three concerts a week at the various hospitals for the wounded.

"Lady Beerbohm Tree wrote: 'It must be a great pride to you to see the soldiers delight in your music. That half-glad, wistful song haunts one wherever one goes, and it will echo all over the world.' . . . . . .

"It was first introduced in New York the latter part of December at a Sunday concert at the Century Theater by John Bardsley, late tenor of Covent Garden, London, and the Century Opera Company. Next it was sung for one entire week at the Metropolitan Opera-house, Philadelphia, by Arthur Aldridge and Harry Luckstone. Ana Novello, cousin of the composer, made a sensation with it at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, where she sang for the New Zealand Government. Gatty Sellars, the famous English organist, has rearranged 'Keep the Home-Fires Burning' for the organ, and plays it with the national anthem. As late as a few weeks ago, Howard Morley, the eminent barytone, sang it at the Park Theater, New York, during the war-pictures.

"Eva Booth writes in *The Volunteer Gazette* that Charles Granville sang it at Sing Sing for the boys last Christmas. They were most enthusiastic. He taught them the chorus. She thought that the words were suitable to the 'dear ones' of these boys, and she also thinks that the boys who get *The Gazette* in the prisons all over the country will love to learn the refrain, and will be inspired by it:

Keep the home-fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Tho your lads are far away,
They dream of home.
There's a silver lining,
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come home.

"Records of the song have been made by various English talking-machine companies, as well as a leading American company, and it is a welcome addition to their catalogs."

Mr. Novello has just emerged from the infant-prodigy stage, according to the further account of him in *Musical America:*

"When he was six years old, Clara Butt, the well-known singer, stood him up on a chair one evening when we were entertaining, and he sang 'Hear Ye, Israel,' and 'Poor, Wandering One,' without any hesitancy. Then, many predicted he would become famous later in life.

"At the age of nine, he won a scholarship at Magdalen College, Oxford, and was first solo-boy for five years. The influence of Dr. Varley Roberts, organist, was splendid for him, and later that of Louis Prout, of London, and Dr. Brewer, organist of Gloucester Cathedral.

"His first song, 'Spring of the Year,' was published when he was only fifteen, and was sung at Albert Hall by no other than Evangeline Florence, the American prima donna, and was a decided hit. At the same time, his mother's song, 'Friend,' was first sung by Wilfrid Douthitt, who was studying with Mme. Davies.

"Strangely enough, his childish ambition was to hear his pieces played by a street-organ. His dream has been more than realized. Altho he had written all kinds of songs, it never occurred to him to write a patriotic one until his mother asked him why he didn't do so. It set him thinking, and he wrote the haunting, almost religious, melody of 'Keep the Home-Fires Burning,' in about ten minutes. He telephoned Lena Guilbert Ford, who supplied the words in another ten minutes, and in less than half an hour the song was ready for the publisher."

THE PRESS AND THE POET—If John Masefield goes back to England ill from too many public dinners, and bored from too many hand-shakes, he will have to blame a picturesque episode in his early career that is the best kind of "newspaper-stuff." But the newspapers, as the Des Moines *Register and Leader*, see in the story of his visit one of their highest justifications:

"When John Masefield, the English poet, went to Philadelphia six weeks ago to deliver an address, no one met him at the train, he had to hunt up the speaking-place for himself, he spoke to a small audience, and his address attracted little attention.

"Masefield returned to Philadelphia for another address a few days ago. He was dined and fêted, and 5,000 people sought admission to the church where he spoke, hundreds of them being turned away at the doors.

"Not alone is the contrast remarkable, but the mere fact that one poet could cause 5,000 people to assemble is in itself an incident to attract attention.

"The explanation is undoubtedly to be found in the fact that between his two visits Masefield has been the subject of extended sketches and full-page discussions in newspapers. His early history was recounted—how he had run away from England to become a sailor, turned farmer in the United States, then broke into newspaper-work, and finally became established as a writer of literature.

"His authorship of what may prove to be the only enduring poem on the subject of the war also lends a timely interest to his work.

"Let it not be said the newspapers are injurious to literature. If they exploit the sensationalists for the amusement they get out of it, they also bring writers of solid worth before the public. If they take away from literature the reading-time which might otherwise be given to the world's masterpieces, they also give the public a hint as to where the best contemporary writing is to be found, and they endeavor to stimulate interest in literature.

"Five thousand people did not greet Masefield because they had read his works between the time of his first visit and his second, but because they had read about him in the newspapers. The mere fact of newspaper-publicity was not enough to arouse desire to see him. The story of his life made them believe he was worth seeing and that he would say something worth hearing."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

BABY-VICTIMS OF WAR AND PEACE

ONE OF THE THINGS that will intensify and quicken the effort to substitute judicial processes for war, after this war is over, thinks Dr. Frederick Lynch, will be the fact that "over a million babies have suffered unspeakable agony because of ambitions and passions they did nothing to create." The child has borne an infinite amount of unnecessary suffering, even in peace-times, through ignorance as well as through cruelty and accidents. The protective efforts which gain their expression in such anniversaries as Child Welfare Sunday and Children's Sunday point to a quickening conscience on the part of the elders of the community. Books, also, are being multiplied, even to the point of overdoing it, on the health, education, and religion of the child; but the crowning enormity of modern life, as Dr. Lynch points out in *The Christian Work* (New York), is the war viewed from the standpoint of helpless childhood. He writes:

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ARMENIAN VICTIMS, FROM INFANTS TO THE AGED.

Who escaped the fury of the Turks and were taken with some hundreds of others to Port Said on board a French cruiser, thence brought to our shores by the American committee.

"In Belgium, in Poland, in Turkey, in Servia, it is estimated that a million children have died of starvation or freezing, or, as in Turkey, of immediate butchery. Judge Lindsey, just home, says that half a million babies in Central Europe are starving to death. It is a very serious question in many people's minds if anything that any war can gain for a nation is worth the price of the sufferings of these children. And, of course, every child of working people in Europe will have to go on half rations for a hundred years because of war-debts, and children will have to go to work earlier because the men have all been killed off."

The cry of the children's anguish will doubtless bring home to future statesmen the feeling that this helpless element of the nation can no longer be held negligible in deciding upon the conduct of the affairs of State. It will also redouble the efforts begun in times of peace to improve the conditions of child-life. Normal conditions, in our own land, have, indeed, had their unrecognized warfare upon these helpless ones:

"Of the 300,000 deaths of children every year, half were absolutely unnecessary—that is, preventable. The causes of these deaths were many. There was the ignorance of mothers. There were the unhealthy food, the impure milk, the unnecessary exposure to the heat of summer. There was the dosing with patent medicines. There was the exposure to the cold. There was under-nutrition. Against all these an encouraging fight has been made. Many books have been written for mothers. Pure-milk stations have been opened in the cities. City Boards of Child Hygiene have been established. (In 1914 the city of New York appropriated $168,000 for child-hygiene and spent $235,000 on a Children's Court Building.) The schools have tried to reach the parents through the children. Physicians have devoted much more attention to the preserving of the health of children than they used to do. And now we have the Child Welfare organizations.

"These organizations are now accomplishing much through exhibits. They are putting them in all the cities where the mothers can see them. Only this morning I visited one which is on the ground floor of this huge 'Educational Building' in which *The Christian Work* is installed. It was very interesting. It consisted of twenty-five panel-posters being around the walls, each poster containing a striking picture and several *bons-mots* dealing with the subject it represented. These posters dealt with such subjects as 'Care Before Birth,' 'Care at Birth,' 'The Best Food,' 'The Best Substitute,' 'Bathing the Baby,' 'Clothing the Baby,' 'The Baby Asleep,' 'Things to Avoid,' 'What Not to Eat,' 'Care of the Eyes,' etc. Some of the sentences on these posters are very striking, and meant to stick in the mind: 'Give the child a good start before birth. It is the foundation of its life'; 'Feed the baby regularly—not every time it cries'; 'Babies' clothes should be warm, but not warm enough to cause perspiration'; 'Sleep is baby's best growing-time. Let the baby sleep alone in a quiet, darkened spot'; 'It is not necessary for children to have diseases; they all pave the way for more serious trouble.'

"The second advance that has been made in recent years is the gradual protest against child-labor. . . . The nation has been awaking, altho too slowly, to two great facts, namely, that the future capital of the nation is its children, and therefore it does not pay to kill them, maim them, weaken their bodies and minds, make degenerate characters, by hard and cruel work in mine and factory, such as children have been quite generally subjected to.

"In the second place, many people have had their hearts enlarged, and have come to feel that the child has the right, the irrevocable right, to the years of growth for play, study, and general preparation for life. In a perfected civilization no one will have to become a wage-earner until he has become of age."

EARLY PEACE TO SAVE CIVILIZATION

MERE WRECKS of European nations will be left to conclude peace if the slaughter goes on much longer, points out an English writer who has been studying the casualty-reports. The length of the war and the spirit fostered by the settlement will gravely bear upon the question whether the English, the French, or the Germans "will have the energy and will to carry on the progress of the past." This to Mr. Bertrand Russell, a leading philosophical writer of England, is the strongest of all reasons for desiring an early peace. The danger to the future civilization of Europe he sees "obscured amid the clash of national ambitions," and to judge of the outcome, he declares that it is necessary to "fix our attention on individuals, not on States." The common cry that the danger to the State requires the individual to sink his ideas of personal safety is answered by the fact that "in the long run, the good of the State can not be secured if the individuals have lost their vigor." Mr. Russell writes in *The Open Court* (Chicago), a magazine whose articles have hitherto shown a sympathetic leaning toward the cause of the Central Empires. He says:

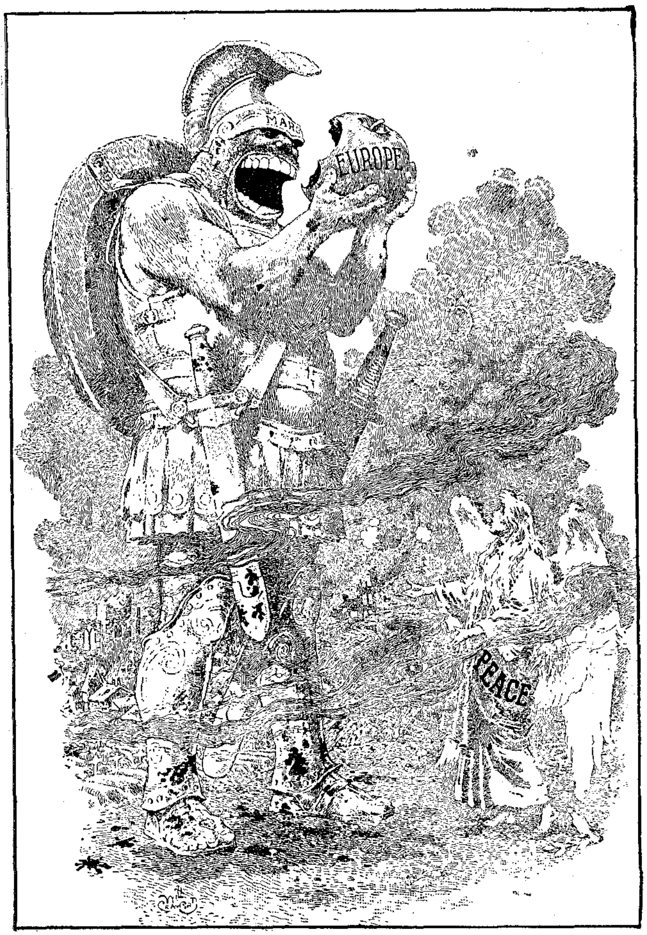
> "This war, to begin with, is worse than any previous war in the direct effect upon those who fight. The armies are far larger than they have ever been before, and the loss by death or permanent disablement immensely exceeds what has occurred in the past. The losses are enhanced by the deadlock, which render a purely strategical decision of the war almost impossible. We are told to regard it as a war of attrition, which means presumably that victory is hoped from the gradual extermination of the German armies. Our military authorities, apparently, contemplate with equanimity a three-years' war, ending only by our excess of population: when practically all Germans of military age have been killed or maimed, it is thought that there will still remain a good many English, Russians, and Italians, and perhaps a sprinkling of Frenchmen. But in the course of such destruction almost all that makes the Allied nations worth defending will have been lost: the enfeebled, impoverished remnants will lack the energy to resume the national life which existed before the war, and the new generation will grow up lis less under the shadow of a great despair. I hope that the men in authority are wiser than their words; but everything that has been said points to this result as what is intended by those who control our fate."

The actual casualties, he goes on to point out, represent only a small part of the real loss in the fighting. Formerly, seasoned veterans made the best soldiers, and men turned from the battlefield with their physical and mental vigor unimpaired. All this has been changed by "the nerve-shattering effect of shell-fire." "All troops gradually deteriorate at the front: the best troops are those who are fresh, provided they are adequately trained." Further:

> "In all the armies, a number of men go mad, a much larger number suffer from nervous collapse, becoming temporarily blind or dumb or incapable of any effort of will, and almost all suffer considerable nervous injury, causing loss of vitality, energy, and power of decision. In great part, no doubt, this effect is temporary; but there is reason to think that in most men something of it will be permanent, and in not a few the nervous collapse will remain very serious. I fear it must be assumed that almost all who have seen much fighting will have grown incapable of great effort, and will only be able, at best, to slip unobtrusively through the remaining years of life. Since the fighting will, if the war lasts much longer, absorb the bulk of the male population of Europe between 18 and 45, this cause alone will make it all but impossible to maintain and hand on the tradition of civilization which has been slowly acquired by the efforts of our ancestors."

Mr. Russell has an answer also for those who advocate war for its "moral effects":

> "The men who repeat this hoary falsehood must have learned nothing from the reports of friends returned from the war, and must have refrained from talking with wounded soldiers in hospitals and elsewhere. It is true that, in those who enlist of their own free will, there is a self-devotion to the cause of their country which deserves all praise; and their first experience of warfare often gives them a horror of its futile cruelty which makes them for a time humane and ardent friends of peace. If the war had lasted only three months, these good effects might have been its most important moral consequences. But as the months at the front pass slowly by, the first impulse is followed by quite other moods. Heroism is succeeded by a merely habitual disregard of danger; enthusiasm for the national cause is replaced by passive obedience to orders. Familiarity with horrors makes war seem natural, not the abomination which it is seen to be at first. Humane feeling decays, since, if it survived, no man could endure the daily shocks. In every army, reports of enemy atrocities, true or false, stimulate ferocity, and produce a savage thirst for reprisals. On the Western front, at least, both sides have long ceased to take prisoners except in large batches. Our newspapers have been full of the atrocities perpetrated by German soldiers. Whoever listens to the conversation of wounded soldiers returned from the front will find that, in all the armies, some men become guilty of astonishing acts of ferocity. Will even the most hardened moralist dare to say that such men are morally the better for their experience of war? If the war had not occurred, they would probably have gone through life without ever having the wild beast in them aroused. There is a wild beast slumbering in almost every man, but civilized men know that it must not be allowed to awake. A civilized man who has once been under the domain of the wild beast has lost his moral self-respect, his integrity, and uprightness: a secret shame makes him cynical and despairing, without the courage that sees facts as they are, without the hope that makes them better. War is perpetrating this moral murder in the souls of vast millions of combatants; every day many are passing over to the dominion of the brute by acts which kill what is best within them. Yet, still our newspapers, parsons, and professors prate of the ennobling influence of war."



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PEACE—"When you're through with that apple, may I have the core?"

WAR—"There ain't going to be no core!"

—Will Crawford in *Puck* (New York).

The feelings of chivalry and mutual respect among the combatants about which we heard in the earlier days are now replaced by a spirit of hatred, Mr. Russell contends, and "if it lasts much longer, we may be sure that it will grow worse in these respects."

CURRENT - POETRY

ONE of the most accomplished of contemporary lyric poets has said that he can only write to his own satisfaction on love and death. This seems to be a serious limitation, and yet love and death are the themes of much of the world's greatest poetry. Naturally, the war is bringing out many noble elegiac poems. One of the best to appear so far was printed in a recent issue of the London *Spectator*. The sonnet is so beautifully wrought and so charged with genuine emotion that every reader will regret that the true poet who wrote it has concealed his identity with a pseudonym.

V. D. F.

By Humbert

You from Givenchy, since no years can harden
The beautiful dead, when holy twilight reaches
The sleeping cedar and the copper beeches,
Return to walk again in Wadham Garden.
We, growing old, grow stranger to the College,
Symbol of youth, where we were young together,
But you, beyond the reach of time and weather,
Of youth in death forever keep the knowledge.
We hoard our youth, we hoard our youth, and fear it,
But you, who freely gave what we have hoarded,
Are with the final goal of youth rewarded
The road to travel and the traveler's spirit.
And therefore, when for us the stars go down,
Your star is steady over Oxford Town.

From the March issue of *House and Garden* we take this vivid piece of word-painting. Especially in the first ten lines, Mr. Kemp succeeds in conveying, by means of his sonorous blank verse, a sense of the majesty of space, and the second half of the poem is splendidly gay.

MARCH NIGHT

By Harry Kemp

The vistaed concaves of infinity,
Star-vast, and archipelagoed with suns,
And gulfed with stellar space—the luminous banks
Of the gigantic, straggling Milky Way,
The moon that takes the huge world at one glance,
Give me a winging sense of stars and space,
Dim-bodied shapes of unimagined Dream
Beat round me with a multitude of wings;
Eternity's presence overshadows me,
And I reach out toward everlastingness. . . .

But now the moon's a ghost in silver mail,
As, blowing through a storm of stars, the earth
Dips downward into dawn, deluged with light—
Sunlight which is the golden laugh of God!

The naked trees—gaunt, sullen limbs a-creak—
That shivered half-alive in the rushing air
Of winter, dream of greenness and are glad;
The marching armies of the snow have gone;
White blossoms soon will rain from windy boughs;
All Nature's little gentle things will wake,
And earth will grow a Wonder to the sky!

Three or four years ago Miss May Byron's "Tinker's Song" was published, and its fresh spirit and hearty rhythm immediately made it popular. Its author contributes to the London *Spectator* a bravely musical ballad, most artfully made, but marred in the second stanza by obvious artificiality. Those eyes confuse the "grays and greens" merely for the sake of a rime with "means"—and this sort of thing should not happen in poetry. But it is a spirited poem, nevertheless.

THE ADVENTURERS

By May Byron

["England was never made by her Statesmen. England was made by her Adventurers."—General Gordon.]

They sit at home and they dream and dally,
Raking the embers of long-dead years—
But ye go down to the haunted Valley,
Light-hearted pioneers.
They have forgotten they ever were young,
They hear your songs as an unknown tongue, . . .
But the Flame of God through your spirit stirs,
Adventurers—O Adventurers!

They weigh and ponder, and shilly-shally,
Wielding the pen, who are past the sword—
But ye go down to the mystic Valley,
That never was yet explored.
They brood over obsolete ways and means,
Their eyes confusing the grays and greens, . . .
But no tradition your vision blurs,
Adventurers—O Adventurers!

They tithe their herbs and they count their tally,
Choosing their words that a phrase may live—
But ye cast down in the hungry Valley
All that a man can give.
They prophesy smoothly, with weary smile
Fulfilling their feeble appointed while,
But Death himself to your pride defers,
Adventurers—O Adventurers!

Here is a delightful fancy, deftly done into verse. There is something Gallic in the poem's whimsical abandonment. We take it from *The Poetry Journal*.

THE SATYRS AND THE MOON

By Herbert S. Gorman

Within the wood behind the hill
The moon got tangled in the trees.
Her splendor made the branches thrill
And thrilled the breeze.

The satyrs in the grotto bent
Their heads to see the wondrous sight.
"It is a god in banishment
That stirs the night."

The little satyr looked and guessed:
"It is an apple that one sees,
Brought from that garden of the West—
Hesperides."

"It is a cyclops' glaring eye."
"A temple dome from Babylon."
"A Titan's cup of ivory."
"A little sun."

The tiny satyr jumped for joy,
And kicked his hoofs in utmost glee.
"It is a wondrous silver toy—
Bring it to me!"

A great wind whistled through the blue
And caught the moon and tossed it high;
A bubble of pale fire it flew
Across the sky.

The satyrs gasped and looked and smiled,
And wagged their heads from side to side,
Except their shaggy little child,
Who cried and cried.

"The English Tongue, and Other Poems," is the title of an attractive volume recently published in Boston by the Four Seas Company. Its author, Mr. Lewis Worthington Smith, is known especially for his gift for dealing effectively in rime with the

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problems of the day, and recently some of his patriotic verse has been appreciatively received. But the poem which we have selected for quotation deals not with the United States of our day, but with Elizabethan England. Mr. Smith's rimed couplets are at once spirited and dignified.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

By Lewis Worthington Smith

Brother of Shakespeare—brothers as men must be
Who sail together an uncharted sea,
Daring what others would not dare or dream,
Fixing your eyes unswerving on the gleam
That through the darkness and the storm must lead
On to the strange, new world, the fair, fresh deed,
"Barbarian" to the critic's bitter pen,
"Freebooter" to the thoughts of lesser men—
Brother of Shakespeare, Shakespeare's England now
Might make her less her lovers, but that thou,
Lifting her up to wonder in men's eyes,
Even so didst make her worth the glad surprize
That turned a poet's brain to joy and song,
To rapture and enchantment's eager throng
Of noble Imogenes, sad Romeos,
Fair Rosalinds, and antic Dromios;
That makes the heart a passion and a thrill,
A wonder, and a silence sweet and still.

Brother of Shakespeare, England's strength and will,
As he was England's heart and mind, I fill
One brimming beaker to the sword that hung
Close at thy side, the ready hands that flung
The power of Spain upon the tumbling seas
With careless laughter as of kings at ease;
One brimming beaker as the pledge goes round
And in our ears the world-wide surges sound.

Perhaps it is because June seems now so far from us that this celebration of that golden month has a special appeal. The captious critic may be annoyed by Mr. Blanden's "eye-rime" of "thrush" and "bush," but no one can fail to appreciate the poem's Herrick-like gaiety and warmth. We take it from "A Wilding Bough" (The Roadside Press, Chicago).

JUNE SONG

By Charles Granger Blanden

Now that June is really here,
Full of sun and full of cheer,
Come, and let us for a day
Take our staffs and be away—
Out into the meadows green,
Where the bobolinks are seen
Sprinkling all the air with song;
Where the brook doth glide along,
Full of music, full of joy
As the bosom of a boy.

Tarry not another hour;
Twinkling dews are on the flower;
Not the Queen of Sheba had
Such bright gems to make her glad.
This blue sky that bends above,
Full of everlasting love,
Full of beauty, full of light,
Full of countless worlds at night—
Think you Peter's mighty dome
Half so high as this at home?

Come, I pray you; leave your task;
Throw away the sorry mask
Of dead learning, worn by sages;
Out and glean from Nature's pages;
Let your spirit spread her wings
In among the living things;
Out, and for a time commune
With the year's own Sappho, June;
Out into the morning—Hush!
Harken! Israfil, the thrush,
Greeting Allah in the bush!

The heroic death of the young men of Europe is one of the most beautiful, as it is the most tragic, of all the events of the

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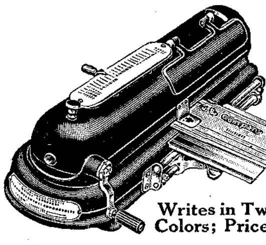

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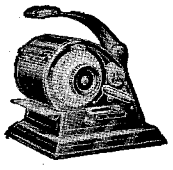

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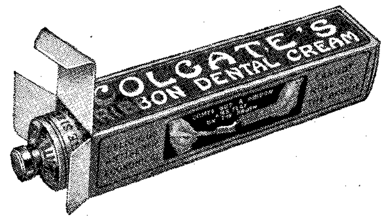

Dr. Wiley says:
"Neglected Teeth are more dangerous than smallpox."
See Good Housekeeping —March, 1915—p. 324.

Dr. Osler says:
"Oral hygiene, the hygiene of the mouth—there is not one single thing more important to the public in the whole range of hygiene."
See Dental Hygiene—p. 3.

Dr. Richard Grady (U. S. Naval Surgeon at Annapolis) says:
"The tooth-brush drill is as needful as any gymnastic exercise."
See Dental Hygiene—p. 5.

The New York Sun says:
"Teeth bad—boy bad."
Interview with Mr. C. D. Hilles, formerly Sec'y to President Taft and now President N. Y. Juvenile Association.
N. Y. Sun, July 8, 1914.

The N. Y. Times says:
"Bad teeth are playing havoc with the troops. No soldier is any better than his teeth."
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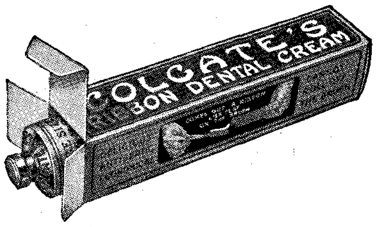

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great war. Here is Katharine Tynan's reaction to it—exprest in her characteristic manner, a combination of passionate sincerity and archaic artificiality. We quote the London *Nation.*

NEW HEAVEN

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

Paradise now has many a Knight,
  Many a lordkin, many lords,
Glimmer of armor, dinted and bright,
  The young Knights have put on new swords.

Some have barely the down on the lip,
  Smiling yet from the new-won spurs,
Their wounds are rubies, glowing and deep,
  Their scars amethyst—glorious scars.

Michael's army hath many new men,
  Gravest Knights that may sit in stall,
Kings and Captains, a shining train,
  But the little young Knights are dearest of all.

Paradise now is the soldiers' land,
  Their own country its shining sod,
Comrades all in a merry band;
  And the young Knights' laughter pleaseth God.

A writer better known for his prose than for his poetry gives us (in *The Westminster Gazette*) this more personal meditation on another phase of the same subject. The last couplet is noble in its simplicity.

TO A MOTHER

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Robbed mother of the stricken Motherland—
Two hearts in one and one among the dead,
Before your grave with an uncovered head
I, that am man, disquiet and silent stand
In reverence. It is your blood they shed;
It is your sacred self that they demand,
For one you bore in joy and hope, and planned
Would make yourself eternal, now has fled.
  But tho you yielded him unto the knife
  And altar with a royal sacrifice
  Of your most precious self and dearer life—
  Your master gem and pearl above all price—
  Content you; for the dawn this night restores
  Shall be the dayspring of his soul and yours.

Perhaps Mr. Gibson is a little too conscious of his own whimsicality in these interesting lines, which we take from the London *New Witness.* But the idea is striking, and its irony is adroitly indicated.

THE PIG

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

Mooning in the moonlight
  I met a mottled pig,
Grubbing mast and acorn,
  On the gallows rig.

"Tell, oh, tell me truly,
  While I wander blind,
Do your peepy pig's eyes
  Really see the wind?

"See the great wind flowing
  Darkling and agleam
Through the fields of heaven
  In a crystal stream?

"Do the singing eddies
  Break on bough and twig
Into silvery sparkles
  For your eyes, O pig?

"Do celestial surges
  Sweep across the night
Like a sea of glory
  In your blessed sight?

"Tell, oh, tell me truly!"
  But the mottled pig,
Grubbing mast and acorn,
  Did not care a fig.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

SLIVERS

IT was only a few days after Charlie Chaplin signed his record-splitting contract with the movies that Frank Oakley, known as "Slivers," the clown, took his own life in a New York boarding-house. Only arrant sentimentalism would attempt to prove cause and effect in these two occurrences, and yet it must be admitted that they are related. In his day Slivers was the greatest clown, attaining such eminence that he had all his audiences under his spell before he even began to act. A wave of the hand, the lifting of one finger, the shuffle of a foot, and the hundreds gaping and grinning about him fell off once more into paroxysms of laughter. It may be doubted whether the renowned Chaplin has ever held his audiences in a like control. Chaplin must ever find new "stunts" through which to wriggle, flap, and fall. Slivers could come out night after night, year after year, go through his one-man baseball game, or his duck-hunt, or his pretense of journeyman skill at carpentering or other trade, and bring down the house with invariable certainty. And yet, as the New York *Post* remarks, there had not been so much of that sort of popularity for him of late. "Perhaps it was not so much the failure of Slivers as the waning day of simpler delights, of the day when the clown was the greatest of all childhood's heroes." The New York Hippodrome made the circus an every-day affair. The movies nearly ran the Hippodrome out of business, making all the world their circus, and serving it up "fresh every hour." And Slivers is dead, and Charles the Great is making more money than the President—more even than Speaker or Evers or Collins. The story of the clown Slivers is for those, as *The Post* says, "who were young a decade ago." A clown he lived and died—for his audiences a grinning face, and, behind it, tragedy. He himself told the story of the clown as well as any may:

"I never see the lights go up and hear the band strike up for the grand procession but I think of Dan Luby," he said. "He was a great clown, a good friend of mine, my side partner. About ten years ago, in the big tent in some place in Indiana, we marched out together behind the elephants. Dan was feeling kind of low-spirited and had been talking all day about a hunch he had that something was going to happen to him. That kind of talk always makes me shaky, but I cheered him up, and we frolicked along behind the big beasts until the grand entry was over.

"Then they brought out the elephants again and Dan and I began to jump over their backs. At least Dan did; he was a good jumper—I was the faker, the fellow who tries to jump and makes all sorts of funny tumbles. Of course, Dan had to 'horse' his act, too, but just the same he

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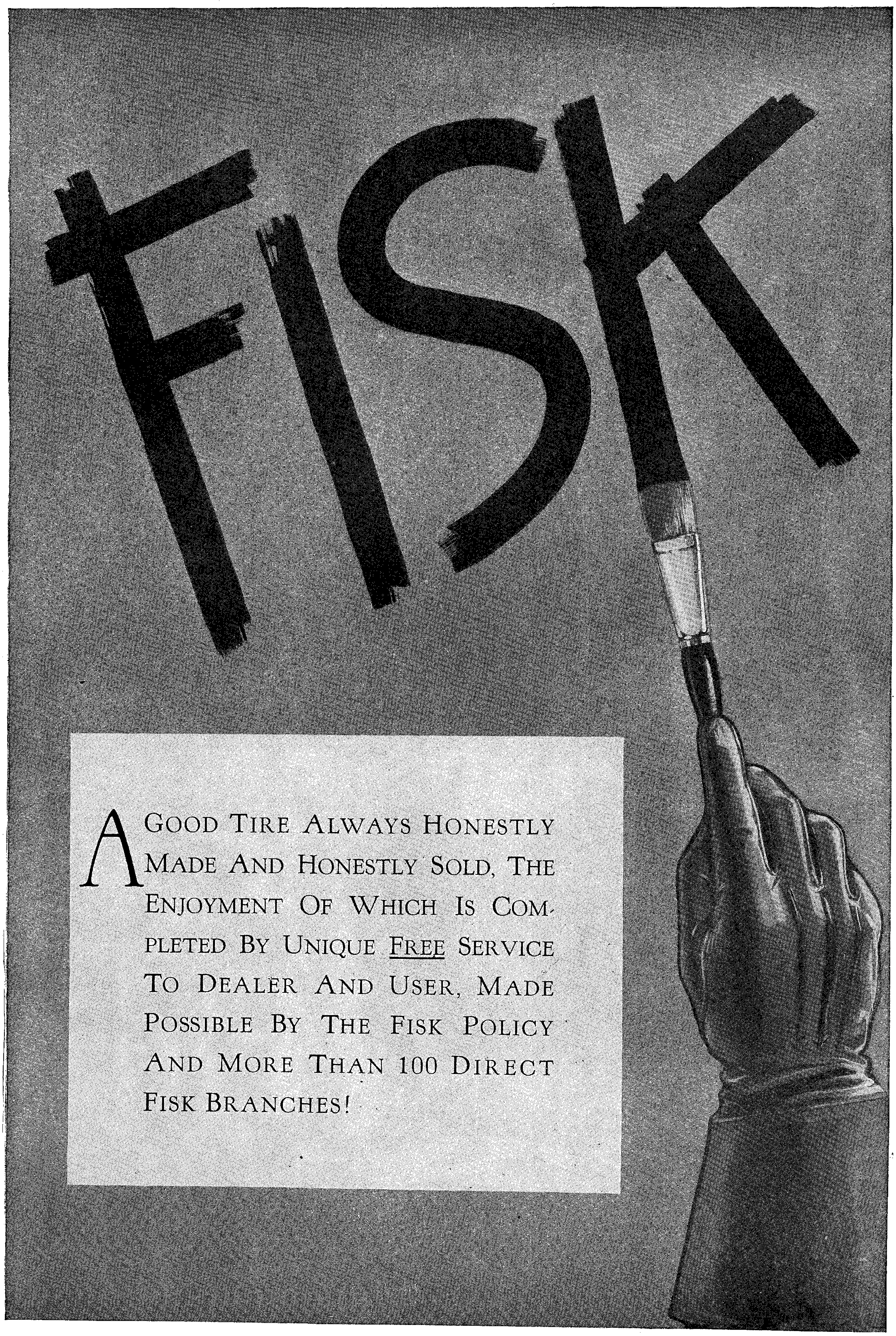
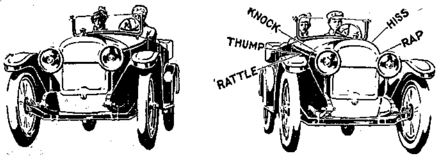


A GOOD TIRE ALWAYS HONESTLY MADE AND HONESTLY SOLD, THE ENJOYMENT OF WHICH IS COMPLETED BY UNIQUE FREE SERVICE TO DEALER AND USER, MADE POSSIBLE BY THE FISK POLICY AND MORE THAN 100 DIRECT FISK BRANCHES!

Protect Your New Car

About 900,000 cars will be bought this year. Thousands of those new cars will age through lack of proper attention. Between the new car and the prematurely old car there are three main differences:



New Car	*Old Car*
1. Silent motor	1. Noisy motor
2. Full power	2. Weakened power
3. Infrequent repairs	3. Frequent repairs

Let us look at the symptoms of premature old age:

(1) In a new motor, only one thing brings on **noise.** That is *abuse.* Too often **noise** is the motor's complaint against improper lubrication.

(2) The most serious causes of permanently **weakened power** are scored cylinders, worn bearings and piston rings. These troubles are brought on by incorrect lubrication.

(3) During the first year, engine **repairs** usually are infrequent—even with incorrect oil. But with incorrect lubrication the second year brings the reckoning. The metal worn out by friction is gone forever. The results of wear now show up plainly. The worn motor never "comes back."

An investigation among New York repair shops showed that over 50% of all motor troubles brought to them are caused by incorrect lubrication.

The one main factor in keeping your new car new is correct lubrication.

You selected a car that suits you. Now select the oil that suits your car. You will find the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils for *your* car specified in the Chart of Recommendations, at the right.

For several years this Chart, which represents our professional advice, has been a standard guide to correct automobile lubrication. If your car is not listed in this partial Chart, a copy of our complete Lubricating Chart will be sent you on request.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches:
Detroit
Boston
Kansas City
New York
Chicago
Philadelphia
Indianapolis
Minneapolis
Pittsburgh

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation:— The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for gasoline motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." "Arc." means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	*1916*		*1915*		*1914*		*1913*		*1912*	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott Detroit	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Apperson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A								
Auburn (4 cyl)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Autocar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Avery	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. 5 & C. 1 Ton)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Briscoe	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" (8 cyl)	A	A								
Buick	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	Arc.	Arc.						
Case	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Model 6-40)	A	Arc.								
" (Model 6-30)	A	A								
Chandler Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Chase (air)	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
" (water)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A		
Cole	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Cunningham			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Delaunay-Belleville			B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Detroiter	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)			Arc.	Arc.						
Dodge	A	Arc.	E	E						
Empire			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Federal	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Fiat	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Grant	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Haynes	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl)	A	A								
Hudson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Super Six	A	A								
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
I. H. C. (air)			B	A	B	A	B	A		
" (water, 2 cycle)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (water, 4 cycle)	A	Arc.								
Jackson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A								
Jeffery	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A				
" (Chesterfield)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
" Com'l	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
King			A	Arc.	A	A	A	E	A	E
" (8 cyl)	A	A	Arc.	Arc.						
" Com'l	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Kissel Kar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " Com'l	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " (Model 48)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
" (Model 35)	A	A	A	A						
Locomobile	E	E	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lozier	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Marion	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marmon	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (22-70)			Arc.	Arc.						
" (22-72)	A	A								
Mitchell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A								
Moline							A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Moon (4 cyl)			Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
National	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A								
Oakland	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A								
Oldsmobile	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A								
Overland	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (12 cyl)	A	A								
" Com'l	A	A	A	A						
Paige			A	Arc.	A	A	A	E	A	E
" (6-46)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.						
" (6-36 & 38)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
Pathfinder	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" (12 cyl)	A	A								
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A								
Pierce Arrow	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " Com'l	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Regal	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	Arc.	Arc.						
Renault	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Richmond	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E				
Selden	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Simplex	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
" " (8 cyl)	B	A								
Stevens Duryea			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Velie (4 cyl)			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
White	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Willys Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A				
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

For Electric Vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for motor and enclosed chains. For open chains and differential use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C."

had to put over his thriller—you know the sort of stuff. Well, the time came for him to make his jump from a springboard over four elephants' backs.

"He got away in good shape, but in clearing the last back he didn't right himself as he should. He hit the tan-bark flat on his back. The crowd yelled with laughter—funny stuff—see? I knew what had happened; we all knew. But it was the first night of a three-day stay, and we couldn't do anything to make that bunch unhappy. I flipflapped up to the best friend I had on earth. He lay there with his back broken, dead. Up came the other clowns. We picked him up and carried poor Dan off, doing funny stuff every minute, while the spectators roared with laughter. When we got Dan behind the scenes we cried over him. That's two sides of a clown's life all in a nutshell."

Slivers's eyes were soft as he turned away to his dressing-table. He painted his face so skilfully that you smiled when he turned it toward you. He put on his baggy black-and-white costume, his preposterous shoes, and his familiar bonnet of the Civil-War period with its array of ribbons and chicken-feathers.

With a little wave of his hand he ambled out into the arena, and a great roar of laughter went up at his very appearance. Under one arm he carried a huge catcher's mitt and a chest-protector, in the other a bird-cage. As he did his famous baseball "turn" the very rafters of the Garden seemed to rock, and later, as he wandered about doing laughable things, as it were instinctively, out of pure natural ebullience the observer, from his point of vantage behind the scenes, wondered which was the real Slivers, the silent, rollicking figure out on the tan-bark, or the man who in his dressing-room had told the story of poor Dan Luby with infinite pathos.

Here is a description of his baseball game, taken from the Kansas City *Star* of 1906:

Silently he places the bases in position, then "talks" to the umpire and players on the bench. Finally, in the position of catcher he starts the game. One, two, three—he catches speedy balls, imaginary, of course, from an imaginary pitcher. Then he catches a runner between bases. But the third out is the thrilling one. A fly is batted. You don't see it, but you think you do, that is, if you are not laughing too hard. "Slivers" thinks he sees it, but it finally disappears in the heavens. He can't find it. He sits down and waits for the ball to fall. Then he uses his telescope. He finds the ball, allows the umpire to have a look at it soaring up in the sky. Then he frantically snatches his mitt from the ground, takes his position, and waits again. The elusive ball falls in his hands—it is the third out, and the opposing team is retired.

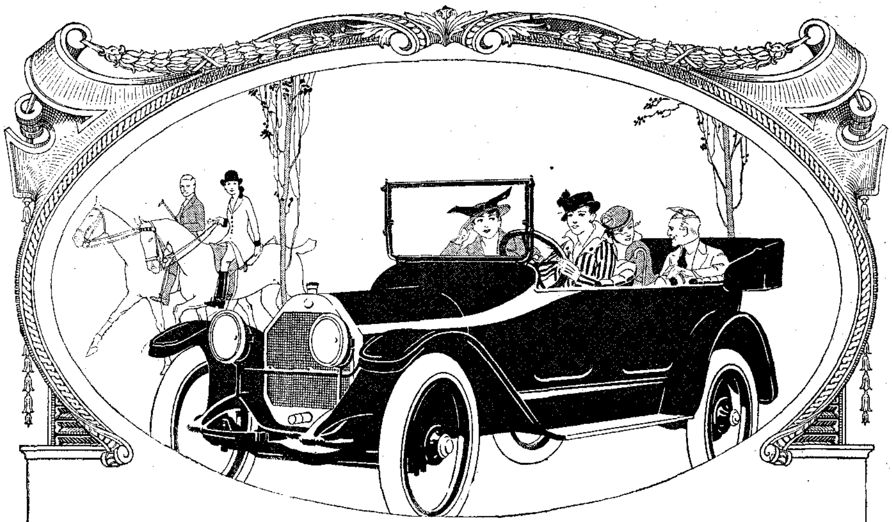
Motioning the imaginary players in, "Slivers" takes the bat. He fans, then disputes with the umpire. Then a foul and a strike. In disgust he takes a refreshing drink from the water-bucket and again picks up the bat. This time he bats out a home run—almost. He is caught, so we imagine the umpire says, as he slides for the home plate. The climax comes with the fight between "Slivers" and the umpire. "Slivers" is whipt and the game is ended when "Slivers" picks up the "diamond" and with a bow leaves the arena amid a storm of applause.

He is described by the writer in *The Post* as "a blinking, solemn, low-speaking, lanky young man, with an extremely sensitive mouth and a diffident, retiring manner." He did not come of circus stock, as most of the performers do, but was the son of a Chicago concert-singer. When he was fourteen he ran away from home to join a circus. Says a writer in the New York *Sun:*

> Inimitable as a story-teller (altho even in vaudeville he never spoke a line), Slivers would tell of the elephant with which he made friends in the wagon-show days down in Texas. Instead of stretching out in one of the jolting wagons when the show moved on at night, the boy Slivers would curl up on a sort of canvas howdah, which he would rig up on the back of his favorite elephant, and would sleep peacefully on the swaying back of the beast as the circus wound along country roads to the next town through the night.
>
> And shortly after dawn he always would be awakened by a shrill uproar. One morning he had noticed smoke curling from a farmhouse, whereupon he directed his elephant into the farmer's yard and knocked at the back door, filled with thoughts of a hot breakfast. The farmer's wife opened the door, saw the trunk of an elephant stretched toward her, and shrieked. But when Slivers had explained things the whole household turned out, and there were breakfast for Slivers and hay and water for the elephant from farmer folk delighted to have an elephant in their own dooryard. In time the elephant would amble regularly to the back doors of farmers' houses, hence the morning uproar from farmers' wives which throughout that season awakened Slivers.

To many he will be the Last Clown, in spite of the excellence of Marceline, Toto, and others of Hippodrome fame. The traveling circus nowadays has adopted the policy of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" road companies. These endeavor to carry at least two *Topsys*, sometimes even three. The circus now counts its clowns by the dozens, who perform in mass-formation. May the old-fashioned clown not quickly be forgotten! He should be enshrined in memory as is the Court Fool of an earlier day, of whom much has been sung and written. None, to our knowledge, has written deathless verse to Slivers as yet, but he has been paid the tribute of a fragment of prose that comes remarkably near to being a classic of its sort. This appeared in the editorial columns of the New York *Sun* for March 9, and runs as follows:

> Slivers should not have died meanly by his own hand. He deserved a quiet, a happy old age, with children gathered about him, and tales of the big top falling from his lips. He should have continued indefinitely his antics when the pungent smell of peanuts fills the atmosphere, and beautiful ladies do incredible things on the slack wire and the flying-trapeze. Was it not Slivers, he of the astonishing feet,



The warm welcome won from critical motor car buyers by the Oldsmobile Light Eight De Luxe is only the natural recognition inevitably accorded tangible motor car merit. No more—no less. From time to time other cars may have appeared which seemed—in advance—fit to dispute the place and prestige of Oldsmobile Light Eight. But close comparison has invariably served rather to quicken a realization of Oldsmobile superiority. There never has been—there never will be—in the minds of most men any acceptable substitute for inimitable quality.

The super-smoothness of the mighty power-flow, the incomparable charm of the distinctively designed body, the utter perfection of the most minute details in equipment and appointment—these features of the Oldsmobile Light Eight are of resistless appeal to those who seek the fullest measure of motor car service.

Oldsmobile
Light Eight
$1195

Those who have regarded with unconcealed doubt the complicated mechanism of many multi-cylinder motors will be highly gratified with the ideal simplicity of the Oldsmobile Light Eight. Those who have looked askance at the excessive fuel cost of many cars—defended in some quarters as a legitimate evil of multi-cylinder motors—will find further reason for Oldsmobile superiority in the fact that it averages thirteen to fifteen miles per gallon of gasoline.

Those who through experience have learned the disadvantages of narrow, cramped riding quarters will find the roominess of the Oldsmobile Light Eight body and the restful luxury of its wide seats and deep upholstery most pleasurable. And those who have been told that great weight is essential to strength and safety will discover in the Oldsmobile Light Eight the pleasing paradox of lightness and surpassing strength. The Oldsmobile Light Eight (5-passenger)—$1195, f.o.b. Lansing. Roadster, $1195.

Write for our new booklet
"*The Light Eight De Luxe*"

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Established 1880 LANSING MICHIGAN Incorporated 1899

(14)

MOON
MOON MOTOR CAR CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO. U.S.A.

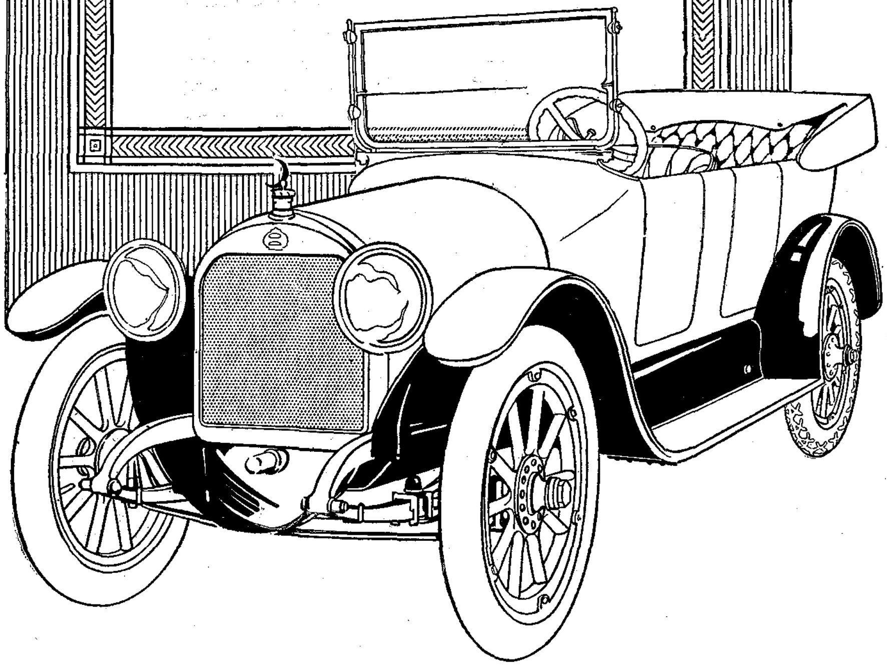
All this for $1195

See the Moon Six-30 drawn up alongside of any of the cars selling at anywhere near its price and *then* you'll realize how much car in size and beauty you're getting in it for your money. Just think—the wheelbase is 118 inches. And it's a powerful car—new Continental-Moon Motor, developing 46 H. P. Fully equipped—the latest improvements. Delco lighting, starting and ignition. Stromberg carburetor. Full floating rear axle. Stewart vacuum system, tank in rear. Genuine Spanish leather upholstery. See the car.

Six-30 (5 passenger fully equipped) $1195
Six-44 (7 passenger fully equipped) 1475

Write for booklet, describing and illustrating Moon Cars

Moon Motor Car Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.



It's WEAR That Counts

There are only two kinds of collar buttons. One has the name

Krementz

stamped on the back. The other hasn't. The difference is in the WEAR. Krementz 14K. Rolled Gold Collar Buttons do not discolor the neck, blacken the collar band, turn brassy or tarnish. They last a lifetime. Sold everywhere with this guarantee—

"*If damaged from any cause a new Button FREE.*"

14Kt. Rolled Gold, 25c each. In Solid Gold 10Kt. $1; 14Kt. $1.50.
Select the style you like from our booklet, sent free upon request.

Krementz & Co., 10 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

LOCK Your Ford

STURR'S AUTO LOCK fits tight over gas and spark levers, making it positively impossible to operate car until removed. Simple and easy to put on. Can be removed only by yourself. Locking Device, special lock and two keys, postage paid........ $1.00

There is a Sturr Auto Lock for every car.

Money refunded if not as represented.

Send for circular
Agents and Dealers Wanted

STURR AUTO LOCK COMPANY
9 *View Place* *Cincinnati, O.*

who played an amazing game of baseball to the accompaniment of roars of laughter from the throats of thousands of juveniles of all ages? Did he not appear in unfamiliar surroundings in the "Duel in the Snow" with credit? He possest the pantomimic art in unusual development; a man of originality and imagination.

It is not well to lift the mime's mask of comedy. Too often it hides a countenance deep-lined by wo. The laughter the clown inspires calls no echo from his heart. The tribute of merriment from the onlookers may mean nothing but bread and butter to the mountebank; bread and butter hard-earned, to support a life not worth living. The outward seeming alone is the public's; the inner burden it neither wants, nor, praise be, must reckon with. Let Pantaloon materialize as the curtain draws aside, and let that curtain hide from us the man behind the grotesque paint.

We resent the intrusion of the man of cares, of trials, of errors, of disappointments, in our picture of the merry-andrew. We would know only his trappings, the artful caricature he presents for our inspection. The human being should be decently reticent, comfortably obscure. Slivers should have been immortal; it was not within the proper rights of Frank Oakley to slay him.

A RIDDLE WITH A MORAL

RIDDLES are bad enough, but a riddle with a moral! . . . that is too much! Still, in the case of the riddle propounded by the Toledo *Blade* the moral is a good one and the riddle is sufficiently puzzling to inspire some interest. We are apparently confronted with a description of our greatest common enemy. What is this monster?—

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.

I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the nations.

I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest siege-guns.

I steal, in the United States alone, over $300,000,000 each year.

I spare no one, and I find my victims among the rich and poor alike, the young and old, the strong and weak. Widows and orphans know me.

I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor, from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railroad-train.

I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage-earners a year.

I lurk in unseen places, and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not.

I am relentless.

I am everywhere—in the house, on the street, in the factory, at railroad-crossings, and on the sea.

I bring sickness, degradation, and death, and yet few seek to avoid me.

I destroy, crush, and maim; I give nothing, but take all.

I am your worst enemy.

What is the answer? Do you say "drink" or "hatred" or "self-interest"? The answer is given in the words of the riddle: "I am carelessness."

Are You Trucking in a Fog?

GETTING to be quite a problem—this trucking—isn't it?

You know to a penny how much it costs to transport a ton from your freight house to San Francisco, but can you tell what it costs to truck the same ton across the yard?

Do you know how much you lose per day on a horse?

Do you know that electric trucking is, roughly, about 50% cheaper than gas trucking?

One brewer saved nearly $400,000 in real estate alone by changing from horses to electric trucks. This brewer operates 65 electric trucks and 27 gas trucks. Three attendants keep the 65 electrics in perfect condition, whereas it takes nine men to look after the 27 gas trucks. In other words, it would require eighteen men to take care of 65 gas trucks as against three men on the same number of electric trucks.

A gas truck is usually laid up for repairs twice as many days in a year as an electric truck. The depreciation on an electric is much less than on a gas truck. As to cost of operation, "juice" costs a lot less than gas. The electric uses power only when it is running, while a gas engine often runs idle.

A lot of men seem to harbor the idea that electric trucks are more or less experimental—sort of uncertain as to results. The truth is that an electric truck is just about as complicated, mysterious and uncertain as a wheelbarrow.

Our organization has been built up unit by unit over a long period. Our recommendations have the weight of experience—of practical knowledge—behind them.

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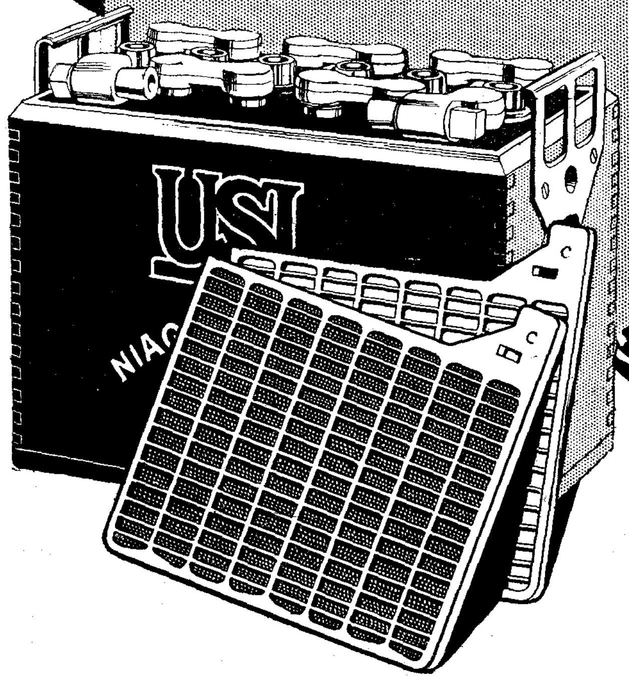

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SECRETARY BAKER

THOSE devoted readers of THE LITERARY DIGEST who happen to have a complete file of old copies on hand will find quite a little information about our new War Secretary, Newton D. Baker, in his former rôle as Mayor of Cleveland, in the Personal Glimpses column of the issue for June 20, 1914, page 1505. Those who can not so easily turn back will perhaps be interested in turning forward, with Archer H. Shaw, associate editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, to see how the most diminutive "first citizen" of Cleveland will carry his new portfolio. The new Secretary, remarks Mr. Shaw in the New York *Times*, is naturally loath to give out at present any definite statement of his policies, but "here is a little advance information—a tip as to two policies which the new Secretary will be certain to adhere to":

> He will fold one leg under the other when he sits down in that big leather chair behind the great desk in the War Department. Also, he will smoke a small, straight-stemmed black pipe. These two policies settled in advance, such matters as army-reorganization, the strengthening of our national defenses, and the administration of our colonial possessions may be considered later, as office routine.

The new Cabinet member is a practical idealist, and as such will take his place among the President's advisers. As the writer phrases it:

> Baker has been called a dreamer, and would probably be about the last one to deny the impeachment. But he has had the saving grace of being able to make his dreams come true.
>
> He was elected Mayor in 1911, largely on the promise that he would build a great municipal electric-light plant to compete with the local lighting monopoly. His friends said he could not do it. He did it, however, and the plant is to-day so well established that no party would suggest either its sale or abandonment.
>
> Home rule for cities was a dream of Baker, Johnson, and others. Johnson would probably never have been able to get it, tho his work for years constituted a broad foundation on which his followers have built.
>
> This man who drives his own Ford car, who sits on his foot, and smokes a small, black brier is the friend of every one. He is never too busy to stop on the street for a chat. He probably calls more men by their given names than any other man in Ohio, and no one so hailed ever considers it mere familiarity.
>
> The frivolous side of Washington life will have no appeal to the Bakers. Mr. Baker became somewhat familiar with official circles as secretary to Postmaster-General Wilson, but he prefers the quiet home-circle. Mrs. Baker was Miss Elizabeth Leopold, of Pottstown, Pa. The couple were married in 1902, and have three small children—Jack, Peggy, and Betty—whose very names suggest the harmony and simplicity of the Baker household.
>
> Mrs. Baker, who will become one of the Cabinet hostesses, is a woman of much force and charm. She is greatly interested in civic matters. At the moment when official word came from Washington that her husband had been named Secretary of War, and when Mr. Baker himself was engaged in a lawsuit in another court, Mrs. Baker was appearing in the police court in a case against a grocer charged with selling rotten eggs.

GIVING THE "MÖWE" HER DUE

SO greatly do we thirst for romance that the exploits of the German cruiser *Möwe* have excited a tremendous admiration in all of us. Even in England was unstinted tribute paid to the daring and resourcefulness of her commander. And yet in some respects we have doubtless gone too far in our appraisal of her activities. We have been tempted to laugh with some scorn at the spectacle of a huge British fleet drifting ponderously in the North Sea, quite oblivious to the gallant little raider that slipt out under its very nose. We are inclined to regard the British dominance of European waters as rather a bluff. We can understand the success of submarines, since they may escape to the deeps where, the British fervently hope, the patrolling fleet will not follow. But that these policemen of the blockaded seas should overlook a good-sized ship sailing about the ocean in open daylight seems wholly laughable. Nor is the inexpert reader the only one to fall into this error. The New York *Tribune* points out that more than one writer who might well be regarded as an authority makes the same mistake. "People forget," it declares, "that in former naval wars it was impossible to clear the seas completely of raiders," and continues:

> The extraordinary success of the British fleet has blinded them to the lessons of history, and the episode is dwelt upon as amazing and hitherto unparalleled. Thus *The World*, remarking on the industry displayed in the control of supposedly neutral traffic, asks, with a great show of resentment, if we are to infer that the blockading fleet "is so busily occupied in this way that it has no eyes for German sea-raiders moving out from and back to German ports under its very nose?" The *Staats-Zeitung* likewise solemnly declares that "the British boast that England controls the sea has again been exposed in all its absurdity." And the *Vossische Zeitung*, in its enthusiasm, goes so far as to say that the feat "proves to England that Germany alone is unconquerable at sea!"
>
> Such comments show an astonishing ignorance of naval warfare and history. The performance of the *Möwe* proves nothing. The wonder is that we have heard of so few excursions of this kind, and were it not that the Germans had placed so much faith in their submarines it can hardly be doubted but that similar attempts would have been made before. It has proved virtually impossible in all wars of the past to effect the complete sealing up of ports. Between 1793 and 1800 the British lost no fewer than 4,314 ships by capture. Nor in the old days was

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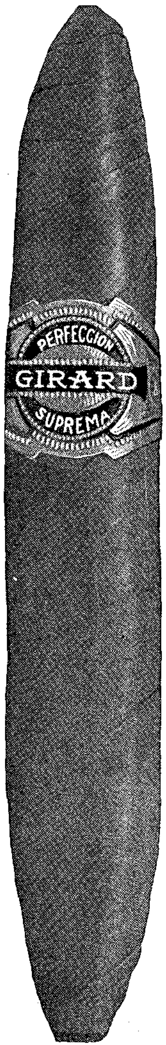

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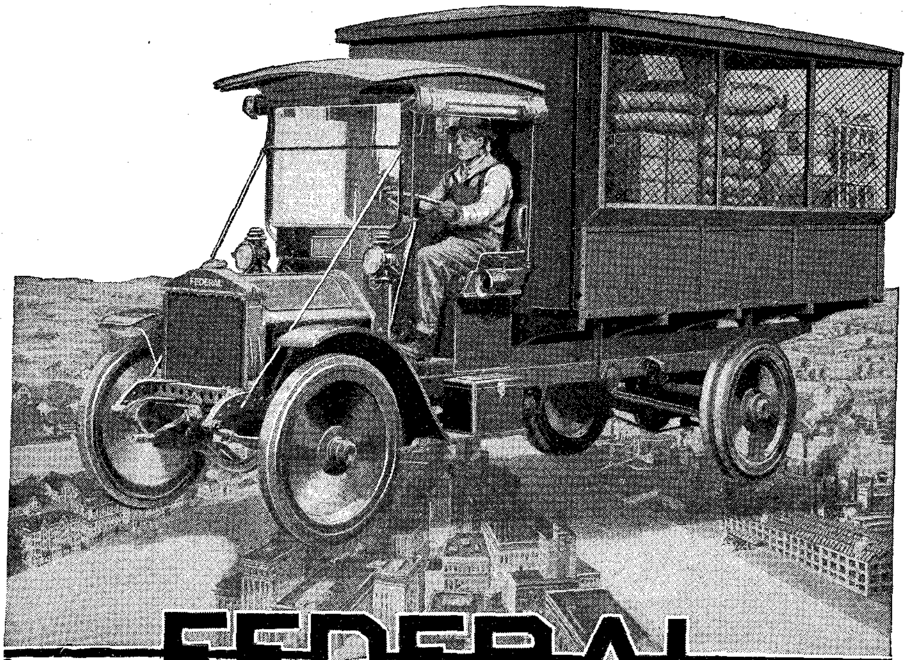

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it always possible to prevent the escape even of considerable squadrons. Lord Bridport was celebrated in his day as a singularly daring and successful blockader, yet Bruix escaped from Brest, in spite of his watchfulness, with twenty-five sail of the line and many smaller vessels.

The conditions are doubtless very different to-day, yet in some respects the complete sealing up of ports is, if anything, more difficult than in sailing-days. The decision of the Royal Commission appointed in 1859 to consider the defenses of the United Kingdom was that the effective blockade of an enemy's ports had become well-nigh impossible. This was soon to be disproved, but it is notorious enough that occasional evasions were possible in our Civil War. The Wilmington blockading squadron thought it was doing very well when it had demonstrated that a third of the attempts to run the blockade in or out were frustrated. The possibility of evasions has, in short, always been recognized; there is nothing unique in the escape of the *Möwe*, and it is not at all unlikely that we shall hear of further adventures of the same sort in future.

This may all be said without reflecting in any way on the conduct and daring of her commander. Only it is well to use a little measure and judgment in considering the affair and in drawing conclusions from it.

ROSINANTE'S HAPPY GRAZING-GROUNDS

MANY lovers of horses in this country have doubtless subscribed to the support of England's "Blue Cross Society," which endeavors, in the midst of destruction and the agonies of human life, to relieve the sufferings of the horses employed in the war. To these contributors, as, indeed, to many others, the horse is something more than a beast of burden. They can not think of him but as a friend and worthy of human affection. They will be glad to hear, then, of the Old Horses' Home Ranch that Dr. Frank Crane discovered in the neighborhood of Los Angeles. In a pleasant valley, where grass and water are plentiful and there are both warm sunshine and cool shade, twelve ancient steeds are comfortably idling out their few remaining years. Not one of them will be sold to the junkman, or end his days dragging a towering cart of paper and bottles about city-streets. Their work-days are over, and the sting of an occasional persistent fly is the greatest tribulation they know. Among them is Rosinante, who was once a moving-picture actor. As Dr. Crane writes, in the New York *Globe:*

> In a weary and wicked world this incident is like unto a draft of water from the well of Bethlehem to the spent and dusty warrior. It comes as near being pure, unadulterated goodness as one finds along the ways of men. You have to pension your old father or your defective child, or people will talk. But your old horse—you may sell him to the soap-man or have him shot; nobody would say anything.
>
> I have spent some time among moving-picture folk in the sunny places of southern California (where eventually most films will be made, since no other spot is favored

with such continuous sunshine), and I have seen some of the most amazing horsemanship. The cowboys and bandits have flocked to the movie-factories—the last and best market for their particular skill. And I have been strangely moved by the remarkable affection, rising almost to adoration, of these men for the animals that carry them.

It was through De Wolf Hopper I learned of the *pensionnaires*. When he was playing the part of *Don Quixote*, in the picture-play of that name, the company secured for him a venerable steed to act as *Rosinante*. During the weeks of adventure involved in the making of the film a strong affection grew in the heart of the comedian toward his equine companion. And when the play was completed the company presented the horse to him. Whereupon Hopper had him sent out to the farm before mentioned and pensioned him for life.

"And," said Hopper, "I unconsciously made the hit of my life among the crowd of riders in these parts. I was only yielding to a generous impulse; it didn't cost me much, and I never dreamed I was doing anything noble. But among those boys my stock went up like Bethlehem Steel. I had joined the elect, which is composed of them that appreciate a horse."

So, among the hills, in the Southern sun, Rosinante watches the peaceful days go by. Eleven companions, the beneficiaries of eleven other humane souls, are with him.

When I am full sated with the ferocious news from Europe, where men are rivals in inhumanity; when I tend to get disgusted with my kind and to believe that human beings everywhere are turning to wolves, I like to think of those twelve calm and happy old horses and the unaffected goodness of the men who have pensioned them.

JEFF: McLEMORE:

We all of us covet some mark of distinction, but there are few beside Jeff: McLemore: who desire a punctuation-mark. That is the way his name is written —Jeff-colon McLemore-colon. His leadership of the Gore drive in the House made the name of the Texan Representative well known throughout the country, but there must have been small pleasure for him in this notoriety, for nearly every one of the newspapers left out both colons. The New York *Times*, which unkindly terms the Southerner "a smasher of international law," discusses the matter of the colon with some heat, as follows:

> "Jeff: McLemore:" is inexorable for the colon. His Christian name is not Jefferson. He has not abridged it, as he seeks to abridge the rights of Americans on the high seas. He merely insists on adorning plain "Jeff" with the colon, indicating, perhaps, the equality of his Christian name and surname, or following some more recondite theory of his own. It is to be regretted that the Hon. Jeff: McLemore: gave up to party what was meant for punctuation, but, as he records romantically, he was "born in a storm"; and he has never got out of it. Next November, possibly, the Lone-Star Democrats will change the Hon. Jeff's colon into a full stop.

Or will he perhaps, given an inch of encouragement, take an "el," and join the ranks of the other colonels?

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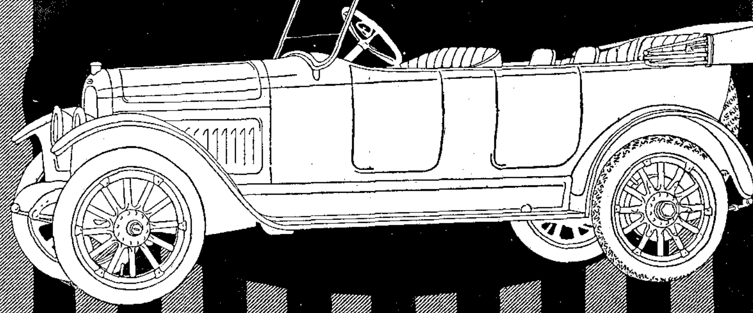

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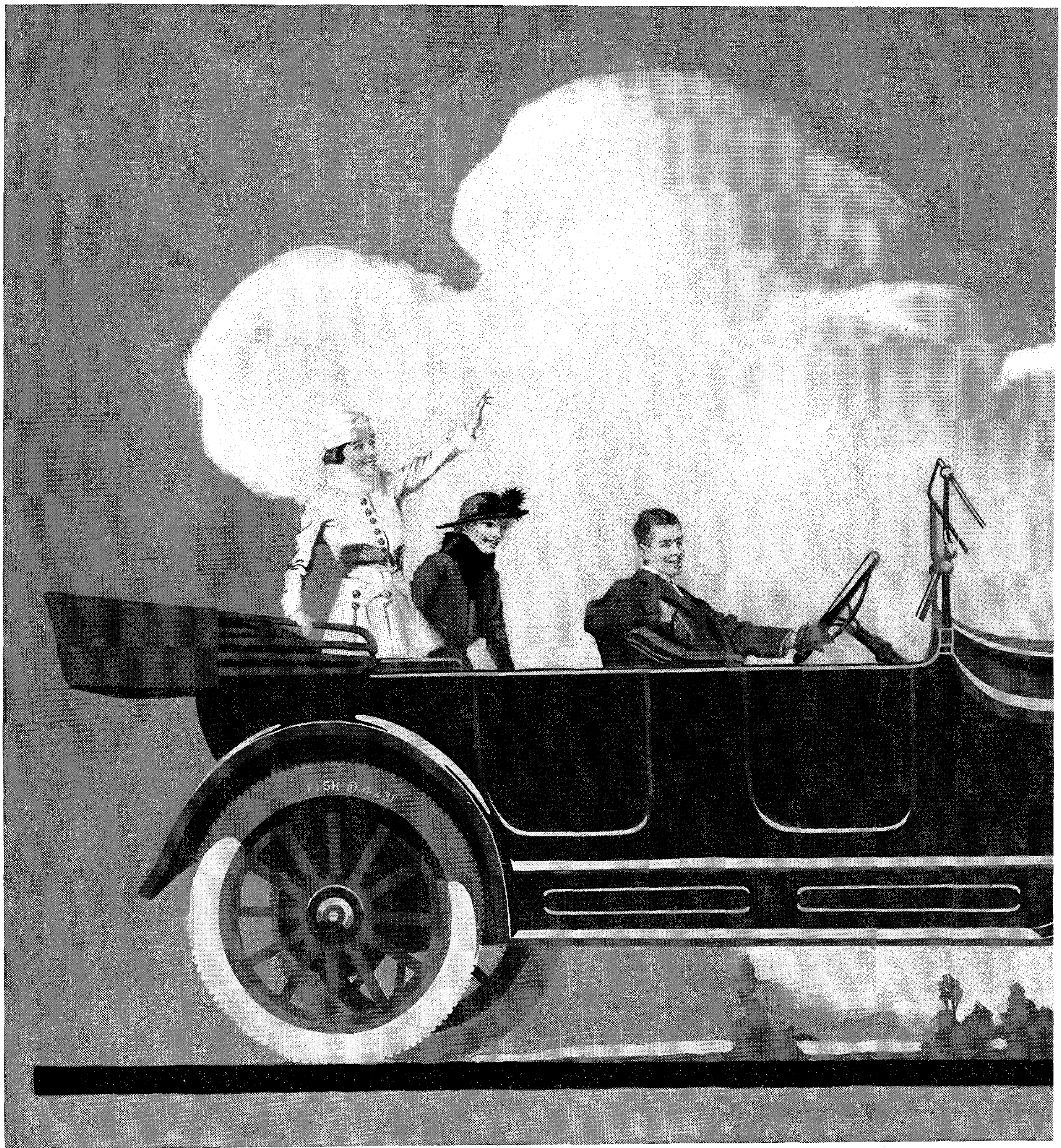

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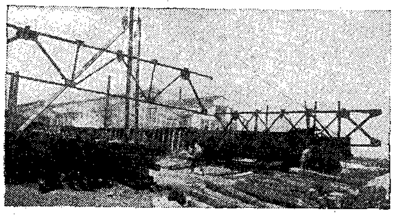
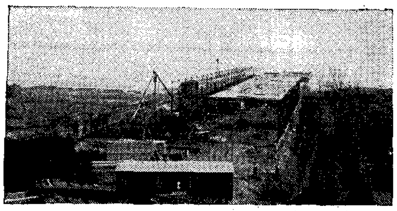
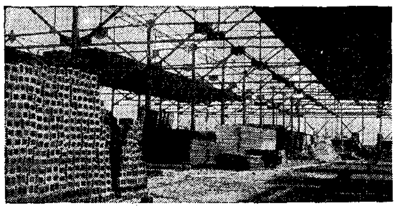
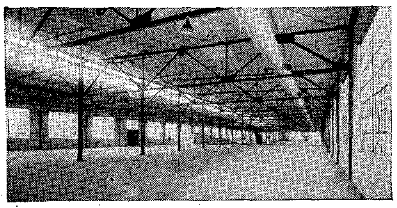

Unloading steel before foundations were completed


Roofing begun before steel-erection was completed


Tile and steel sash delivered before steel was all up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WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH GOTHAM?

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE concerned himself some time ago with the question of what was the matter with Kansas, his home State. Now that he has cast stones at his own house of glass, he feels justified in aiming elsewhere. Mr. and Mrs. White recently visited New York, as the most home-loving Westerners will, sooner or later, and were paid that flattering and embarrassing tribute—a newspaper "interview." It is the custom of the interviewer to ask prominent men for their impressions of New York immediately upon their arrival. Why this is done, no one knows. It is only accident when, as in Mr. White's case, the resultant "impressions" are worth chronicling. But William Allen White knows his New York as only a Kansasite can. And the trouble that he finds with the city is that she takes all and gives nothing. She takes money, labor, thought, energy, genius, youth, and devotion, and she gives in return—a niche in one of her man-built cliffs; more or less food than a man ought to have, a little publicity, a brief opportunity to feel himself a cog in the wheel, and then—oblivion. Mr. White does not think that this is just compensation for a life and the best that that life can give. He thinks that there are over 5,000,000 badly deceived people in New York, or so he intimated in the interview given to the *World* reporter. "This interview," remarked a writer on Mr. White's paper, the Emporia *Gazette*, during the Whites' absence, "in the opinion of the Garden Sass Editor, is interesting reading, and is reprinted herewith, altho the said G. S. E. probably will be fired when the boss gets home!" Says *The World:*

> Mr. White says he would not live here tho he were given a warranty-deed to all Manhattan Island. New York asks too much; gives back too little. He can drive a better bargain with existence elsewhere—out in Emporia, say, getting out *The Gazette*, defying the summer sun to burn his lawn up, watching children grow, sharing a hundred big and little interests with his neighbors.
>
> "What," I asked him, "is the matter with New York?"
>
> Before Mr. White replied he stept across to a window, and with arms outspread, hands prest on the jambs of the casing, his stocky figure black against the light, stood for a moment looking out and down and up. The clangor of the uneasiest of cities was in our ears. For just under that corner of the Hôtel Martinique the streams of Broadway and Sixth Avenue were pouring across each other.
>
> The man fresh from Kansas stood looking and listening. Then suddenly he swung about, and his face, that has not lost its boyishness, was bright. He began speaking in the eager, almost nervous way he has.
>
> "I don't claim to be much of a traveler," he said, "but I have seen the capitals of the world—except Constantinople—and New York is the most beautiful of them; and

the most inspiring. I learn that nearly every time I come back here, and I have known the city for twenty years now."

Mr. White makes a suggestion that may cause the motion-picture makers to realize they are missing a great opportunity. Just now they pride themselves on their ability to turn out more dramas a day than Æschylus wrote in a lifetime, but, in the Kansan's own words:

> Did you ever think how you could make the most wonderful film that could be made? Just set a moving-picture camera up on one of those lion-pedestals in front of the library, point it down Fifth Avenue, and aim it at the sky-line. For five years, every morning at the same time—say 10 o'clock—do that for a few minutes, and what a picture you'd have! Nothing else in all this world could touch it.
>
> That changing, rising, falling, crumbling sky-line! Men tearing down; men building up; men changing their structures constantly as their ideas change. Where else under the sun do you find such restlessness as that? It is New York.
>
> Of course, in the foreground you would get the people, too. You would get all America in the foreground. In five years the whole country would stream by that lens.
>
> Sooner or later, everybody who has done something or is going to do something or wants something passes that corner of Forty-second Street. You have two hundred thousand strangers in your city every day.

What part in the life of America does New York really play? Teetering on his toes, Mr. White endeavors to explain the matter:

> Is New York the heart of America, or the brain—or the stomach? It takes its toll of the country. No enterprise anywhere is so small—no crop in California, or factory in Alabama, or jerkwater railroad up in the Northwest—that New York does not take toll of it in fractions of a cent. It is essential to America as no other city is to any other country. It holds, perhaps, six million people. Kansas and Nebraska, put together, hold about as many. But if you built a wall around Kansas and Nebraska it would make no particular change in the lives of the people inside or outside. Subtract New York from America and it would have to reorganize the nation. Even London is not so utterly essential to England, or Paris to France, as this city is to the whole United States.
>
> I guess it's the heart of the country. Everything flows through it—money, people, ideas—but New York has no soul. Some spiritual element is lacking here.
>
> Other cities do have souls. To be a St. Louisan, a Chicagoan, a Bostonian, a Philadelphian, or a San Franciscan means something definite. To be a New Yorker means to be yourself in a crowd. It is almost impossible to get a sense of team-play.

Mr. White is not alone in believing that New York is not America, nor even truly American, but his reason for that belief has the novelty of simplicity:

> I think one word explains a good deal of it—home. The central idea of our Teutonic civilization—and by Teutonic I

From the "Boston Herald" Feb. 14 Read it!

(*Boston Herald, February 14*)

"AUTOMATIC FIREMEN"

On the South Boston waterfront, in a hazardous district, rises a wagon factory. It has three stories; it stretches 100 feet each way; it is stuffed with stock, paints and finished products. The building is all of wood; the floors are oily; the spaces favor a swift spread of fire sidewise and upward. One night last week a fire that must have been smouldering for hours flamed out from the walls and ceiling of a boiler room at the center of the lower story. The blaze, true to habit, crept across the ceiling timbers till it found a way up through crevices into the story above. Could a dangerous fire have a fairer start? Three o'clock in the morning—the flames attacking the centres of both lower floors—no watchman—no neighbors. But see what happened.

No sooner had the fire kindled than it gave notice of itself on a clanging gong that startled sleepers three blocks away and brought an officer on the run. Seeing smoke at the windows, he pulled the nearest signal box. Meantime the heat of the fire on the lower floor melted into action ten heads of an automatic sprinkling system. Where the flames had entered the second story and were climbing the woodwork toward the third, they opened the sprinkler head just above them. A few minutes later the firemen broke into the building; but instead of a blazing furnace they found a scattered flicker, much smoke and steam, and some charred timbering already drenched with water.

Do you recall the fire in a similar factory on Chestnut Street? The outer walls were of brick; there was a thick midwall with fire-doors. The blaze started in the forenoon, when sixty workmen were at hand to quench it. The flames were fought with all the apparatus that answers four alarms. Yet the building was a loss, so swift and so complete that the city council asked reports that might explain why sprinklers had not been installed.

It pays the owner of a serious fire hazard to install a sprinkling system.

Photo © by International Film Service, Inc.

Yes——
it pays in cold cash too!

The Boston editor missed one big point in the above story. The man whose business was disrupted and demoralized had for years been paying out money for insurance which should have been buying him a Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System to save his factory in the hour of need. In reality he paid for the Grinnell System that would have saved his plant, but he never got it.

The best insurance companies would have insured him at rates 40% to 90% lower if he had had Grinnell Sprinkler protection. He would have installed this protection if he had known what Fate had in store for him. How do you know what Fate has in store for you?

Send us the approximate area of your building, the rate you are paying for insurance and the amount you carry. We can tell you at once whether it will pay you to have Grinnell Sprinklers.

Address: General Fire Extinguisher Company, 274 West Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

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AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

An Underwear opportunity, Mr. Investor, which pays dividends in Comfort

HERE is a garment which will never draw on your reserve of good nature or tax your equanimity by reminding you of its presence—

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UNION SUIT

It lets you keep an even balance of your peace of mind through the warmest days. No depreciation from torn buttonholes or lost buttons. Just ONE master button at the chest that is as effective as a timelock on a safe and saves you time in dressing and undressing.

You can get these suits in nainsook, in knit goods, or in the famous Keep-Kool mesh, at the best haberdashers' and department stores everywhere, but if you have the least difficulty send your size with remittance to the manufacturers *at Albany, N. Y.*, and we will gladly supply you direct; delivery prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Quality fabrics.........$ .40
Temper kept........... .40
Time saved............. .20
No gapping............ .20
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Splendid workmanship .20
Total cost at most (see price list below)...$2.00

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Boy's—(Knitted Only)
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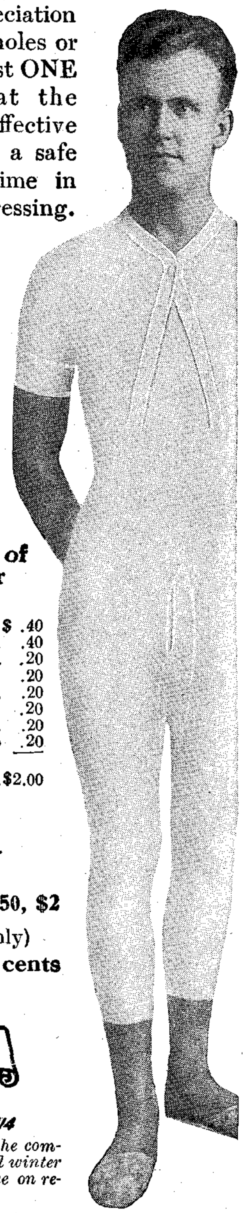


mean North European, German, Scandinavian, Anglo-Saxon, Irish, Scotch—is home and children. How many homes are there in New York? The bulk of the native-born population has to speak of leaving home to come here. As for children—you know how the having of children is penalized. If you can pay the price, all right. But then you have to pay the price of having the price.

You get a lot more home for your dollar elsewhere—in Emporia, for instance. Let's come right down to cases.

In Emporia everybody has a barn—or did have until Henry Ford delivered his deadly blow. If you are a country-bred boy you know what barns mean. They are the very center of boyhood, and there are no substitutes. All proper barns are the exclusive property of boys. Remember, you used to say, "Come over in my barn to-day." Never said, "Father's barn," did you?

Barns — boys — homes — children — endless stretches of them—that's how I visualize our big democracy. In New York they're mighty hard to get hold of. By the time you've earned the price of them, you'll find you have little time left to live in—to do your private thinking and feeling, and your communal thinking and feeling.

I dare say that I strike you as a zealot for domesticity. All right. For Northern-bred men, for a great many centuries now, domesticity—home, wife and children—has been one of their most fundamental satisfactions.

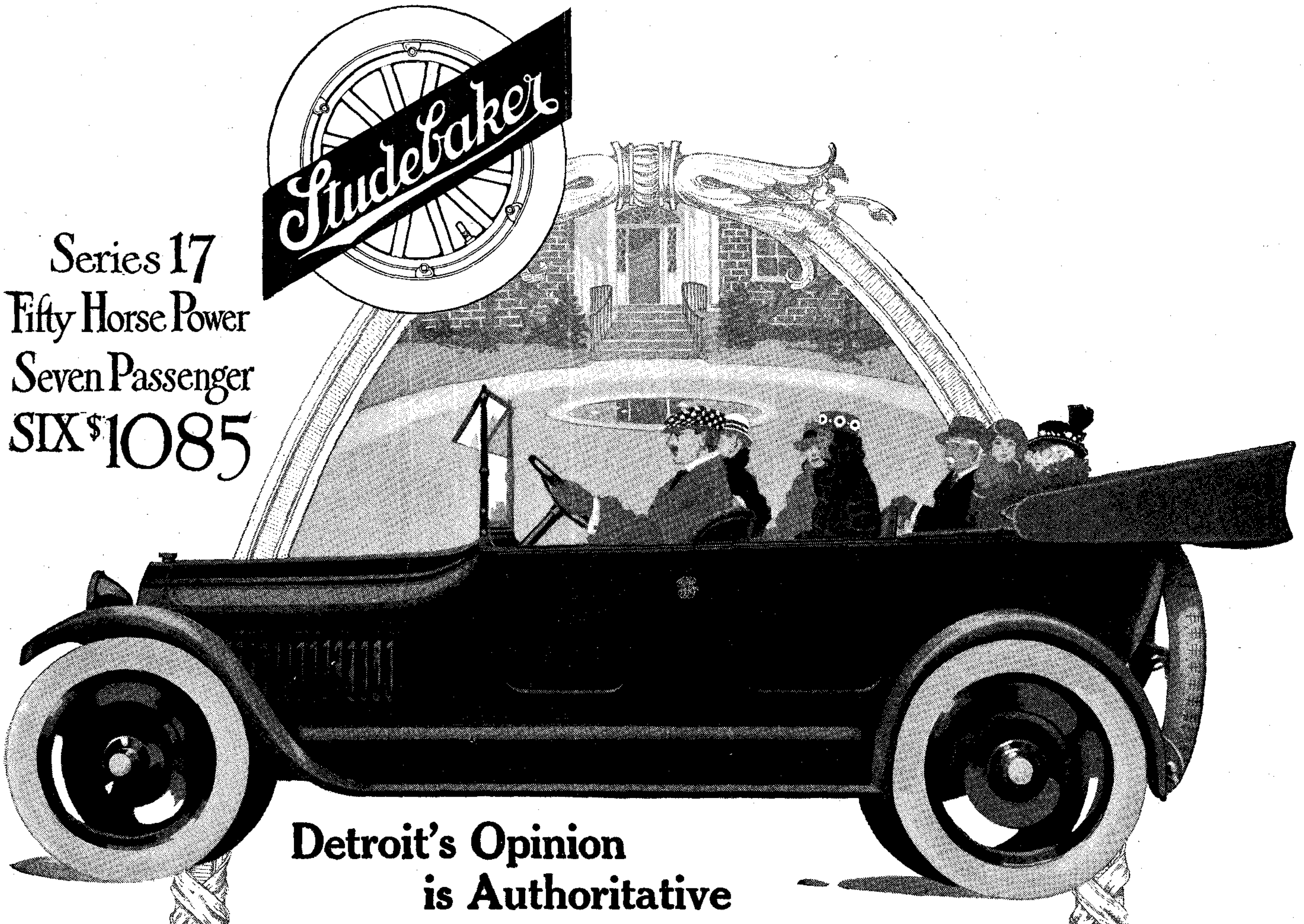
Here in New York, somehow or other, life has got skewgeed until the simple, natural, fundamental satisfactions cost too much, and people try to find cheaper, artificial substitutes. And that, it strikes me, is a good deal of what's the matter with New York.

GOING DOWN WITH THE "PERSIA"

A TORPEDO-ATTACK is too sudden an affair to leave with the survivors of the catastrophe any definite impression of the scenes immediately following. The mind is upset and swung loose from its accustomed foundations by the suddenness and unprecedented nature of the experience, and refuses to operate normally. Its focus narrows down to the photographic visualization of a few odds and ends which usually have no relation to each other and generally are of little importance. Thus Lord Montague of Beaulieu, one of the survivors of the *Persia*, the P. and O. liner sunk in the Mediterranean by a torpedo of German, Austrian, Turkish, or possibly Bulgarian origin, notes precisely the minute of the explosion, recalls the caving in of the after-wall of the dining-saloon where he was sitting down to luncheon, and describes the momentary odor of acids that followed the concussion, but does not give in his story many details of the panic that followed. Three minutes after the torpedo struck, he was carried down with the sinking ship, and, buffeted cruelly in the wreckage, lost consciousness for some time. A "Gieve" waistcoat proved his savior, for when he came back to consciousness he found himself safely supported by it and floating in the midst of many struggling human beings and a meager scattering of wreckage. Three boats half-filled with survivors drifted aimlessly some distance from him. Painfully he swam toward a fourth boat that floated bottom-up near by, and finally managed to get astride of the keel. Frantic cries all about him drowned his own appeals for aid. "I make no complaint that they were not heeded," he says, in the version of his story published in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. He continues:

> Twenty-six persons wearing life-preservers of some kind eventually caught hold of the capsized boat, but several of these were too weak to hold on. A big wave occasionally knocked us all off. One of these righted the boat, and nineteen of us managed to scramble into it. She had a hole in her bottom, so that she barely floated.
>
> All the afternoon was spent in this precarious situation. Several times we were swept by great waves out of the boat, and I owe my life to Alexander Clark, a Scotch second-class passenger, who helped me to climb back into the boat once when I was so exhausted that I could not have survived without aid.
>
> Before the night was gone two of the survivors died from exhaustion. As their bodies were washed about in the boat, we finally threw them overboard. The night seemed interminable. At dawn the next morning there were eleven left in the boat. We saw a two-funneled steamer several miles away, and hoisted a piece of torn flag on the one oar left in the boat. But the steamer passed westward within three miles. The rest of the day we saw nothing. The sun in the middle of the day became very hot. The second night was very cold.
>
> I think we all during that night gave up hope of being saved. My Scotch friend remarked philosophically as the sun went down, "I guess that's the last sunset we shall ever see." We both found it a great struggle to keep awake. The tendency to drowsiness was almost irresistible, but to fall asleep we all knew meant the end. We capsized once more during the night. One of my fellow sufferers yielded to the temptation to drink salt water, as we had all been without food for thirty-six hours. He promptly went out of his head.
>
> Just before dawn of the second morning we saw the masthead-lights of a steamer far away to the eastward. I thought at first it was a star. Presently I discovered her side-lights, which showed that she was coming nearly straight for us. When she got closer we started shouting in unison. I led the others by calling "one, two, three!" shouting when the ship was half a mile away. She ported her helm, stopt her engines, and appeared to be listening. We knew then that, like other ships, she suspected a ruse and dared not approach. After some time she came nearer. Then her steam-whistle was blown. If you ever have known what it was to escape from the very jaws of death you know how we felt. The ship proved to be the Alfred Holt steamer *Nedg Chow*, Captain Allen, bound from China for London. We had to be lifted on board like inert sacks, with ropes tied under our arms.

Series 17
Fifty Horse Power
Seven Passenger
SIX $1085



Detroit's Opinion is Authoritative

Think of Detroit—and you think of automobiles! For Detroit is pre-eminently the Automobile City of America. Three-fourths of the cars produced in 1915 were made in Detroit. And of Detroit's 700,000 inhabitants, practically all of them are interested, directly or indirectly in the industry.

Standing back of the scenes, so to say, the people of Detroit have so close and thorough a knowledge of the men in the many organizations, of the standing of the manufacturers and most of all, of the QUALITY of the many cars, that it is safe to say that in no other city on earth does expert knowledge of cars play so large a role in the buying of cars as it does in Detroit.

The 1915 registration of Studebakers by Detroit residents, according to the official figures, far exceeded those of any other car selling at more than $500. There were 1456 Studebakers registered in all—and using this figure as 100%, the standing of various cars in Detroit's opinion and superior judgment was as shown in the accompanying list.

1st—Studebaker	100%
2nd—A car selling at more than $2,000	90%
3rd—A line of cars from $700 to $1150	85%
4th—A line of cars from $950 to $1500	63%
5th—A line of cars from $1000 to $1500	52%
6th—A line of cars from $850 to $1300	51%

We look on this testimonial from Detroit as the strongest that Studebaker cars have ever received.

And there can be no better guidance for buyers unfamiliar with the details of cars than this outspoken judgment of Detroit buyers who KNOW cars and whose opinion is authoritative.

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—Because it's a Studebaker

More than 221,000 Studebaker Cars produced and sold

The Car of the GOLDEN Chassis

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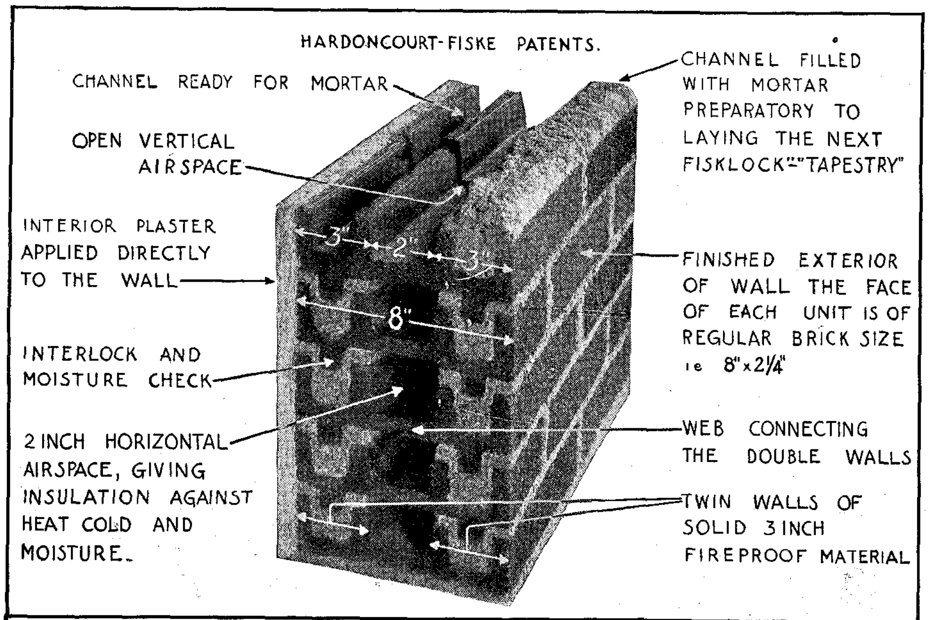
Studebaker offers a complete line of high-grade cars from $850 to $2500. Write for handsomely illustrated catalog picturing the cars and giving the complete list of prices.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CHANNEL FILLED WITH MORTAR PREPARATORY TO LAYING THE NEXT FISKLOCK-"TAPESTRY"
FINISHED EXTERIOR OF WALL THE FACE OF EACH UNIT IS OF REGULAR BRICK SIZE i.e. 8"x2¼"
WEB CONNECTING THE DOUBLE WALLS
TWIN WALLS OF SOLID 3 INCH FIREPROOF MATERIAL
3"
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3"
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"FISKLOCK"-"TAPESTRY" BRICK

Hardoncourt-Fiske Patents

"Fisklock" combines the advantages of solid brickwork with the advantages of hollow tile, obviating all the disadvantages of both.

On the outside it looks exactly like a solid "Tapestry" Brick wall—it has the same colors, texture, mortar joint and the same unit brick size.

It is stronger than either solid walls of common brick or hollow tile.

It is waterproof. It has no "through" mortar joints—dampness cannot strike through. It may therefore be plastered directly on the inside—furring or lathing is unnecessary.

It has an internal air space 2 inches wide, providing maximum insulation against heat and cold.

It costs less than any other kind of a face brick wall, either solid or brick veneer, less than terra cotta hollow tile covered with stucco and about the same as first class stucco on frame. As compared with frame-clapboard construction, a "Fisklock" house costs 3½% to 5% more. Its ultimate cost is far less because of its low upkeep.

"Fisklock" is made in a wide range of reds and golden buffs.

Each "Fisklock" is equivalent to one solid brick and one backing up brick. It is sold under the "Open Price Policy"—the same price to all.

Prices, descriptive pamphlet and further information gladly furnished upon request.

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HOMEVILLE ON "PREPAREDNESS"

QUIET firesides are all very well, but what are they saying in the Homeville Debating Society? It is astonishing that our President should overlook this center of information and sagacity in his search for a response from the real heart of the country. What does it have to say of "Preparedness," for instance? The Kansas City *Star*, whose editor has evidently sat in at one session at least, declares that opinion is divided. "The Old Home Town, of course, is divided on almost every question—religious, political, social, and economic," but this Preparedness split beats anything since free silver. Then, too, political lines have been shivered in this discussion, and it is no longer possible to assail the works of the opposition party with anathema just because it *is* the other party. The Old Home Town Debating Society has been meeting every day to try to "settle" the question, but at present they are as far from it as ever. They are not discouraged. Even if the matter be not settled until after the nation itself has taken a definite stand one way or the other, it is vastly entertaining to discuss and discuss, and to learn so many new and valuable facts from sources as mysteriously derived as they are positively asserted. As we read:

Take "Uncle Cy" Morgan's story, for instance, of what the Navy costs each man, woman, and child in the United States to maintain. "Uncle Cy" does not remember just where he got the figures, but he knows they are correct. "Uncle Cy" was in the Civil War and says the victory was won there "without no navy," but Wall Street, he says, makes its money out of the Navy. "Uncle Cy" is for all the infantry that can be enlisted. But "Uncle Cy" is against the whole program because it calls for a strong navy.

On the other hand, "Ves." Thompson, who has a nephew in the Navy somewhere, is strong for preparedness—but he is against any bigger army than we now have. "Ves." was once involved in a strike in which the State militia was called out, and he believes to this day that it was the United States Army that interfered with the strike. He always refers to it as "the time the Army came."

Uncle "Bill" West, who has not been off the townsite for a quarter of a century, contributes to the cause the theory that the President wants a big Army for no other reason than to annex Mexico. "I know what I am talking about," Uncle "Bill" invariably adds, and to doubt it would be to doubt his word. "We don't want no more Mexicans in this country," Mr. West says, with finality that is meant to settle the question for all time.

Then there is "Gov." Saunders. Just why they call him "Gov." nobody knows, but he has been known that way ever since he landed in the Old Home Town forty years ago. "Gov." Saunders has a daughter who works in the Pension Office at Washington, and for that reason his opinion on all questions affecting the Republic are supposed to be "first hand"

and are given great weight in the Old Home Town debating society.

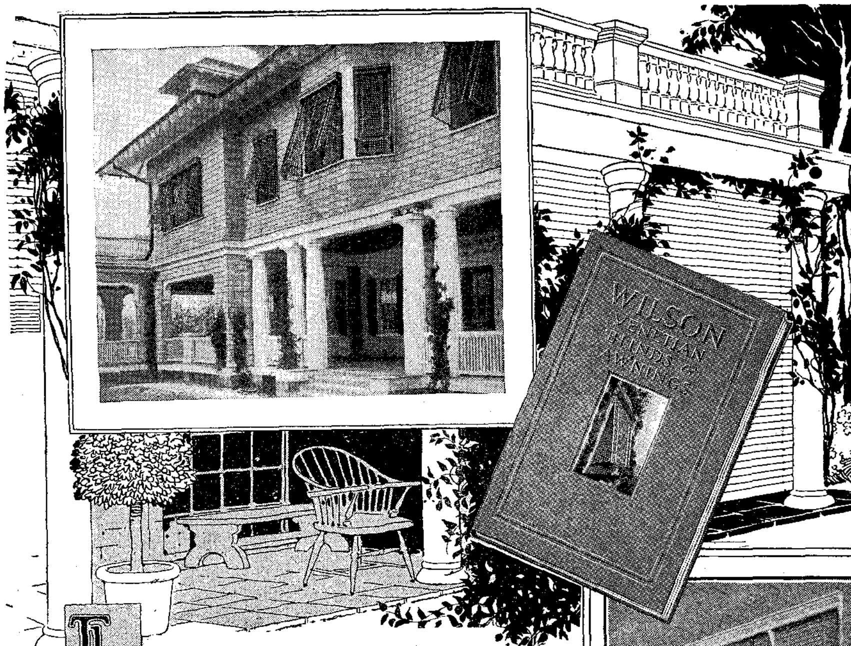
"Everybody knows," says "Gov." Saunders, "that the President and the press have been hypnotized." (Probably he means to say subsidized, but he has said hypnotized so many times in this connection that nobody notices the difference.) "It is a well-known fact," the "Gov." continues, "that these United States is in no mortal danger from any foe within or without. Our Navy can shoot straighter, our vessels are bigger and faster, and our army is better trained than any army in this world. I guess I needn't tell you fellers where I get my information," he concludes mysteriously, "but I wouldn't be talkin' if I didn't know what I was talkin' about."

To-morrow the society will meet again to cover the same ground—the advocates of preparedness, meantime, hoping that something will "turn up" to refute the mysterious information that "Gov." Saunders carries about under his hat.

OUR NEIGHBOR, CARRANZA

As the ally of the United States in suppressing border ruffianism and terrorism, Gen. Venustiano Carranza assumes a new position in our regard. Reports of him vary all the way from the picture of a sly intriguer to that of a fussy old gentleman held upright in his Presidential chair by his gold-braided uniform. Possibly the truth is something between these two. In *The World Outlook*, Gregory Mason calls him "a nice, quiet old man, plus tremendous will, plus mountainous manner." It is said that there are plenty of those who knew Carranza before he entered the arena of Mexican politics who will attest to the description of him as a gentle, amiable patriarch. It is Mr. Mason's opinion that the tremendous dignity, which is now the key-note of the Mexican leader, is "put on in the morning and taken off at night like a stiff mask, or a heavy suit of armor." This armor has done much for him, however, for his success to-day is largely due to his ability to impress people with his importance. Mr. Mason illustrates this fact and gives us in addition a few anecdotes of the Carranza régime, as follows:

> He has commanded an army of his followers personally in only one battle, and he was badly beaten in that, altho his forces far outnumbered the enemy. Few of his men love Carranza, but they respect him, and many hold him in an awe almost idolatrous.
>
> Carranza's willingness to play this part which he knows his people love in any leader, plus his iron determination, have been the qualities mainly responsible for the "First Chief's" success. Do you remember how, at the time of the Tampico incident and the American landing at Vera Cruz, Villa did his best to avert a wide-spread outbreak against Americans, while Carranza, with a chip on his shoulder, was all for upholding the "national honor"?
>
> He was playing his part then, wearing



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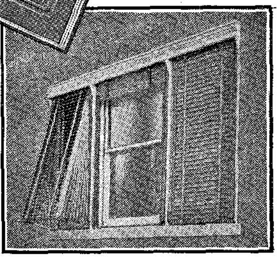

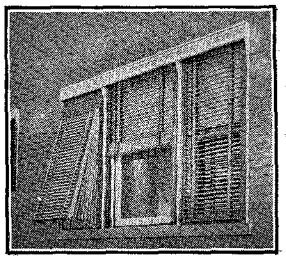

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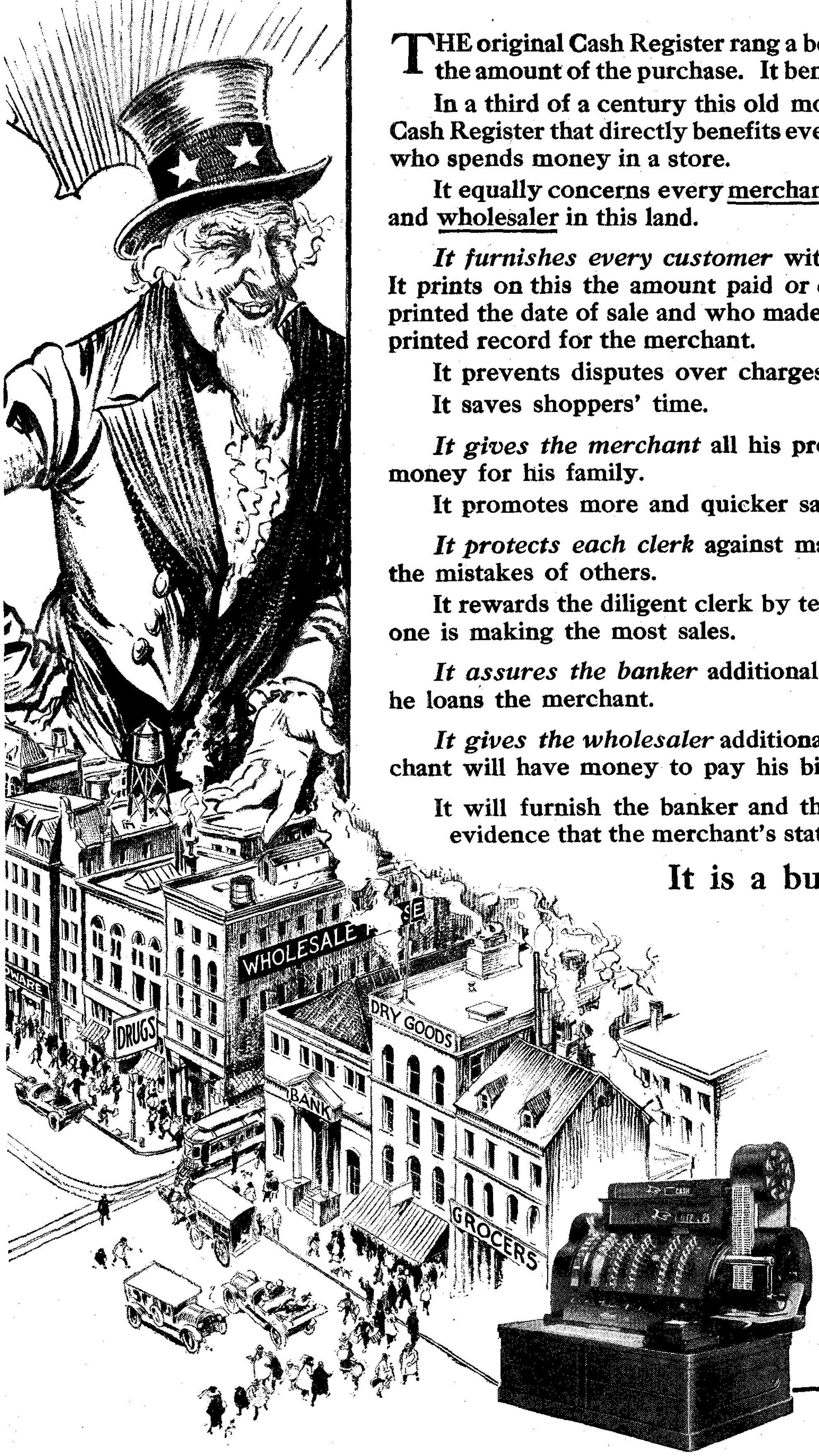

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It equally concerns every merchant and clerk, every banker and wholesaler in this land.

It furnishes every customer with a receipt or sales slip. It prints on this the amount paid or charged. On this is also printed the date of sale and who made it. It forces a duplicate, printed record for the merchant.

It prevents disputes over charges and bills paid.

It saves shoppers' time.

It gives the merchant all his profits. It gives him more money for his family.

It promotes more and quicker sales.

It protects each clerk against making errors and against the mistakes of others.

It rewards the diligent clerk by telling his employer which one is making the most sales.

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The National Cash Register Company
Dayton, Ohio

his mask. For, at heart, Carranza likes Americans much more than Villa does; in fact, when in the United States once, Carranza said that he liked Americans "best of all foreigners."

The First Chief likes to pretend that he can not speak English, and compels correspondents who can not speak Spanish to approach him through an interpreter. This, Mr. Mason declares, is another shrewd pose:

> He thus has time to frame his replies while the questions put to him are being interpreted. He has more than once given himself away, however, when questions were put to him which aroused his interest or ire, by answering the interrogations before the interpreter had finished translating them.
>
> Don Venustiano is fifty-seven, but seems older, and he is invariably spoken of by journalists as an "old man." Most of his advisers and aids are young, and he likes best to have only young men gathered around him.
>
> Carranza's personal appearance is immaculate. His olive-drab uniforms and his gray sombreros are always spotlessly clean, in contrast to the garb of most of his retainers. He is a Spartan and a lover of method, who hates disorder and dirt. And under his exterior coldness he has a heart that is often generous.
>
> Two incidents well illustrate this strange combination of cold, vain dignity and spasmodic generosity.
>
> Carranza's trip from Juarez to Chihuahua after the capture of the latter city by the Constitutionalists was like a triumphal procession. Every village was decorated with flags and Carranza's train stopt at all of them to give the natives, in gala attire, an opportunity to see the celebrated *Jefe Supremo Constitucionalista.*
>
> Inadvertently the Chief's train ran past one "town" of three adobe houses, whose fourteen inhabitants, drest just as vividly as good Carranzistas should be, had been waiting by the far-stretched uncurving track for three hours in the hope of getting a glimpse of their new lord and master. When the train was a mile beyond the little village, Carranza discovered the engineer's error. Insisting that the fourteen patriotic Mexicans should not be disappointed, he ordered that the train be laboriously backed.
>
> The other incident was even more characteristic. When Carranza's brother was taken prisoner by the bandit Santibanaz, the brother wired to the First Chief naming the *quid pro quo* in consideration of which Santibanaz had promised to give him his release. Carranza wired back:
>
> "Slaves and prisoners can not determine their own lot."
>
> And because he refused to unbend his dignity even to the extent of bargaining with the uncouth bandit, his brother was put to death.
>
> Later the children of Santibanaz were discovered by Carranza soldiers to be living in Vera Cruz, and it was supposed that Carranza's revenge would be satisfied. But, no; instead of poisoning the infants of his brother's murderer, the First Chief, in one of his kindly moods, set aside a house for the destitute children to live in and duly appointed a responsible guardian to care for them!

TWENTIETH-CENTURY SUPERSTITION

IN this enlightened age we have put away childish superstitions of the more somber centuries. We face facts with cheerful clear-sightedness, and hold our faiths clear of the dark influences of pagan days. But—do we, indeed? What of the countless ones in England, France, and in America who hailed the story of the ghostly bowmen of Mons as sober truth, and who still, in spite of the persistent assertions of the author of that interesting legend that it is pure fiction, continue to believe in it? Doubtless, up and down the trenches and in and out of the homes of the war-stricken in all the countries of Europe drift many other legends, as fantastic to the unbeliever, as incredible to the matter-of-fact, as were those heavenly allies of the British soldiers. In proof of this there comes a story of a little still-life drama portrayed in miniature in a Paris church last year, about Christmas-time. Here worshipers came daily and knelt devoutly before a little altar on which absurdity was mingled with absurdity, comprising as strange a mixture of modernity and medievalism as could well be imagined. But the worshipers saw nothing absurd in it. It was to them a vivid if completely inadequate representation of their faith—the faith that all the warring nations profess—that God is on their side. And so they did not smile at the incongruity of General Joffre in close proximity to the Christ Child, or at the procession of angels marching as tho in review before King George the Fifth of England. It is a strange picture, as the Paris *Journal des Débats* remarks, describing the scenes as follows:

> Enter the church of Saint Louis d'Antin, and there, on the right, behind the door, your gaze will be arrested by a bright light that, in the far corner, forms a strong contrast with the shadowy aisles and dim recesses all about. There will you see many heads of women and children outlined like silhouettes against the light. Draw near to them and lean over their bowed heads, and this is what you will see:
>
> A landscape of gray paper, artistically modeled into the shapes of crags and valleys, a complicated landscape that stretches itself out through interminable detail, like those of ancient miniatures. At first you will be dazed by the multiplicity of episodes represented. Gradually they become clearer and more distinct.
>
> On the left is a cottage, in which a child drest in an elaborate white frock rests on a bed of straw. Beside him kneel his mother and father, in watchful attitudes. They must kneel perforce, for that is the only way in which they could be in the cottage at all. Standing, they would be much taller than the roof. Near them the ox and ass appear, but decidedly in miniature, tho in turn enormous compared with a group of tiny angels that surround the cottage.
>
> In front of the cottage the three wise men approach, richly clad and preceded by servants carrying gifts. These figures are of medium size, something between the ox

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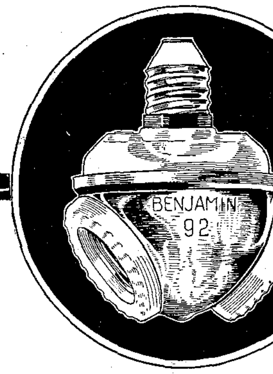

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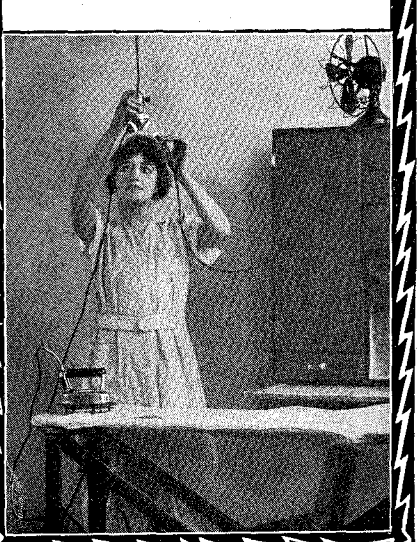


and the angels. Behind them, arranged in a semicircle, are three little plaster busts, one of the King of Belgium, and two others who look alike—the King of England and the Czar. The only reason that M. Poincaré is not with them is because a President is not a sovereign, and so can not be included in the *trois Rois Mages*.

Back of the cottage, on a piece of glass framed in moss to represent a river, you may behold General Joffre at the head of a large army. Near him are Saint Louis, Saint Rémi, Saint Geneviève, and Jeanne d'Arc, the celestial protectors of France.

Finally, on the right, in the darkest corner of the gray paper landscape, lies a cemetery—a multitude of tiny graves, each headed by a cross. They stretch away to the horizon itself, but midway crouches a ferocious wolf threatening an innocent lamb, and above it in bright letters we read the legend:

"MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN."

Over all hangs the tricolored banner of France bearing the words, "*Priez pour la France.*"

And this is not in a medieval cathedral. It is seen in Paris, this Christmas, 1915 A.D.

CANADA'S TEUTON PARTIALITY

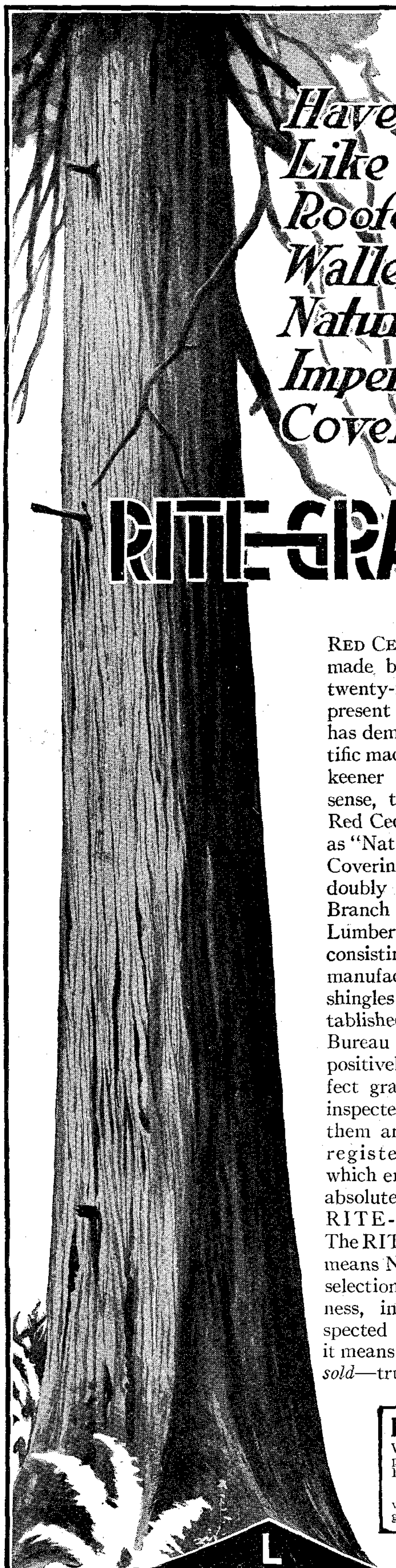
CANADA would not raise the German flag within its borders, naturally; but neither will it raise the British flag unless that banner is made with German dyes. Nor is this to be explained by any atrocious pun on the dyeing or the dead. It is a fact that to the Canadian eye the flag of its motherland does not flash forth with the same radiance and majesty when it is colored with non-German dyes. This is soberly stated in the papers of a breach-of-contract suit recently filed in the United States District Court. The New York *Sun* sums up the peculiar features of this case:

> Through its embargo on German dyestuffs, the British Government is unconsciously curtailing the manufacture of British flags. This paradox was disclosed in papers filed in the United States District Court yesterday in connection with breach-of-contract suits resulting from the insistence of British and Canadian flag-concerns that none but German dyes be used in Union Jacks and other British flags.
>
> The papers reveal that early in 1915 John C. Dettra & Co., Inc., of Pennsylvania, entered into a contract with the Syndicate Publishing Company, of 9 East Thirty-seventh Street, to manufacture hundreds of thousands of Union Jacks which were to be shipped to England and Canada. The contract provided, according to the Syndicate Publishing Company, for the use of German dyestuffs.
>
> The Syndicate Publishing Company received 12,400 flags and shipped them to Canada, where they were placed in bond, and in July, 1915, refused to take any more of the flags because Dettra & Co. were using substitutes for the German dyes. Dettra & Co. then began suit for breach of contract, and the Syndicate Publishing Company responded with a counter-claim that the British and Canadian purchasers had refused to accept the flags because of the dyestuffs used.
>
> To this counter-claim Dettra & Co. filed an answer yesterday declaring that the shortage of German dyestuffs here due to the war had made it difficult, if not impossible, for them to get hold of such coloring-material. The contract, they insisted, permitted them to substitute any dye that would produce fast colors.

LETTING THE OTHER FELLOW CATCH YOUR FOX

FOX-POACHING is an industry not widely known. It is usually the intention of the poacher that it shall not be. Rabbits, deer, fish, and pheasants are not the only animals poached, however, and it would seem that these forms of amusement and profit are by no means as exciting as the life the fox-poacher leads. Certainly his labors are regarded with apoplectic choler by hunting-folk, with whose diversion he meddles considerably. They are apt to believe that the fox-poacher is deliberately a spoil-sport, or, at best, that he ruins their sport for the sake of gain. The money that may be gained doubtless does have a share in the allurement of the illicit pastime, but, Clifton Lisle assures us, in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger Sports Magazine*, "the great motive lies in the element of chance and excitement that accompanies it." "To get the best of some one else against odds—that is the real joy of poaching." The fox-poacher's equipment is a "good working terrier," otherwise known as a "hole-dog." And he may have half a dozen hounds, or "tracking-down dogs," besides. As for the rest, "the scientific poacher bases his success on the simple principle of letting the other man do as much of the work for him as possible." His is a reprehensible profession or avocation, as it may be, and it ought to be eradicated, but there is no denying a romantic flavor in it, as well as an impudent daring that is most amusing. This is his method:

> Learning that hounds are to meet at a certain crossroads at ten o'clock, the poacher gets out his old mare and puts her to the buggy. Then, taking his time, he jogs down the road so as to reach the crossing just as the hounds are moving off to covert. With a surly nod to the riders, or perhaps a cheery shout, according to his tactics, the crafty poacher continues on his way as tho hounds and all connected with them were the very last things on his mind.
>
> If the field should run across the buggy later on in the day, no one would give it a second thought. Very frequently they never see it again, but, nevertheless, it has been nearer to them than they would have believed possible. Now on the road, now through a lane, now standing on a hilltop, while the run swung a great half-circle around the base, the poacher in his buggy has seen far more of the day's sport than half the persons in the saddle. The find, the point, the check, most of the run, and, at last, what he has been patiently awaiting — the finish—have all been



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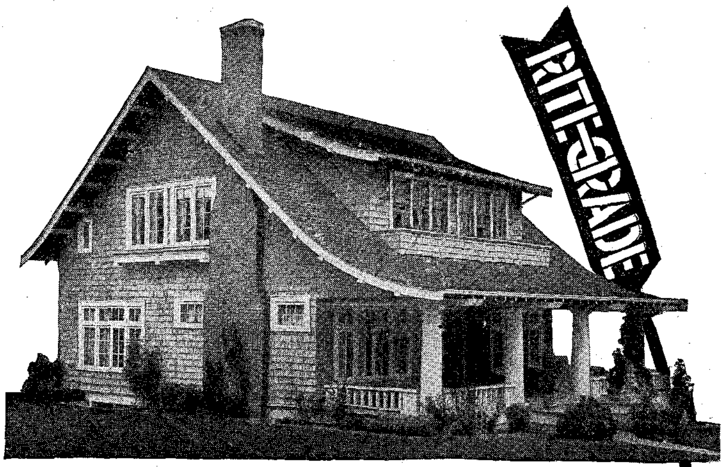

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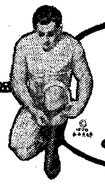

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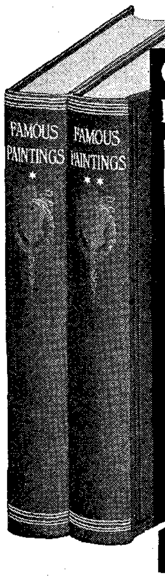
unrolled before his eyes. If the hounds have killed, the poacher has drawn a blank and needs must go home empty-handed. If they have marked to earth, however, his work is half done already and he never gets out of the buggy.

Waiting until the field has disappeared, he sends the old mare clattering down the hill at a lively clip and into the woodland path, halting at the center of the covert. It is only the work of a moment to reach the earth, for the poacher, if he is worthy the name, knows to a foot the position of every earth for twenty-odd miles around. Two forked sticks, a stone or two, the whole properly and skilfully arranged, and in a trice the earth is closed as it should be done.

A moment later the man is once more driving innocently along the road, yet he has the satisfaction of knowing that his fox is as neatly corked as tho in a bottle, and that, too, in such a way that air can freely circulate into the earth, altho no fox that ever lived can scratch his way out. With no hounds to betray him, the scientific poacher has spent a few hours in a buggy, only stept out of it for a moment or so, yet has his fox just where he wants him and not a soul the wiser. That comes of having brains.

The same night the buggy will enter the covert once more. With a few broken branches or fence-rails for props, and half a dozen stones for weights, the careful poacher will rig up in short order a kind of screen made from an old horse-blanket, so the betraying light of his lantern may not gleam through the trees.

A little trouble, it is true, but worth it. It is attention to such details that makes his task successful in the long run. Once he has his screen in place, it is only a matter of digging. Perhaps one shaft, perhaps two or three, will be necessary, but in the end he will corner the fox, thanks to his terrier and his spade. A smart struggle, a snarl or two, and the trick is done. With the fox safely tied in an empty potato-sack, the poacher extinguishes his light, takes down his screen, and drives home. A day or two later that fox will appear for sale at an animal-shop in town, guaranteed from Maine or Michigan. The poacher is a dollar or so richer, but that is not the main point. He has pitted his wits against the hunt and won. Another day he will land in jail, but that, too, is part of the game he plays.



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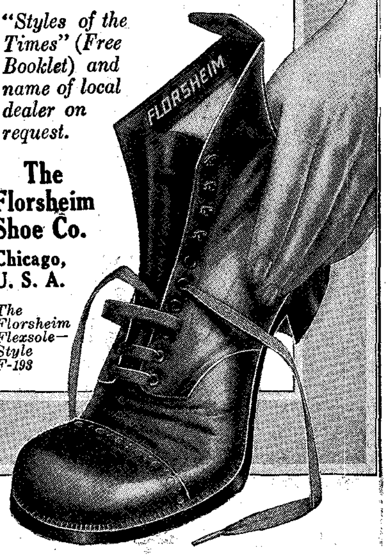

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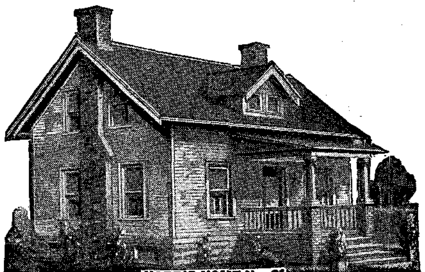

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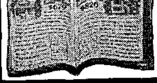

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The heat in your automobile engine turns part of ordinary oil into black solid matter—the greatest enemy of lubrication, a cause of rapid wear.

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Solid matter means friction. The sediment has an inactive or negative effect. It partially crowds out the remaining liquid oil. This undersupply of oil to the metal surfaces causes friction—heat—wear—loss of power and expensive repairs.

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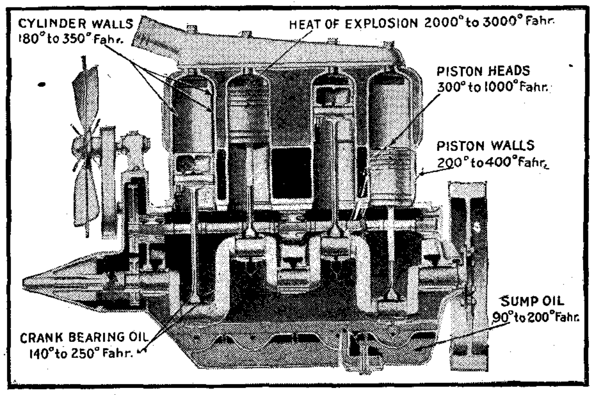
Such oils make trouble and increase maintenance cost in direct proportion to their rate of destruction when exposed to heat. Consequently the amount of oil used and the cost of lubrication per mile depend not on the price per gallon but on ability to resist heat.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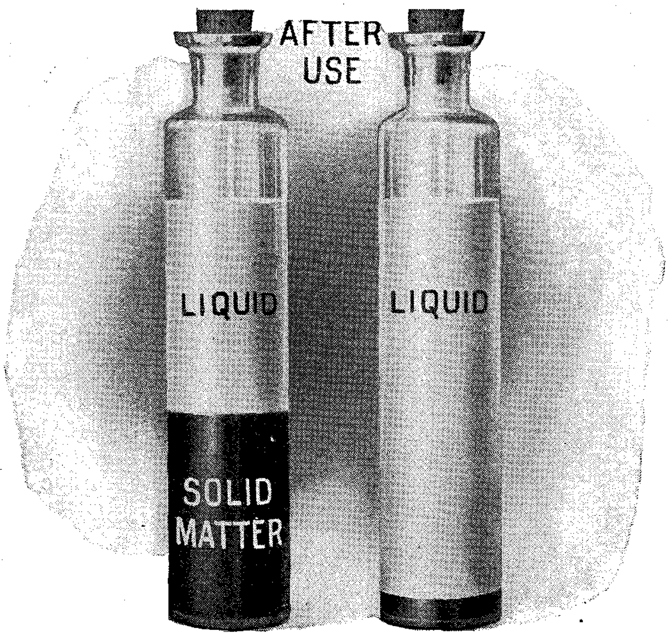
The contents of the two bottles shown illustrate clearly the relative durability of ordinary oil and of Veedol, the new lubricant that resists heat. Veedol deposits only a small fraction as much sediment as ordinary oil. The operating temperatures shown on the sectional drawing of the motor bring out forcibly the intense heat to which motor lubricants are subjected.

There is a fundamental difference between ordinary oils and Veedol.

Ordinary oils are unstable and therefore unserviceable because of non-heat-resisting chemical structure.



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Special processes of manufacture developed by this company and the use of Pennsylvania paraffine-base crude oil, give Veedol, the new lubricant, its unusual chemical structure, and its remarkable heat-resisting ability.

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Remove the drain plug from the lowest part of your motor crank case and allow all old oil to run out. Replace the plug, fill the sump up to correct oil level with kerosene and run the motor slowly under its own power for about thirty seconds, to cleanse the interior. Then draw out all kerosene, replace the drain plug and refill with Veedol.

The exact amount of fuel and oil in the car should be recorded and a reading of the speedometer taken before starting. Then let a test be run over a familiar road including steep hills and straight level stretches, for any distance up to five hundred miles or more.

You will find that your motor has acquired new pick-up and hill-climbing ability, due to the maximum mechanical efficiency made possible through Veedol.

You will find your mileage on both gasoline and oil increases. You will reduce your carbon trouble. Your motor will have more power.

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This new lubricant resists heat and prevents rapid sedimentation. This means less wear, less expense, more power.

The average mileage of all automobiles is conceded to be approximately 6000 miles per year, and the annual expense of operating the typical or average car ($850 car), as figured by an expert statistician, is approximately $416 per year.

Depreciation, repairs and gasoline come to about $268.

Solid matter in your oil means friction and wear. Friction and wear mean expense. Thus expense varies in direct proportion to the amount of black solid matter formed by the oil. For this reason, ordinary oil runs up your repair bills, lessens your gasoline mileage and by shortening the life of your car, materially increases your depreciation costs. Engineers state that fully 50% to 75% of repairs and 50% of depreciation are due to improper lubrication.

Veedol prevents rapid sedimentation and saves you money on three of the greatest items of expense.

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If you are interested in saving money you will be interested in making your own tests of this remarkable new lubricant.

Get a five-gallon can of Veedol and make the road test described above.

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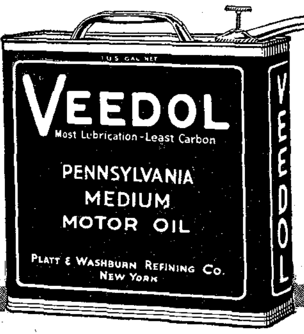
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A POCKET POWER-PLANT

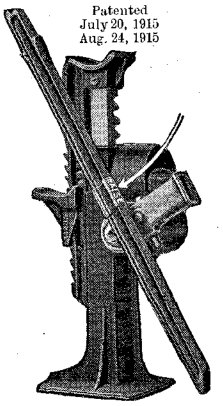
Possibly this story belongs in the department of "Science and Invention." Possibly it belongs in the fairy-tale book. If the latter, it is worthy to rank with the tale of the famous Keely motor. If the former, then the invention that Harry Perrigo is working on in Kansas City may bring such industrial and social changes in this and every other country such as no one century has ever seen. To explain this, it is only necessary to state that Mr. Perrigo's invention is a machine about the size of an ordinary typewriter which, acting as an accumulator, will draw electric power out of the air and supply us with heat, light, and power—for nothing. That is what the electric dynamo does now, but it requires a pretty husky steam- or water-power plant to drive it. The inventor explains his marvel, says the Kansas City *Star*, in stating that "by twisting coils in a certain way and connecting them, the high-frequency current is taken from the air, after which it is reduced down and then 'stept down.'" After that, we are told, it can be put to work as easily and diligently as any common current tapped from the light companies' wires. To the perfection of this instrument Perrigo has devoted his life, and in the course of his labors he has more than once come within an ace of losing it. The last four years have been spent in ceaseless toil, and his physicians tell him now that he is perilously near the breaking-point, and will not live out the year at the rate he is going. As many as four times in one week he has been shocked into unconsciousness by the electricity he is trying to control. But he has not yet quit, and merely keeps a doctor at his elbow, to be sure that he is resuscitated in time. He believes, declares the writer, that beyond a shadow of a doubt he has solved one of the biggest problems in the world, and, moreover, he is determined that, whatever benefits there may be in his discovery, the people who need them most shall get them. This is the story told of him by *The Star:*

> The device that is to do the work will be about a foot in each of its dimensions. It is planned to retail it at a small cost. Once installed, Mr. Perrigo says, there will be no further expense. There will be nothing to wear out. Power for lighting, heating, cooking, and for all household work will flow constantly—and cost nothing.
>
> The same plan could be used to supply power for all industries. The farmer could employ it to drive his farm-machinery. It would drive battle-ships. The manufacturing-business would be revolutionized. The cost of production would drop. Comfort would come to cheerless homes. Every branch of living-expense would feel the kindly touch.
>
> Most of the experiments have been carried on in a shop in the back yard of Mr. Perrigo's home. There he has his coils, his lights, and all the numerous little mystic contrivances that he needs to carry on his work. Copper wires are strung from hoops crosswise of the room. Two mechanics are employed constantly at work under his direction. Since last July he has devoted his entire time to the work. Previous to that he was employed in the electrical department of the Ford Motor-Car Company, and before that he worked in many places as an electrical engineer. Fortunately he has funds sufficient to allow him to continue his work without annoyance.
>
> The severe shocks he receives come when he is testing the power. But he takes no unnecessary chances. Every time he makes a test his physician, Dr. I. E. Taylor, is with him to give immediate treatment in case anything goes wrong. The inventor stands on a marble slab covered with warm paper. His feet are incased in rubber shoes and he wears rubber gloves. Yet, despite all the insulation, the volts get to him. From somewhere he has drawn enough electricity to make him unconscious.

The testing-phase of the work, apparently, is nearly over. One more test or so and it will be through. As he says:

> "The only things left are just the minor details. The invention is a success. I have perfected my improvements. I could knock off work to-day and the invention would be ready to put into use. But I am just finishing up the loose ends.
>
> "I could sell out now for millions to the electric-light companies, but they would never use the device. They would buy all the rights and put it on a shelf so they could go on selling their power. But they will never get it. The poor people will get the benefit of this. It will be for them.
>
> "As it stands, I will make more money out of it than I can ever spend, so why shouldn't it be used to do the most general good? And not a soul has a single cent in the invention except myself. I alone own it and I am going to see that it gets to the people.
>
> "It may sound strange to the public, this story of mine, but it wasn't so many years ago that if any one had said it was possible to talk from here to Europe by wireless he would have been set down as crazy. People always doubt anything startling. But amazing things can be true, and in this case one of them is an absolute fact. I get electricity out of the air, and I can get as much as I want for nothing. But I don't pretend to understand electricity. No one does.
>
> "The man who says he knows all about it lies. It is the most mysterious force in nature. All we know is that it does exist all around us and that we can capture it, harness it, and put it to work. What I have done is to find a new way to capture it. Other inventors can take it up from now on and find new ways to use the force that my invention put at their command."
>
> He turns a switch and an incandescent lamp on top of the machine is lighted.
>
> "There it is!" he says. "I could light my house or the whole block the same way. It's staggering. But I'm about through. I'm going to take it easy; my part of the work is finished. Others can take it on. And if anything should happen to me my wife will be protected.
>
> "Every drawing and every explanation has been set down and the papers are in a safety-deposit vault. Nothing will ever prevent the work from getting to the public."

"The Aristocrat of Auto Jacks"
BARRETT "Universal"



This is No. 311 Universal, the Aristocrat of Auto Jacks; built especially for heavy and medium heavy cars. Every feature appeals to the owner who wants unparalleled ease and convenience of operation. The patented automatic reversing feature makes it necessary only to withdraw lever after raising and reinsert with side marked "Lower" facing up. Acts on short or long strokes, at any angle, eliminating all interference. High carbon steel; gear packed in grease; machined like a fine motor.

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When you look in your tool box and find a Barrett Jack you know that the manufacturer has had forethought enough to prepare you for your emergencies.

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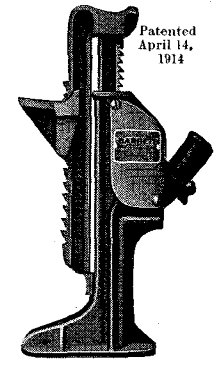

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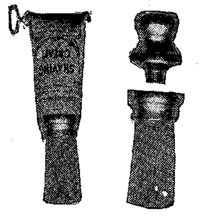

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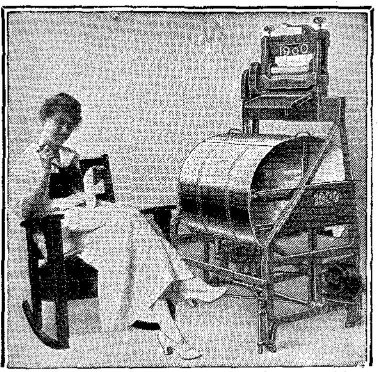

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AN ORIENTAL "ANDY"

WHILE Andrew Carnegie gives out libraries, the Baron Kihachiro Okura endows commercial colleges, and whereas the one is founder of the Carnegie Foundation, the other shares with the Emperor in the support of the Imperial Charitable Society; one made his money in iron and steel, and the other in arms and ammunition; but for all these differences, there seem to be some grounds for identifying these two men and for calling the latter, as they do in his own country, "The Carnegie of Japan." Baron Okura, who now proudly bears the Second Order of the Rising Sun, and is a Junior of the Fifth Grade in court rank, began his independent career in a dried-fish shop. Before that, he was apprentice to a pawnbroker. Such a start is familiar in the lives of our American captains of industry, and for a Japanese to start so and to attain the eminence of Okura is a proof of the permeation of Western democratic standards into Japanese life. An idea of the position he now occupies in Japan may be gained from the list of activities in which he is interested gleaned from "Who's Who in Japan." These include presidency in the Okura Company and directorship in the Japan Leather Manufacturing Co., the Fusan Land Reclamation Co., the Japan Chemical Industry Co., the Oriental Steamship Co., the Narita Railway Co., the Ishihari Colliery Co., and the Japan Industrial Bank. When he came from Echigo, in 1854, at the age of 17, and with money industriously accumulated opened his first venture, the fish-shop, he discovered, *The Japan Magazine* (Tokyo) tells us, that he had not enough funds to purchase fresh fish. So he started with what he could—dried fish—and tho the neighbors objected, he persisted, until he made enough to effect a change for the better. We are made acquainted with a characteristic episode of those early years, when famine struck the country and the Government had to distribute rice to the poor:

> A friend persuaded Okura to go with him to get some of the rice; but he finally backed out, saying that poor as he was he was not yet ready to become a beggar. The neighbors were offended at his apparent assumption of superiority and pride and commanded him, then, to make gifts to the poor. That he said he would do as far as possible; and he invited the poor to come and get dried fish from his shop, which they very unceremoniously did until his shop was more than half empty. But the owner of the house where Okura had his shop, who himself was a man of means, predicted that Okura would become a great man some day.
>
> In the neighborhood there lived a blind man who was in the service of the Government, such a man being known as a *kengyo;* and young Okura was accustomed to call frequently upon this man and have conversation with him. The blind man used to advise Okura as to the best way to save money; and he deposited some of his money with the blind official for safe-keeping. The latter, however, explained to Okura that money deposited is useless: it must be put to some profitable service. This point he noted carefully and it guided his after-life.

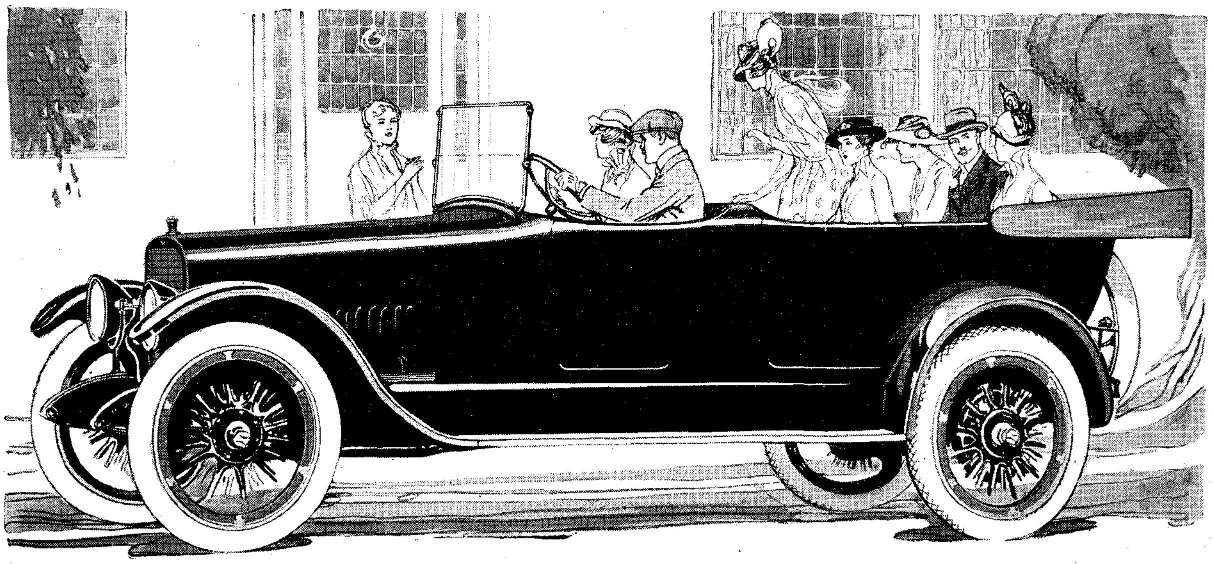
One might say of Okura that he heard the first creakings of the "Open Door" upon its hinges, and was one of the first to squeeze his way through. And we read:

> One day young Okura went to Yokohama with a view to some profitable speculation. At that time Yokohama was a mere swamp with a few fishermen's huts here and there near the beach. Seeing some foreign war-ships at anchor in the harbor, Okura had a vision of the great changes in store for his country; and he there and then determined that he would have a share in the transformation that was certain to take place in Japan. So he at once gave up his little fish-shop and set about becoming a dealer in firearms. Through the agency of a Dutch firm in Yokohama he stocked his new shop with all kinds of firearms, his first establishment being at Kanda in Yeddo.

The friends of the young Kihachiro laughed at the notion of a fish-dealer turning gun-merchant, but the young man was making friends with Opportunity and let his old friends think what they liked. Incidentally, he formulated a policy in his dealings that was later adopted by the United States; tho it must be said that he carried it out with less friction and less contumely. As we are told:

> About that time the shogunate fell and civil war was on; and Okura had many orders for muskets. He found it very dangerous, however, to convey money from Yeddo to Yokohama, as he had to go by *kago*, or carrying-chair, and there were many *ronin* about, who were committing acts of highway robbery. On these trips Okura was always armed with two revolvers and a sword. Nothing daunted, he kept on and made enormous profits. One day he was arrested by an official of the shogun, whose Government was still holding out against the Imperial forces, and accused of supplying the Satsuma forces with arms. He was told that it was very ungrateful of him to have enjoyed safety and protection as a citizen of the shogun's capital, and then to have supplied the shogun's enemies with arms. And so he was threatened with immediate decapitation. Okura replied coolly that he had lived in Yeddo but a short time, that he was a mere trader and sold firearms; he was ready to sell to all who bought. As to justice, when he went to the Satsuma men they said they were on the side of justice; and when he spoke to the shogun's men they made a similar claim: how was he to decide between them? Indeed he was responsible only for the sale of guns to all who ordered and paid for them. More than this could not be expected of him. The answer of Okura did not displease the officer of the shogun; and the latter at once give him an order for weapons, 500 muskets to be supplied in three days. The order was duly executed in the time set.

We are told that Baron Okura takes



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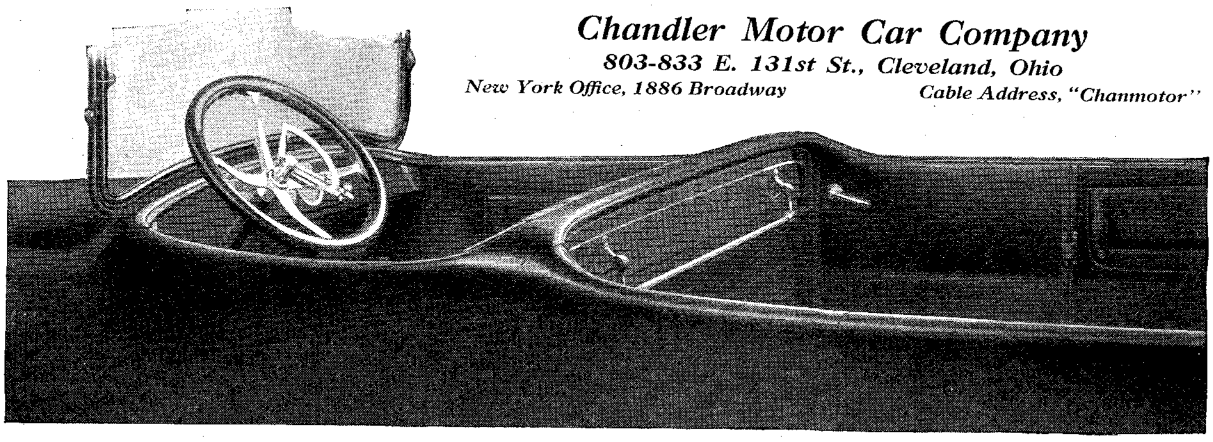

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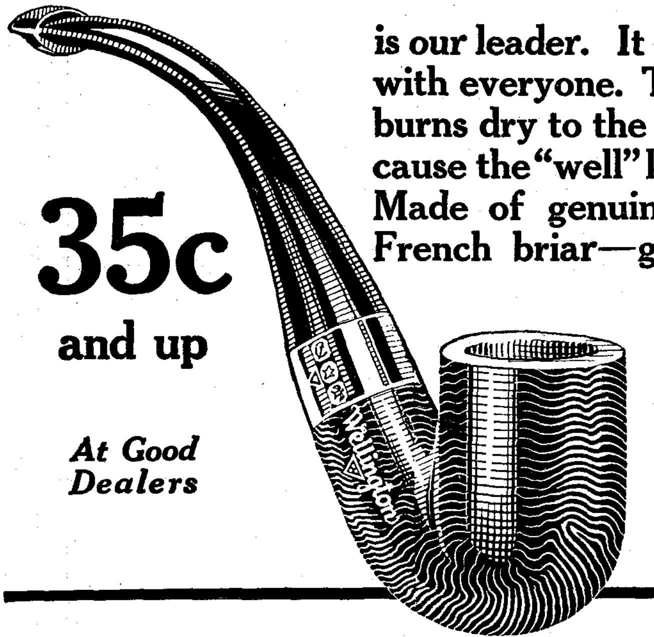

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great personal care of his health, always insisting on seven hours' sleep every day. Reading on:

> Once a day he insists on having broiled eels with rice, called *unagimeshi.* He is a man of cheerful temperament and robust constitution; and tho now 79, he does not seem an old man. Baron Okura is fond of art and has a taste for vocal music and poetry. His one motto in life is self-independence for every man. He holds that every hard worker is certain to gain independence. He says that he has lived that motto and proved its truth. He does not believe in speculation, as such, and has never engaged in it. He does not believe in saving money to leave to children to spend in self-indulgence, and has brought up his own children after this principle.

ANTI-WEATHER TALK

THE silence in the elevator, as you slowly mount to your office-floor, becomes painful. You nodded to Smithkins as you entered, and he nodded back, and absorbedly jostled his way to the farthest corner from you, signifying that the haze of pre-breakfast rumination still befogged his intellect and that he did not wish to talk. But with the shifting of the other passengers you have at last drifted to a position beside him—and there is nothing to say. You attempt to avoid his direct gaze and yet hold yourself ready to answer should he speak; he does the same. By bad luck your glances meet. He smiles in a terrified manner, and apparently gulps slightly. You also achieve a parody of a smile. "Nice day!" you finally ejaculate. You have done it at last! You have yielded again to that terrible temptation to talk about the weather, and now the old, hackneyed lines flow with deadly freedom: "Fine morning. Yes!" "Colder, tho?" "Not like last week." "Worse before night, likely." "Snow, d'you think?" "Looks like it, doesn't it?"

"I made up my mind one day that I would break through this inane custom of referring to the weather, and say something else," declares a writer in *The National Sunday Magazine.* His success was not encouraging, in spite of his care to choose, before the experiment began, a suitable and adaptable substitute. He decided at length upon foliage, since his home was not in the land of elevators, but in a beautiful New England village, where shade-trees are not yet extinct. "The trees are looking well this spring"—not a bad opening sentence! He adopted it, and set forth upon a maladventurous day, which he describes:

> I started for the post-office without a misgiving, rehearsing my piece as I went. The first person I met was Uncle Tommy Welsh—a portly and dignified veteran of the Civil War, with side whiskers and a wooden leg. I waited till I got well up to him and then sprang it: "Our trees are looking well this spring, Uncle Tommy."

Uncle Tommy started, changed color slightly, cleared his throat and seemed to me to look injured.

"The trees?" he inquired, looking up and scanning the branches carefully as if looking for birds' nests.

"I say they are looking fine and green this spring," I repeated with some embarrassment and a furtive glance around.

"Oh, green, yes—they are!" he got out, gulping hard and eyeing me with suspicion. I wanted to move on the worst way, and so did he, but someway the right thing hadn't been said to allow a smooth getaway. I was almost tempted to say: "Pretty nice weather we're having," when no doubt we could have gone our ways easily, but I vowed I'd stick to my plan for one day at least. No good thing comes to humanity without effort and patience and a bit of courage.

Finally I looked at my watch and said I guessed I'd go and see what Uncle Sam had for me, and as Uncle Tommy offered no objection, we parted with no open rupture and with mutual relief.

When I had gone a few rods I turned to look back. Uncle Tommy had met Job Green, the cobbler. They were standing stock-still and looking at me! I had an uneasy feeling as to what they were talking about. At last I was beginning to understand how Columbus felt when he observed people looking at him and pointing at their foreheads. At any rate I had diverted attention from the weather.

Going into the post-office, I met Aunt 'Liza Wiggins, who is a little deaf and somewhat rheumatic. Feeling a little sore on the foliage-question, I decided to try something different on Aunt 'Liza. So I said: "Good morning, Aunt 'Liza; how's your rheumatism this morning?"

"Yes, it is," she replied, "but I see the paper says rain."

The grin hadn't left the face of the clerk as he handed me my mail.

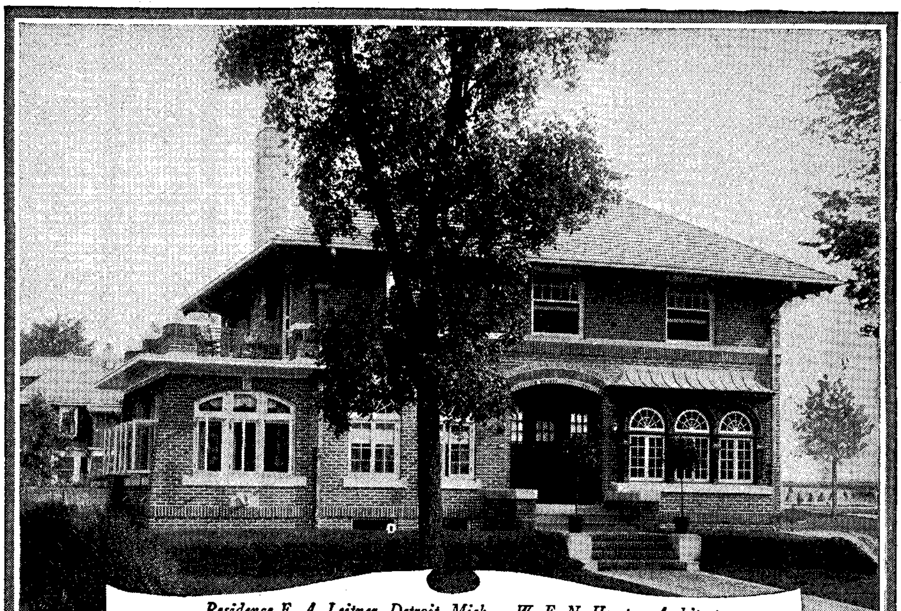
Discouraged, but not yet defeated, he resolved to try at least one more day of it. The next morning proved rainy. He writes:

I felt a little irresolute, but screwed my courage to the sticking-place and started for the post-office determined to try again. I saw Uncle Tommy approaching in the distance. Uncle Tommy also saw me and hurriedly stumped across the street! Now, I didn't like that. Of course I would rather mention the weather than have a man avoid me that way! But how was I to know he would feel that way about it? Still, he may have had business on the other side.

Then I spied Job Green coming. Job suddenly had an errand down a side-alley. Now, while I am not oversensitive, somehow two such coincidences in quick succession nearly got my goat. My ardor for the new reform was cooled several degrees.

The clerk gave me my mail without a word, and never cracked a smile. Of course a clerk may speak or not, as pleases him; but when he usually speaks, you sort of expect it.

Coming out I met Abe Simpson, the barber. Before I could speak, Abe greeted me with: "Gettin' a little rain!" The voice sounded so good, it threw me off guard for an instant, and I answered: "Yes, a little wet for a change!" And then I weakly gave way, tho perhaps I do myself an injustice when I say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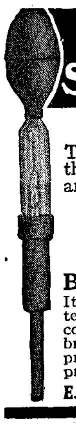


"weakly." It would be nearer the truth to say I surrendered to the inevitable: I bowed to the inexorable. And I have traveled the well-worn path ever since.

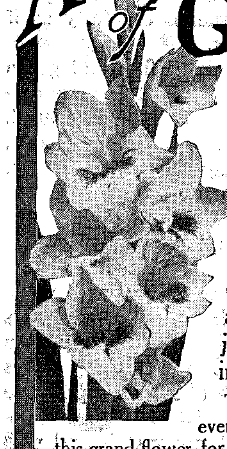
ON THE TRAIL OF DERELICTS

THE perils of the deep are dared by all mariners, but by none quite so often or systematically as by the crew of the United States coast-guard cutter *Seneca*, the craft that has been set aside by the service for the purpose of chasing derelicts. A derelict at sea is only comparable to a maniac in the dark for uncertainty and deadliness. It is the "Flying Dutchman" of all seafarers and loathed and dreaded as no other single peril that the sea places in the path of ships. Most skippers will give the derelict as wide a berth as possible, but not so Capt. F. A. Levis, of the *Seneca*. The report of a tossing hulk in the sea-lanes, imperiling the lives and hull of every ship for hundreds of miles around, is but a challenge to this officer and the crew of his tiny 204-foot craft. The danger that most would avoid is his call to duty, and the drifting, wave-washed peril *must* be found and sunk or towed into port before his duty is done. Consequently, as a writer in the Sunday magazine of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* assures us, the work of the *Seneca* is "a service full of hardship and peril, and many are the thrilling experiences of its officers and crew." One of the latest of these was the search for the disabled *Thessalonika*, of which we read a brief account:

> The *Seneca* answered her "S. O. S.," but received by wireless the news that the steamer *Patris* had arrived and was towing the crippled boat to shore. Then came the news that the tow-line had parted and that the *Thessalonika* was being abandoned. The *Seneca* was ordered to find the derelict and either rescue it or blow it up.
>
> The *Seneca* is only 204 feet long, and the weather that night was the worst imaginable. The wind was blowing great guns and the waves were something to see. Yet Capt. F. A. Levis, of the *Seneca*, headed his vessel for the open sea immediately in the direction of the position given. She rolled like a canoe and when a wave came up under her forefoot the water flew over her bow like a cloud of smoke, and came driving aft as fine as rain.
>
> When the *Seneca* arrived at the position given, the derelict was not to be seen; and so for the next five days, in dirty weather and tremendous seas, the captain searched the Gulf Stream for her. Finding no trace of the hulk, he came to the conclusion that she had sunk, and, after a chase that took him nearly 1,400 miles, he returned to port.

The *Seneca* is the only derelict-destroyer in the United States service, and consequently she is at sea most of the time. In addition to this work, she goes on international ice-patrols from February until early in July. During that time it is her duty to follow the icebergs and

A Garden Full of Gladioli for $1.00



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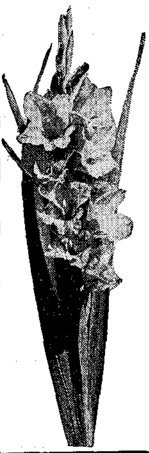

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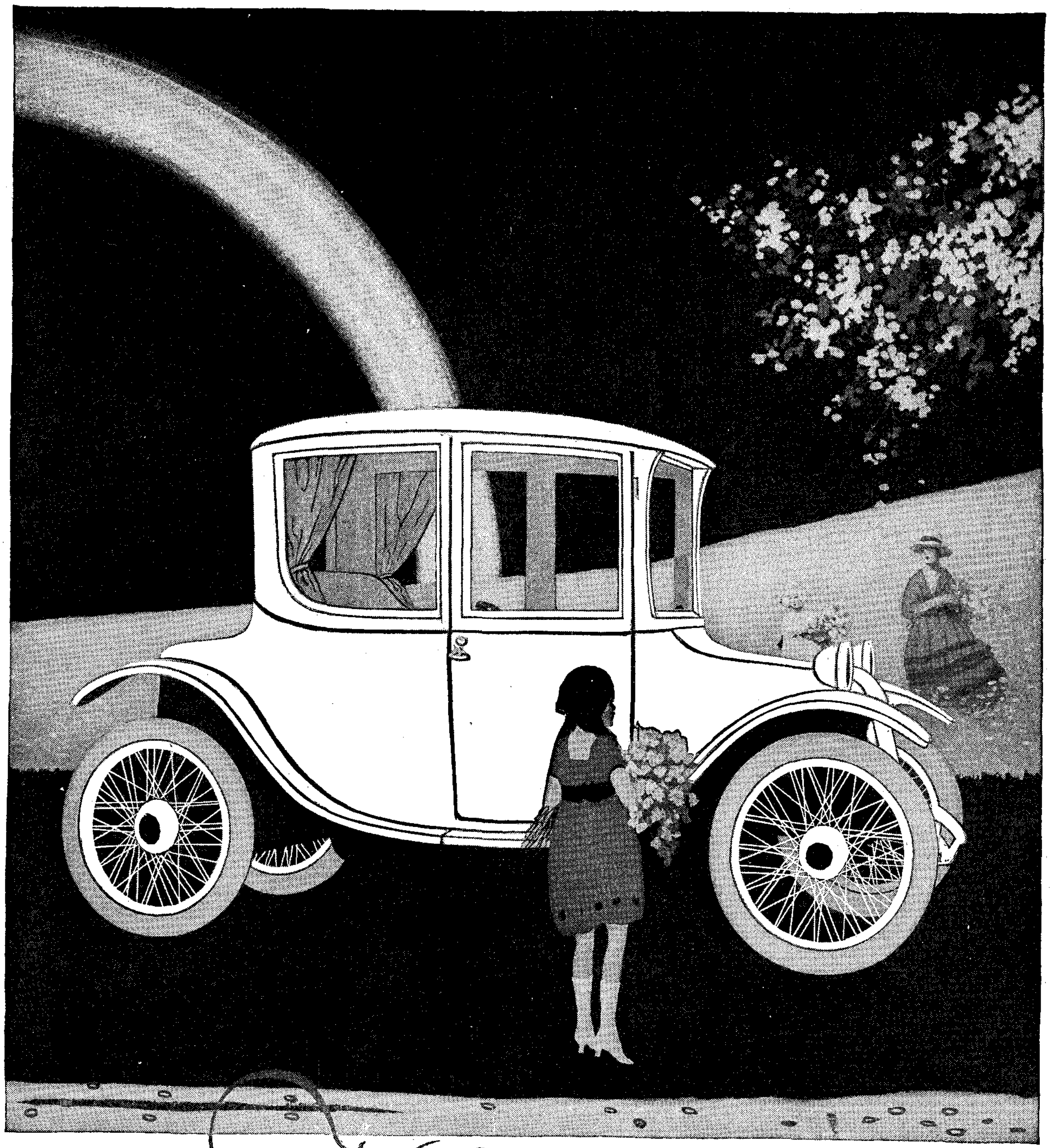

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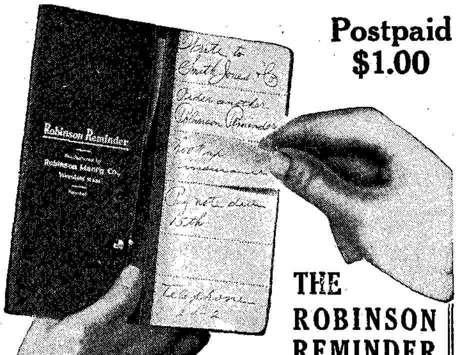

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The Robinson Mfg. Co., Dept. L, Westfield, Mass.

"growlers" off the Grand Banks and issue broadcast warnings by wireless to ships that are likely to run foul of them. But of the more romantic service the writer gives us an excellent idea in extracts from a supposed log of the little vessel during the winter of 1914–1915, when she aided 865 persons on twenty-five different ships. The incidents are true enough, but doubtless would be recorded even more briefly in an actual log. As we read:

> *January 4, 1914.*—A day of bitter, searching cold, with a terrific northeast wind and a heavy sea running. Received a message that oil-tank steamer *Oklahoma* was sinking. We were then in Newport Harbor, R. I.
>
> The *Seneca* was got ready for sea immediately and steamed at full speed in direction given, which was off Sandy Hook. Ran south all night in the teeth of the gale and next morning received more definite instructions by wireless from steamship *Bavaria*. During the day we sighted an open boat, having, so far as we could see, only one man in it. He was evidently in the last stages of exhaustion. He paid no attention to us, so the whistle was blown. At this he roused up for a moment, looked at us, and again collapsed.
>
> When the boat was finally picked up we found that three men were sprawling in the bottom, with terrible, white faces, and with the sea rime frozen to their beards. Two were already dead. The man we had first seen died when brought aboard the cutter.
>
> On the following day we located the derelict, and, since we could not tow her in, we decided to mine her. The mines failed to explode. We stood by all during the night, warning vessels away. Next day we ran close to the wreck and fired seventeen 6-pound shells into her. Due to these shells, she began to settle down by the stern, and at 12:15 P.M. she disappeared. This was done to the eastward of the Fenwick Island lightship.
>
> *February 25, 1915.*—Off Grand Banks on ice-patrol duty. Received wireless from British steamship *Mongolian*, informing us that she was leaking badly. We were headed in a direction that would take us across the course of the *Mongolian*, so that we made arrangements to meet her on the morning of the following day. On the next morning, as arranged, we fell in with the *Mongolian*. Were informed by her commanding officer that his ship had struck a rock in St. John's Harbor and was leaking badly. We therefore convoyed her into Halifax. The night of the 26th fell rainy, with a thick fog and a very heavy sea, so that it was difficult to maintain our respective positions. We accomplished it, however, by means of the fog-signals. The leak on the *Mongolian* became worse, and it was necessary for us to remain very close to her. On the 28th we came safely into port with our charge.
>
> *May, 1915.*—We were informed that the lumber-laden ship, *William Thomas Moore*, had been abandoned by her crew, and was floating with her decks awash. We were instructed to locate the derelict and remove it from the path of commerce. When the ship had been located, we attached two lines and proceeded to Halifax with her, a distance of 665 miles, which is, we believe, a record for this sort of work. To destroy this derelict would have been to scatter

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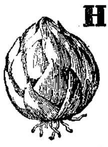
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK

HOW TO GROW BULBS



A new book which tells all about how to plant and care for bulbs—what bulbs to plant in spring, summer, and autumn—hardy bulbs—bulbs for the greenhouse—designs for beds of bulbs—bulbs in pots and fibre—how to treat bulbs after flowering—bulbs in grass—insect pests—diseases—how to increase bulbs, etc. Hundreds of explanatory drawings and photographs. 50c net; by mail 54c.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354-60 Fourth Ave., New York, N.Y.

heavy wreckage in the paths of commerce; so it was decided to bring it into port.

August, 1915.—Received a communication from the coast-guard station at Toms River that a vessel was flying distress-signals off that point. During the darkness of the early morning we searched for her, but without success. Just before dawn we picked up a wireless from the steamer *Bermudian* giving us the exact location of the ship. We proceeded there immediately and found the schooner *Emma F. Angell*, forty-five miles southeast of the Atlantic Highlands. She was already awash, her rigging was carried away, her deck-houses shattered, and both life-boats gone. All hands were at the pumps, and this was the only thing that served to keep her afloat. We immediately got tow-lines aboard and brought her into New York.

September, 1915.—Located at last and removed from the path of commerce, the *Lottie R. Russell*, lumber-laden, which was deserted about April 15. For five months she had drifted at will, and was finally reported as being in the path of commerce off Halifax. Our search took us over 700 miles before we finally located and removed her.

GIPSIES OF THE BALKANS

THE Gipsy, even as we know him in our more civilized regions, is a wildly temperamental individual, who is best handled with gloves, unless the meddler is prepared for trouble. It may be imagined that in the troublous, frequently volcanic, region of the Balkans these qualities become highly intensified. This is the true Gipsyland; here he is unrestricted and he lets his natural instincts run wild. At this distance, and through the medium of a sympathetic writer's description of him, we find the result romantic and fascinating. When the Balkan Gipsy stamps his foot and his eyes flash fire, while his knife glitters dangerously at his side, we nod enthusiastic approval. That is the sort of swarthy villain we would choose to be, were we to take up with gipsying. That he is no man's friend, filthy, often hungry, and capable of aching unhappiness at times, we are not liable to consider.

In the March *Century* are to be found some attractive sketches of Gipsy life, in an article by Miss Demetra Vaka, a native of Turkey, who writes from personal experience with these vagabonds. Her impressions of them were gained early, and very likely the very first impression, which she records, colored all the subsequent ones. She was only eight, she says, when she first spoke to a Gipsy girl—a daring adventure when one remembers that "there was no crime that was not imputed to the Balkan Gipsies" and "fact and fancy were mingled in the sinister deeds attributed to them." "Wherever the Gipsies encamped," she declares, "the devil's own halo encircled the place." But of this first reckless meeting she tells us in part as follows:

A large encampment had settled down

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Buy it Whole!
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Cut center slices for Broiling or Frying
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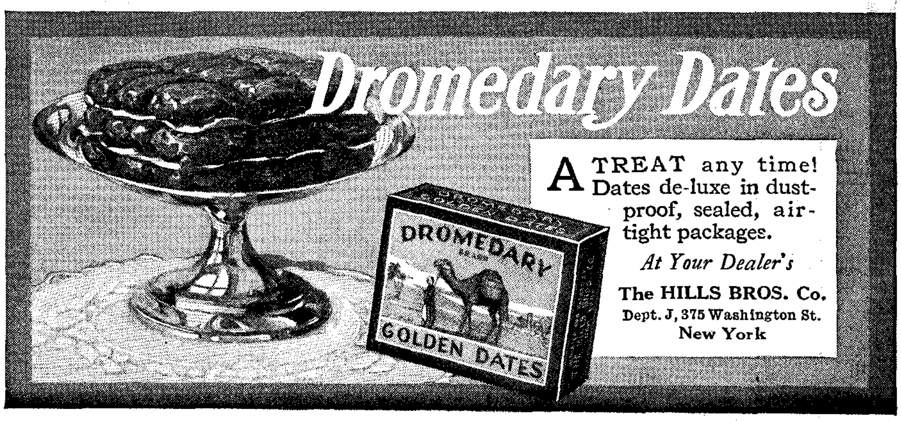
Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-60 Fourth Ave., N. Y.



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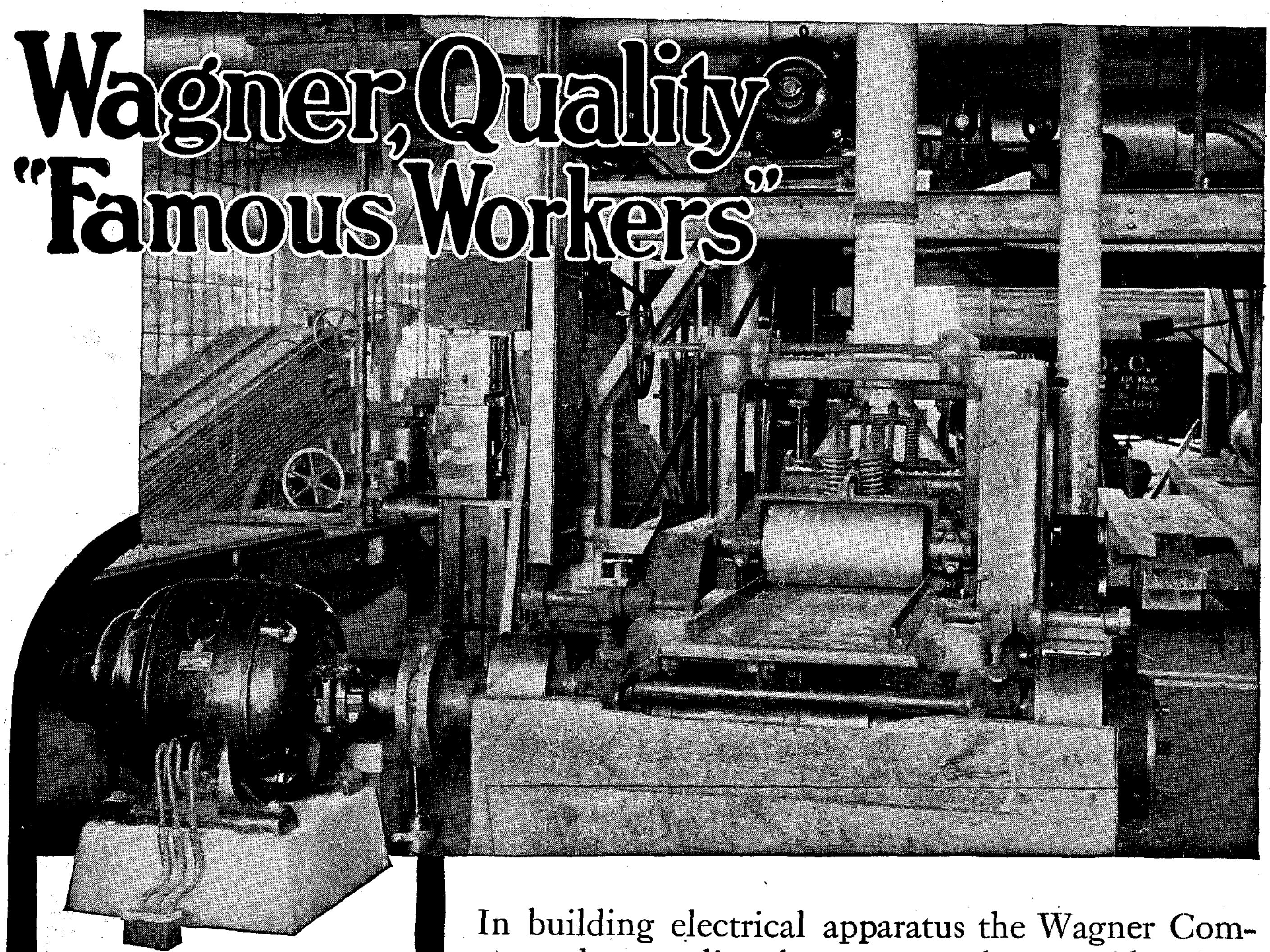

The WAGNER Polyphase Motor with Built-in Starter

This motor combines the starting characteristics of the wound rotor type, and the operating characteristics of the squirrel cage type.

It has a very high starting torque with low current draw, and has no dead resistance in circuit while operating. It will operate satisfactorily where voltage is too low for other types to start.

It is a most economical motor, saving in first cost, installation and operation.

It has an internal starting device which makes it possible to start the motor by throwing an ordinary two pole switch. An unskilled workman can start it with perfect safety. If desired it may be started from some central point, such as the superintendent's room.

It can be operated either with automatic or non-automatic start, in case of line failures.

Like all Wagner motors it is conservatively rated as to horse power, and is rugged and reliable.

Made in all sizes, from 3 H. P. up to 50 H. P.

In building electrical apparatus the Wagner Company place quality above every other consideration.

This has been the Wagner policy for 25 years. On it has been built one of the great electrical machinery manufacturing companies of America—developed by the patronage of those who consider low final cost more important than low first cost—in other words, buyers of quality.

The Wagner Company have specialized in motors—both single phase and polyphase—transformers, converters, generators, rectifiers, and electrical instruments of precision.

Not only have they built these things best, but they have developed many new types which have numerous advantages over those previously existing.

One of the most recent Wagner developments is the polyphase motor with a built-in starting device. This is known as the BW motor. It does away with the necessity for an elaborate starter, and makes it possible to start from any desired point no matter how remote.

Its simplified starting, low current draw while starting, and the high efficiency which it develops, make this BW motor most attractive to power users.

If you are interested in the service you will get out of electrical apparatus, investigate Wagner, Quality. The nearest Wagner Branch will gladly demonstrate.

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not far from our house, and one day, on returning from a visit with my mother, I came upon a girl seated under a tree and moaning as I had never heard a human being moan. I was ahead of my mother, and stopt and spoke to the little girl. I touched her on the shoulder several times before she raised her head, and then I saw that she was hugging a small dog the blood of which was dripping over the sole garment she wore. There were no tears in the girl's eyes, only misery. As my mother had not yet come up to us, I knelt before her and the dog.

"Is he dead?" I asked.

"Not yet," she answered somberly; "but he is going to die, and when he does I shall take the life of the man who did this."

The little dog's tongue was hanging out of his mouth, and his eyes exprest the misery reflected in the eyes of his mistress. Poor little Gipsy cur, like his mistress, unwelcome upon the face of the earth! Ever since I can remember I have had a feeling of sympathy for all those whose footsteps were dogged by inexplicable scorn. Out of that feeling I next spoke:

"The dog may still be saved. Come with me to my home, and let my sister see him. She is wonderful with sick animals."

A gleam of hope came into the eyes of the little girl. She rose quickly, and then I saw how profusely the dog was bleeding.

"Do try to stop his bleeding," I cried, "or he will lose all his blood before we reach our home!"

She put her little brown hands, the fingers covered with extravagant paste jewels, over the little creature's wound. Moved by the misery before me, I offered my best unused handkerchief, and told her to put it on his wound. To my horror, she bent her head and licked the wound, and only then applied the handkerchief.

My mother now came up to us, gave a glance at the Gipsy and her dog, but said not a single word even when I explained to her that they were going home with us.

The few days that the Gipsy dog remained in our house his mistress spent as near our windows as she was permitted by those who kicked her about whenever my sister or I was not looking. The dog was cured, and when, leaping with joy, he was placed in her arms, she was so grateful she wanted to kiss my sister; but my mother, who happened to be present, motioned to my sister not to permit it.

Altho I was forbidden to speak to the Gipsies, I did so whenever I could clandestinely. My little Gipsy, who was named Valérie, after the favorite daughter of Empress Elizabeth, was a source of delight . . . and my friendship with Valérie was dear to me—first, because it had in it an element of adventure, since I had to see her without being found out; secondly, because she told me of their travels and their way of living. From Valérie I learned much more than I did later at college from a full course in sociology.

From the tales she told me I was quite aware that the code of my new friend was different from mine. Lie the Gipsies did; steal they did; and when it was necessary they killed. Yet Valérie made everything natural, and I accepted her code as naturally. Philosophy and tolerance are inborn in a child's nature. It is only later, as the various teachings of our elders take root in our souls, that we acquire standards and begin to judge the world from the particular brand of civilization that is ours.

This strange friendship, which went on for some time as Valérie's band made their way here and there along the Bosporus and the shores of Marmora, returning often to the environs of Constantinople, gave Miss Vaka such a sense of familiarity with the Gipsies that she had no difficulty in striking up acquaintance with those she met when, some years later, she and her brother traveled on horseback through the Balkans. Altho in the Balkans one is urged to avoid their camps, "I used to hail them with pleasure," she declares. Thus happened the following adventure, as they rode several miles from Uskup. A noticeable excitement on the part of their horses caused them to slacken pace. We read on:

> At first we thought they were smelling human blood; but we came to the conclusion that something different caused their interest, since no tremors of fear were passing through them. Reining them in, we listened, but, hearing nothing, started to ride on. After a while a sound like the faint moaning of a torrent came to us. The effect on our horses was very peculiar; they seemed to have forgotten their fatigue, and were sidling along in a way that made me nervous.
>
> Finally, we made out that it was weird strains of music that reached us.
>
> "We are nearing a Gipsy camp," my brother said with relief. "Some one is playing with more fire than usual."
>
> Within sight of the camp, the music came to us in its full beauty or its full horror, I do not know which. Since then I have heard many great masters play; but such music as that I have never heard. It was heavenly; it was hellish. Our horses were as much affected as we: they pranced as if they were steeds of great mettle, instead of poor, scrawny, Balkan ponies. As for me, I began to dream of things unheard, unknown, only dreamable.
>
> Sitting on a wagon, a youth was hanging over his violin, playing—playing like mad. Presently, without interrupting his music, he sprang from the wagon and paced back and forth, still playing torrentially. We sat fascinated both by the player and his playing, trying all the time to quiet our horses.
>
> At last the music seemed spent; the boy let his violin fall to the ground, where he, too, threw himself, and the music was succeeded by heartbreaking sobbing. His weeping, like his music, was as torrential as a storm. Like it, it ceased when it had reached its climax.
>
> A girl was sitting in the entrance of a tent, nursing a wee baby. She regarded the figure on the ground apathetically. We dismounted, and I gingerly approached her. The tent was full of Gipsies, either sleeping or cooking, and in the woods were others cutting wood for their fires.
>
> "Why is he crying like this?" I asked the girl.
>
> She shrugged her shoulders.
>
> "He always weeps when he plays as he did to-day."
>
> "Is he your brother?"
>
> "No, I belong to him, and this is his son. He came into his little body only six weeks ago; before that he lived in me." She said the last words with great pride in herself for being the mother of a son.

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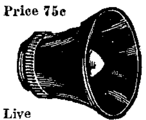

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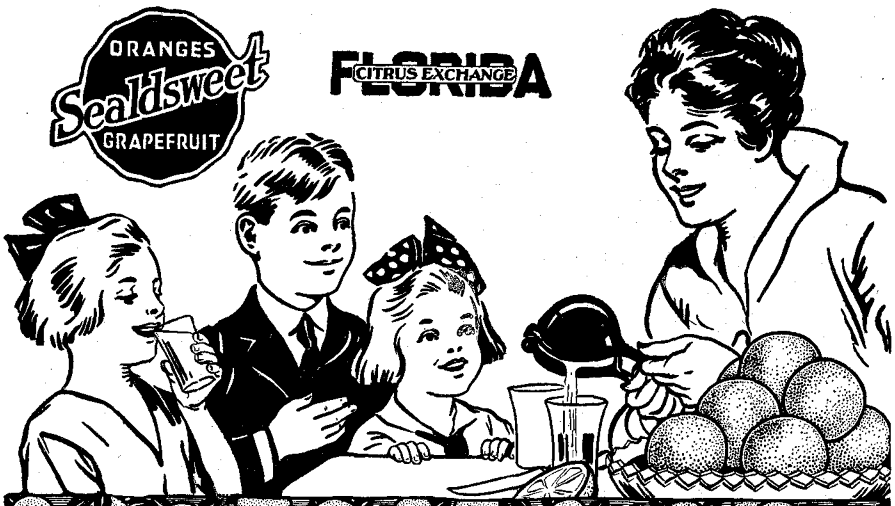

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My brother approached the now silent player, and touched him on the shoulder. The boy raised his head, and then sat up. His eyes were deep, black pools filled with wo. Mano offered him a handful of cigarets. The boy accepted them eagerly and prest them to his cheek. His hair was floating on his back, and his clothes were scanty and dirty. He looked more drest for bathing than for living in the mountains.

"It went well to-day, didn't it?" Mano said.

The boy smiled sadly, displaying his magnificent Gipsy teeth. He picked out one of his cigarets and tossed it to the girl with the baby. She leapt, with the baby, and caught it in midair, and her pleasureful laugh resounded about us for a second.

"Since it went well, why did you have to weep?" my brother asked.

"I wept because it went so well."

"Why?"

"I do not know. Because I want things, and do not get them," he cried. "A year ago I thought I wept because I wanted her." With his eyes he indicated the sitting girl. "She is now mine, and she has given me a son, but I cry just the same."

A sob, and then another, shook his breast.

"I know," my brother said sympathetically. "You want extravagant things—things that you only fancy."

The Gipsy gave a strange look at Mano, then leaned forward and touched him on the chest.

"You understand — you? Then you fiddle?"

"No; but I write. It is just as bad."

And then the boy, feeling the sympathetic atmosphere we were creating about him, began to talk:

"I think what I want is to be an emperor; to have people kneel before me and kiss the hem of my garments."

I could not help covering my face and laughing silently, for his worn trousers and his torn shirt had no hems.

Mano did not laugh. Seriously he amended:

"It isn't exactly an emperor you want to be. What you want is to play as you played to-day before millions of people, to make them all worship your music, to make that human sea weep when you will and laugh when you will."

The boy seized my brother's hands.

"You see into my head, you see into my heart!" he cried. "Could I—could I do that?"

Mano nodded.

"You did it to-day, even tho it was only three riders and three horses. It was marvelous, my friend, your playing. Never have I heard its like."

At that the boy began to tremble like a leaf, says the writer, and the tears sprang from his dark eyes and trickled down to his chin and then to his chest and on to his poor hemless shirt. And through his tears and his sobs he talked wildly to them—talked of the visions that came to him, which he brought to life with the power of his violin.

"Sometimes I can do it," he said, "and at others I can not. Yet I am most unhappy when I can make alive the things that live in the air only."

NIPPON'S STORMY DIET

Visiting our country's capital and sitting in at a session of Congress, there have been those who came away with a feeling of faint disgust. Ignorantly, they had cherished the ideal of an august body clothed in impenetrable dignity, whose deliberations, ill-advised tho they might sometimes be, were conducted with decorum and even a hint of majesty. They came away with an impression of a brawling, wrangling debate that fitted ill with that ideal. They had forgotten that most statesmen are quite human, after all, and that a weighty argument conducted without heat is a delight that must be reserved for the days of the millennium. It may be a comfort to them to realize that our own legislative bodies are not alone in their failure to conform to their constituents' highest ideals. In the New York *Sun*, Mr. Toha Hachino gives us a picture of a session of the Japanese Diet that is not unlike the stormiest scenes in our own Capital, save that it is somewhat richened with Oriental coloring. The substance of the wrangle on this particular day was a motion of impeachment of the Japanese Cabinet, who were accused of contravening the last will and testament of the late General Nogi, the great hero of Port Arthur. More than this, they were accused of undue lenience with Viscount Oura, convicted of bribery of members of Parliament, and of "hiding behind the Emperor" in relation to this conviction. The session opened with a long address by "Mr. Hara," the leader of the Seiyukai, or opposition party, who presented the case against the Cabinet. Following him came other speakers, whose arguments in attack and defense grew warmer and warmer as they progressed. Soon the debate was in full swing and took on a quality intensely exciting to the spectator. Reading Mr. Hachino's account, we gain a remarkable picture of Japanese governmental affairs, sketched in a vividness of phrase that would not fail to brighten our own Washington dispatches for many an American reader. He proceeds as follows:

> When one Kanazawa took the rostrum just before the Premier, banters and chaffs were poured forth on him by the opposition, for he spoke the Osaka dialect, which sounds very effeminate to Tokyo ears.
>
> "Oh! come down, green boy!" "Don't mistake the place!" "Just think what you are worth!" and such like were the most accentuated of them. To display his allegiance and loyalty to the Cabinet, he kept shrieking in a helpless shrill voice of a lady, which was, however, perfectly drowned in the storm of bantering laughter. He flushed with excitement while his head was magnificently steaming.
>
> Some cawed like rooks to vie with him in the beauty of vocalic demonstration. At last he descended, leaving nothing in the ears of the audience but the lingering vibration of his shrill intonation. After

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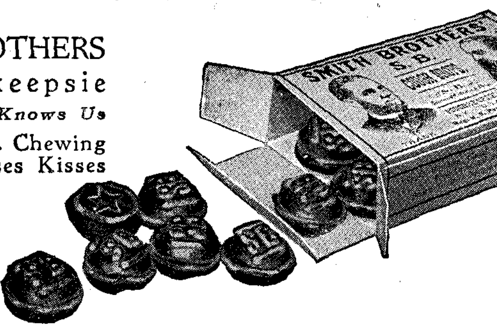

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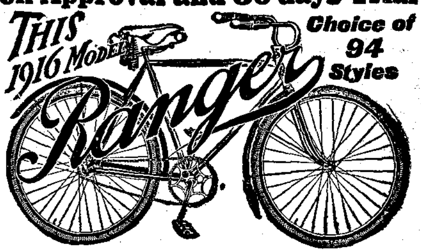

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him came Count Okuma upon the platform with an air bespeaking his firm resolution never to yield. He proceeded:

"It is," said Count Okuma, "a source of great regret to me thus to face a session which leaves very much to be desired. As far as I could understand it, the contention of Mr. Hara, whom I do most respectfully consider, amounts to little more than a self-accommodating dogma without any firm ground. His attack on the regrettable Oura case is also helplessly misdirected. Again, as Imperial command is concerned, in the far as the charge of my resort to the name of heaven, I declare that the opposition dare interfere with the divine rights of the sovereign."

This last remark drove the opposition to uncontrollable fury of indignation. In the wild outburst of hostile sentiment they forgot the sanctity of the place, the dignity of the Premiership, as well as their own self-respect. They roared like so many desperate lions driven to a corner by successful hunters. The seats of the Seiyukai were apparently undulating with boundless excitement and uncontrolled wrath.

All of a sudden Muto and Hata ran up to the platform, and holding the Premier by the sleeve demanded of him to disavow the impertinent remarks. This was the opening of terrible confusion. Some of the pro-Cabinet members hurried up to help the old Premier, who, prest to the rostrum, was seen turning around in the vortex of the furious crowd. Let it, however, be mentioned for the honor of the above-mentioned Muto that he did not strike the Premier, as was reported by some yellow papers so as to create sensationalism.

As far as I could see it, he was guilty of the impudence to approach the Premier in person and of shaking him by the sleeves to demand the retraction of his improper remarks. But before he could go on any further he was effectively intercepted by the others that came up for the rescue. Anyhow, there followed great disorder between the antagonistic members, some of whom, missing their footing in utter unconsciousness of everything else, rolled down from the platform to the no small amusement of spectators.

Luckily, the Premier managed to escape from the embarrassment of the too vociferous support of his friends, and the arrival of the Inner Guards (a pregnant hint for the clarification of our own Congressional debates) subdued all parties at once. The resultant vote sustained the Cabinet's action, in spite of the "lawless attitude" of the opposition. After his faithful report of the undignified proceedings, Mr. Hachino endeavors slightly to modify our censure. "To an outsider who knows nothing of Japanese politics, such a disorderly attitude on the part of the parliamentary members may appear very reckless and an inexcusable disgrace to the solemnity of the Diet," he admits, but the truth is that the matters under discussion were of a far more revolutionary and explosive character than the Occidental might suppose. As he explains:

In Japan the name of the Emperor carries supernatural weight with itself, notwithstanding the often-repeated assertion by superficial foreign observers, who pretend to know much of things Japanese without knowing anything correct and reliable, that socialism is rapidly growing at the expense of the nation's belief in the divine rights of the sovereign. Just as in European countries, no one can denounce Christ as the propagator of wild superstition, so in Japan no one can and will conscientiously enjoy slandering the Emperor and his family even in private.

A fortiori, the name of the Emperor is everything in public. None can safely allude in disrespectful terms to the divine rights of the sovereign, but not so much because of the fear of the oppressive interference from the Government as because of the apprehension of arousing intense hostility of the people at large, from among whom some may resort to any measures to wreak what they believe a vengeance for the noble cause of loyalty and patriotism. If any order be issued, therefore, as an Imperial wish, no matter what the contents, it sweeps everything before it. Disobedience means forfeit of public position, which the guilty willingly accepts of his own accord, paying respect to the traditional and undisputed faith of the nation. It is not the Emperor who forces him out, as Europeans may be inclined to believe.

On the other hand, from the viewpoint of political morality, it has come to be considered one of the most outrageous and cowardly and blamable acts for a statesman to utilize this peculiar circumstance for the benefit of his own convenience, "to hide oneself behind the sleeve of the Divine Dragon," as it is called, while simultaneously it is looked upon as an act of a traitor, for by so doing the responsibility of misgovernment will be shifted on the Emperor, to whom Japanese generally look up as the gracious father of the nation.

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MAJOR MOTON is an optimist and an intelligent and passionate believer in the future of the negro in North America. In an entertaining article in the March *World's Work* on "The New Head of Tuskegee," we are told that the Major's three mottoes for his followers, to direct their welfare in this country, are: "Be simple." "Be self-respecting." "Keep up your courage." "One can not better sum up the whole spirit of Major Moton," concludes the writer, "than in the prayer of an old colored preacher, which he himself quoted at the Negro Christian Students' Convention held in Atlanta last year." This ran as follows:

> O God of all races, will you please, Sir, come in and take charge of de min's of all dese yere white people and fix dem so dat dey'll know and understan' dat all of us colored folks is not lazy, dirty, dishones', an' no 'count, an' help dem, Lord, to see dat most of us is prayin', workin', and strivin', to get some land, some houses, and some ed'cation for ourselves an' our chillun, an' get true 'ligion, an' dat most every negro in Northampton County is doin' his lebel bes' to make frien's an' get along wid de white folks. Help dese yere white folks, O Lord, to understan' dis

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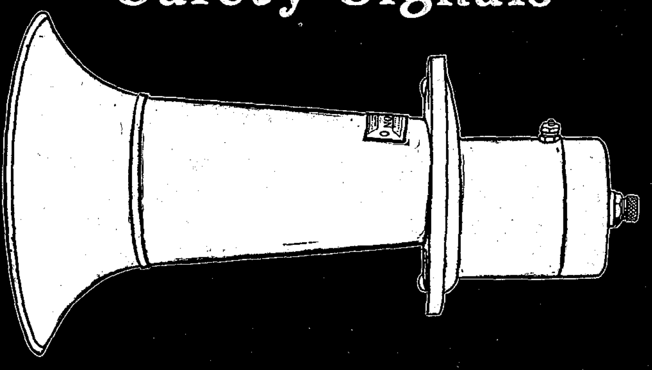

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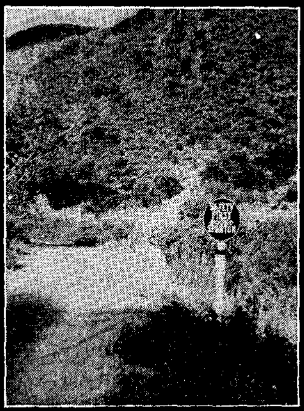

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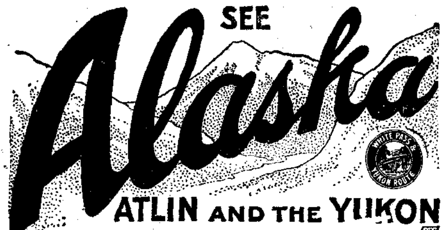

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t'ing. Lord, while you is takin' charge of de min's of dese white people, don' pass by de colored folks, for dey is not perfec'—dey needs you as much as de white folks does. Open de negro's blin' eyes dat he may see dat all of de white folks is not mean an' dishones' an' prejudice' ag'inst de colored folks, dat dere is hones', hard-workin', jus', and God-fearin' white folks in dis yere community who is tryin' de bes' dey know how, wid de circumstances ag'inst dem, to be fair in dere dealin's wid de colored folks, an' help dem to be 'spectable men an' women. Help us, Lord, black an' white, to understan' each other more eve'y day. Amen.

PSYCHOLOGY OF CARNAGE

STUPOR, intoxication, and madness have already become familiar to us as the concomitants of modern warfare. At Loos, and again at Verdun, we read numberless tales of charges under the shelter of curtains of fire and the strange sensations of unreality, and even delirium, the men experienced. But these were for the most part related by inexpert historians, who did not analyze their sensations. It is interesting to hear the same story told by one who can better comprehend the phases through which he passed. In the New York *World* appears the account of a French Infantry captain, who is, as he says, "a professor of philosophy in civilian life and prone to psychological analysis." Through the correspondence of the Paris *Petit Journal* he tells how, in the Verdun attack, he was overtaken by vertigo, and was for a time completely stunned by the tremendous cannonade. "It seemed," he says, "as tho I were whirling around at frightful speed, endlessly 'looping the loop.'" Continuing his description of how the ceaseless uproar "gnawed one's nerves," he says:

> Perhaps the most tense strain is when the roar ceases and the cannon are silent. The feeling that something is to happen and not knowing what, and with the mind becoming more active, makes that moment horrible.
>
> The tension, fatigue, and hunger are responsible for a curious sudden shudder which gets the bravest for brief seconds. The bravest, also, after hours of great strain, huddle together like children—unquestionably reflex movements of lightning brevity.
>
> Night-time on the battle-field is most anguishing for worn-out men, chiefly on account of the perfect orgy of fireworks on both sides. The sudden revelations of beings and things by powerful magnifying reflectors and colored lights, revealing a ghastly and unnatural red, green, and yellow landscape, bewilder the steadiest minds. Townsmen are generally more sensitive to this frightfulness than are countrymen.
>
> Mysterious life filled the night, life which none of us understood, full of strange sights and sounds. My men began to grit their teeth. This enveloping mystery tortured their nerves. Some closed their eyes, others gnawed their fists.
>
> Before us we saw crawling forms; they were certainly Germans. We had machine guns loaded and pointed, but our orders

were to let the assailants approach and make sure of them. But the men could hold themselves in no longer. Those groping shadows set them mad. Before I could stop them they leapt from the hole and fell upon the Germans in the dark, yelling like madmen.

They should have perished to a man under the German machine gun-fire, but they were all back in the trench in a minute, quite calmed, now that they had pierced, at the peril of their lives, the mystery peopled with fantoms and will-o'-the-wisps, which causes the bravest to shudder.

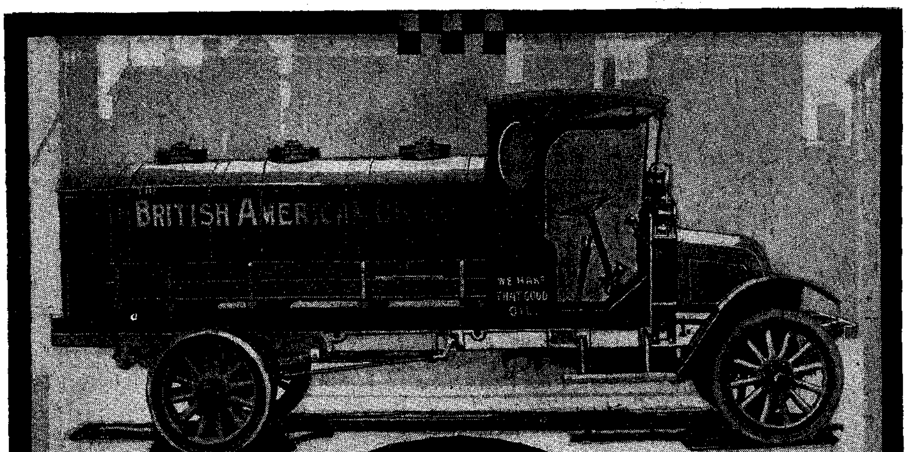
GREEK KILTS

An amusing drawing in *Punch* shows a Scotch "kiltie" and a French Zouave passing each other on the street with stares of amazed derision and comments that can be represented only by interrogation-points and exclamation-marks. Should Greece end by joining in the war and the kilted *evzone* appear on the fighting-line, possibly the Scot and the Zouave would have an object for their common interest, for among the queer customs of war the kilt of the Greek *evzone* is fully as strange as that of the Scotch soldier, and, if anything, more hallowed by tradition. Most of the out-of-the-ordinary fighting-men of whom we hear, as the Alpini and the Chasseurs d'Alpines, the Servian *comitadjis*, and so on, are hill-folk, and so it is not surprizing to learn that the *evzone* is of particular value because of his skill in mountain-conflicts. The Syracuse *Post-Standard* gives us a little information concerning him:

> The *evzone*, as he is called, would no more abandon the skirt than would a Scot his kilt. It is a part of his national honor, a part of his personal being. It is a right handed down to him from ancient times. A *bas-relief* of the soldier who fought at Marathon shows him in similar costume; his costume is no ephemeral piece of clothing, for it is worn with the dignity of ages behind it.
>
> If the Allies succeed in embroiling Greece in the war, the *evzones* may be called upon to strike some of the hardest blows in the Macedomian mountains. They are ignorant of fear, and if they look anything but soldierly, their appearance is belied by their ability to fight under extraordinary conditions.
>
> The *evzone* of Saloniki is a different being from the brilliant *evzone* of Athens. The latter is a royal guard, and, as befitting his station, is even more gaudily drest than his country brother. His skirt is blue, his cap is red, and with plentiful sprinkling of gold lace and tassels he forms one of the most striking pictures of all Europe. He, too, can fight if called upon.
>
> War still has its picturesque sides. The bulk of the Greek Army may be khaki-clad, conforming to modern military science, but the *evzone* will continue in his business of soldiering as he sees fit. *Zito! Evzoni!*

In the Female-ennium.—She—"Do you mind if I smoke?"

He—"Oh, please do! I like the smell of it. All my sisters smoke."—*Answers.*



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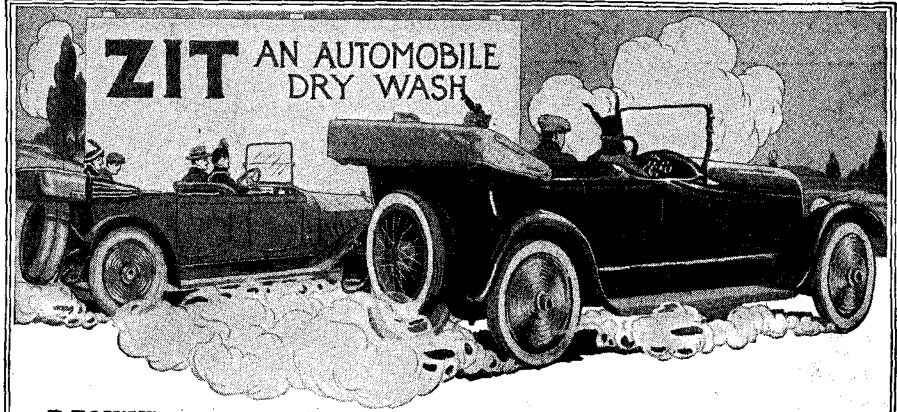
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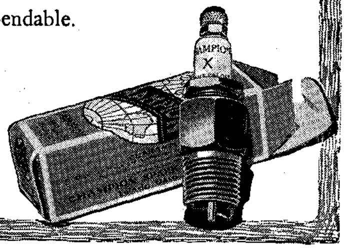

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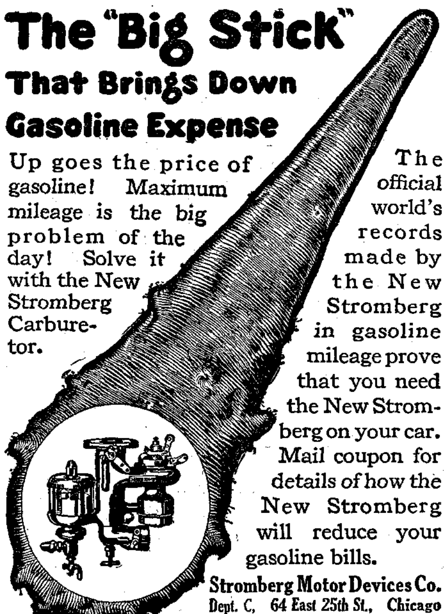

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SPICE OF LIFE

Admitted It.—WAITER (in German)—"Wasser?"

AMERICAN GIRL (flustered)—"No; Wellesley."—*Williams Purple Cow.*

Betrayed.—Discovered, by H. B., in a Seventh Avenue bookshop, on a counter labeled "Popular Fiction": "How to Become Beautiful," by Irene Walker.—*New York Tribune.*

So Often True.—"I understood the text, all right," remarked Aunt Ann Peebles, after the sermon was over; "but the preacher's explanation of it puzzled me a good deal."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Too Quick.—"So you've been fighting again! Didn't you stop and spell your names, as I told you?"

"Y-yes; we did—but my name's Algernon Percival, an' his is Jim!"—*Judge.*

Buried.—"Is this land rich?" asked the prospective purchaser, cautiously.

"It certainly ought to be," replied the gentleman farmer. "I have put all the money I had into it."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Our Freedom.—MUTT—"Ain't Nature wonderful?"

JEFF—"Why?"

MUTT—"She gives us all faces, but we can pick our own teeth."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Difficult.—A London man just back from the States says that a little girl on the train to Pittsburg was chewing gum. Not only that, but she insisted on pulling it out in long strings and letting it fall back into her mouth again.

"Mabel!" said her mother in a horrified whisper. "Mabel, don't do that. Chew your gum like a little lady."—*London Opinion.*

Familiar Banalities.—Musical burglary—breaking into song.

Mental hospitality—entertaining an idea.

Spiritual pageantry—parading one's virtues.

Moral harvesting—reaping one's reward.

Social cannibalism—living on one's friends.

Undesirable generosity—giving oneself away.

Philosophical etiquette—bowing to the inevitable.—*Boston Transcript.*

Too High a Flight.—MR. STRETCHER—"Yes, it's cold, but nothing like what it was at Christmas three years ago, when the steam from the engines froze hard and fell on the line in sheets."

MR. CUFFER—"And yet that wasn't so cold as in '87, when it froze the electricity in the telephone-wires, and when the thaw came all the machines were talking as hard as they could for upward of five hours."

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Longbow, "the coldest year that I can remember was in the Christmas week in '84, when the very policemen had to run to keep themselves warm."

But that was too much, and with silent looks of indignation the other two left to his own reflections the man who treated the truth so lightly.—*Tit-Bits.*

Satisfied.—"Will you vote to abolish capital punishment?"

"No! Capital punishment was good enough for my fathers, and it's good enough for me."—*Everybody's.*

"Sight Unseen."—Nodd—"How do you like your chauffeur?"

Todd—"I don't know anything about him personally, but my wife and daughter tell me he drives my car very well."—*Judge.*

Evidently Difficult.—"I dress expensively. Do you think you could do as well for me in that respect as father does?"

"Perhaps so," said the young man. "Still, I shouldn't like to go around looking as shabby as he does."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Wretch.—Her Husband—"Do you know, dear, that I found my first gray hair this morning?"

His Wife—"Oh, give it to me, John, and I'll keep it as a souvenir to remember you by."

Her Husband—"What's the matter with me keeping it to remember you by?"—*Indianapolis Star.*

Insouciant.—Inquisitive Party—"Ye'll likely be gaun tae Elie?"

N. C. O.—"No!"

Inquisitive Party—"Than' ye'll be gaun tae Pittenweem?"

N. C. O.—"*No!*"

Inquisitive Party—"Then ye'll shair tae be gaun tae Crail?"

N. C. O.—"NO!!!"

Inquisitive Party—"Dae ye think a care a dom whaur ye're gaun?"—*Punch.*

Jocund but Refined.—"Both the business-office and the editorial-rooms of *The Standard* were largely and brilliantly represented, and the collation was interspersed with highly intelligent affabilities. Constant streams of sparkling repartee rippled across the table, jocund anecdotes and refined civilities of every variety abounded, the festivities in every way being characterized by vivacity, suavity, chivalry, and irreproachable respectability."—*From the Anaconda (Mont.) Standard.*

Reassurance Desired.—"My second cousin, Perry Petty, for years kept a series of diaries," related H. H. Harsh, "and had a habit of producing and disproving thereby almost every reminiscence that was uttered in his presence. He seemed to feel that it was his duty to do so. His funeral was the largest ever held in the neighborhood where he had resided, people coming for many miles to pay their last tributes of respect to a conscientious man and to see for themselves that he absolutely was dead."—*Kansas City Star.*

A Suggestion.—A politician who was seeking the votes of a certain community in Ohio to the end that he might be sent to Congress thought it worth while to make mention of his humble origin and early struggles.

"I got my start in life by serving in a grocery at $3 a week, and yet I have managed to save," he announced.

Whereupon a voice from the audience queried:

"Was that before the invention of cash-registers?"—*New York Times.*

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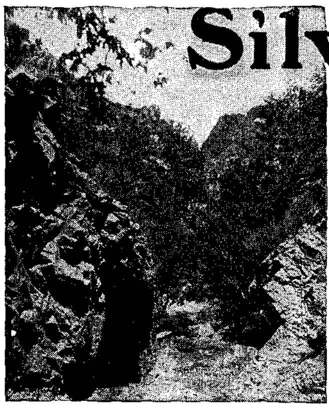

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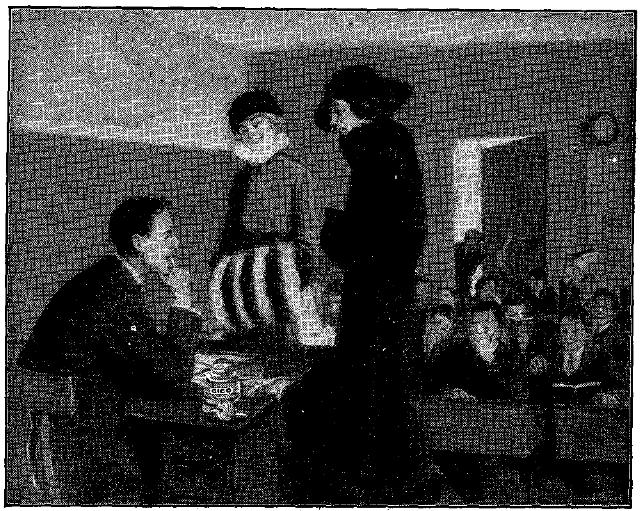

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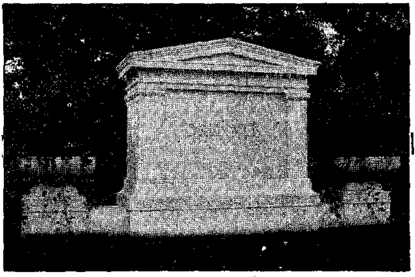

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Candor.—MISTRESS—"Bridget, I told you twice to have muffins for breakfast. Have you no intellect?"

BRIDGET—"No, mum; there's none in the house."—*Christian Register.*

Too Hard.—"When I said my prayers last night didn't you hear me ask God to make me a good boy?"

"Yes, Tommy I did."

"Well! He ain't done it."—*Sydney* (*Aust.*) *Bulletin.*

History Repeats.—Two men were once talking over their respective sons' careers at college, and one remarked: "Well, I sometimes feel like saying as did Aaron in the wilderness, 'Behold, I poured in the gold and there came out this calf.'"—*Christian Register.*

The Price of Contentment.—"May both races forgive us," said the California philosopher, "yet if the lords of Karma grant us our will, we shall in our next incarnation be half Irish and half Hebrew. For the Irishman is happy as long as he has a dollar, and the Hebrew always has it."—*Everybody's.*

Expert Testimony.—LANDLADY—"That new boarder is either a married man or a widower."

PRETTY DAUGHTER—"Why, ma, he says he is a bachelor."

LANDLADY—"Well, I don't believe it. When he opens his pocketbook to pay his board he always turns his back to me."—*Indianapolis Star.*

A Close Resemblance.—"Why do you call your mule 'Philippines'?"

"A gemman come along an' told me dat 'ud be a good name," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

"I were 'scussin' de animal wif' 'im, an' I told 'im I wasn' made up in my mind whether I'd hold on to 'im or try to trade 'im off or lose 'im."—*Washington Star.*

Canny.—A Chicago violinist who gives concerts throughout the West was bitterly disappointed with the account of his recital printed in an Iowa town paper.

"I told your man three or four times," complained the musician to the owner of the paper, "that the instrument I used was a genuine Stradivarius, and in his story there was not a word about it, not a word."

Whereupon the owner said, with a laugh: "That is as it should be. When Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddle advertised in my paper under two dollars a line, you come around and let me know."—*Everybody's.*

No Brigand.—Congressman Hull, of Iowa, sent free seeds to a constituent in a franked envelop, on the corner of which were the usual words, "Penalty for private use, $300." A few days later he received a letter which read:

"I don't know what to do about those garden-seeds you sent me. I notice it is $300 fine for private use. I don't want to use them for the public. I want to plant them in my private garden. I can't afford to pay $300 for the privilege. Won't you see if you can't fix it so I can use them privately? I am a law-abiding citizen, and do not want to commit any crime."—*Christian Register.*

CURRENT EVENTS

EUROPEAN WAR

IN THE WEST

March 9.—French and German reports conflict on the result of the German attempt to take the village and fort of Vaux, northeast of Verdun, the former claiming all attacks repulsed with heavy loss. East and southeast of the Douaumont plateau the Germans make fresh efforts to effect a breach, and, west of the Meuse, continue their effort to gain possession of the whole of Crows' Wood. The French report the Germans apparently unable to follow up their successes, and claim practically complete possession of Crows' Wood.

March 10.—The French admit German gains of some moment in Crows' Wood, while the Germans confess to the loss of the fortress of Vaux. The Douaumont attack is continued, with an assault to the west of the village. Heavy artillery-fire is reported all along the Western line. Aerial engagements occur at several points.

March 11.—Again attacking Vaux, the Germans secure a foothold in the village, and advance upon the slopes of the fortress. West of Douaumont three attacks in force are made, with heavy losses, the French report, and no appreciable gain. Berlin claims complete possession of Crows' Wood and the Forest of Cumieres.

Eleven miles northwest of Reims the Germans take nearly a mile of French trenches, to a depth of two-thirds of a mile.

March 12.—While artillery-bombardments continue scarcely abated, no infantry-action marks the twentieth day of the Verdun attack.

March 13.—Artillery-fire is increased on both sides at Verdun, centering about the defenses to the north and on both sides of the Meuse.

Elsewhere in the West activities are confined to sporadic artillery-duels. In the neighborhood of Seppois, Alsace, the struggle for the trenches near the Large River continues indecisive.

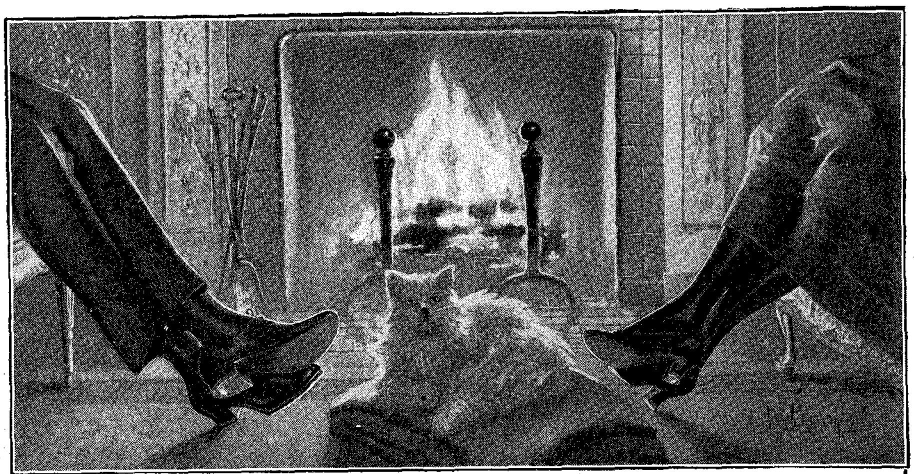
A large number of air-fights are reported, in which the Allies claim by far the greater success. The railway-station of Brisulles, north of Verdun, is the target of an Allied raid.

March 14.—German infantry-drives, following the heavy bombardments of the last twenty-four hours, secure two points between Bethincourt and Dead Man's Hill, but elsewhere are repulsed, Paris states, with heavy losses. Artillery-duels continue. Some attacks are made in the Vosges, in connection with the French bombardment about Chappelotte and the valley of the Thur, but without gain.

March 15.—Paris declares that the advantage at Verdun is swinging to the French side. On the Bethincourt-Cumieres front, trenches are regained by them, and they still hold Dead Man's Hill. In the region east of the Meuse they are apparently taking the offensive, especially on the Vaux-Damloup sector, on the slopes east of Vaux. The Germans make no infantry-attack.

TURKISH CAMPAIGNS

March 9.—The Turkish town of Rizeh, on the Black Sea, is captured by the Russians and employed by them as a naval base. Rioting is reported in



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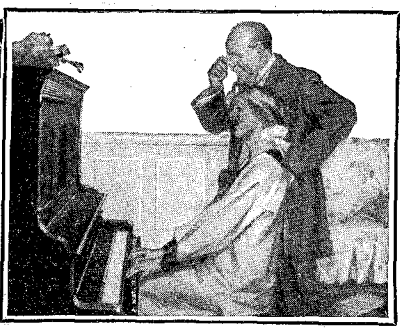

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Constantinople, due to food-shortages and rumors of a German-Russian understanding at Turkey's expense.

March 10.—The Russian Army in Persia takes Kirind, 50 miles west of Kermanshah, on the road from Hamadan to Bagdad. In a skirmish in the Black Sea between Russian torpedo-boats and Turkish submarines one torpedo-boat is lost.

General Sir Percy Lake reports an early morning attack upon an advance position of the Turks along the Tigris as wholly successful.

The Russian fleet is reported to be bombarding Varna, Bulgaria, and to have sunk recently eight Turkish steamers in the Black Sea.

March 12.—The Turkish War-Office announces the British losses in the recent engagements about Felahie, in the Mesopotamian campaign, to equal 5,000. A British advance on the Yemen front in Arabia is reported, but, it is claimed, tho nearly 7,000 strong, is forced to retire precipitately on Sheik Osman.

Athens asserts that direct news from Constantinople reveals great opposition to the war, particularly in the sending of peace-memorials to the new Turkish heir-apparent by the people of Brussah, Kinieh, and other cities.

GENERAL

March 8.—Germany declares war on Portugal.

German East-African bulletins state that the Allied forces under Lieutenant-General Smuts are advancing against the Germans in the Kilma Njaro district. Crossings on the Lumi River are seized. This colony, invaded already on three sides, is the only remaining German colony in Africa.

The Swedish steamship *Martha* is reported blown up by a mine in the German mine-field, altho in Swedish territorial waters. German gunboats are stationed off the Swedish coast to warn off neutral ships.

March 9.—Vigorous artillery-fire is reported on the Italo-Austrian front. The Austrians succeed with the aid of bomb-fire in bringing down avalanches upon the Italian positions.

Rotterdam states that Germans between the ages of eighteen and forty, engaged in Government work and hitherto exempt from military service, are called to the colors.

The Persian Premier, Firman Firma, resigns, and is succeeded by Sipah Salar, who is said to be a pronounced Russophile.

The Swiss Government begins sending Swiss-United States mail through Germany, instead of through the Allied countries, claiming Allied interference with neutral mail.

Roumania, dispatches say, seizes 50,000 car-loads of cereals purchased by Germany for her Army.

March 10.—Activities on the Russian front are confined to operations in the Riga, Kohlki, and Middle Strypa districts, with little appreciable advantage to either side. East of Czernowitz, Petrograd reports a successful bombardment.

February casualty-lists number 35,198 for the Germans, making a total of 2,667,372 for the war, computed from the official lists. (Estimates recorded hitherto have been those of Prussian losses only.)

March 11.—Vienna declares the Austrian troops in Albania to be within a day's march of the port of Avlona, where large Italian forces are concentrating. The Italians have been forced back over the Vojusa River, destroying all bridges as they retired.

A Bulgarian gunboat fires on Roumanians near Rahovo and the fire is returned by Roumanian soldiers, with many casualties on both sides.

The Portuguese Cabinet resigns, to make way for a new war-cabinet.

German sources declare the French losses so far in the war, and up to March 1, to equal 800,000 dead, 1,400,000 wounded (of which 400,000 are completely incapacitated), and 300,000 missing. British losses are placed at 600,000.

March 12.—A strong engagement between the Germans and the forces of General Smuts occurs at Kitovo Sills, British East Africa, to the west of Taveta. The Germans are reported retreating south.

The Italians resume the offensive on the Isonzo front and extend operations, tho greatly hindered by snowfall and avalanches, along the Trentino and Cadore fronts.

The Germans claim to have taken French prisoners in the Verdun attack to the number of 430 officers and 26,042 unwounded men, with 189 guns and 232 machine guns. Paris declares that the Germans have already lost in this attack the 200,000 men they were reported willing to pay for Verdun.

March 13.—Renewed artillery-activity on the Riga sector of the Russian front is reported by Petrograd. Germany declares that Russian attacks on the Dniester and Bessarabian front have been repulsed.

Still greater activity is marked on the Isonzo front, where the Italians are attacking desperately, but so far, Vienna claims, without success.

MEXICAN-BORDER OPERATIONS

March 9.—The town of Columbus, N. M., is attacked by a band of Mexicans under General Francisco Villa, who loot and burn many buildings and kill seventeen citizens and members of the 13th United States Cavalry stationed at that point. Over 100 Mexicans are killed in a pursuit carried over the border.

March 10.—General Funston is ordered by the President to send 5,000 troops in pursuit of Villa. The women and children of Columbus are brought to El Paso for safety. A band of 200 Mexicans crosses the border southeast of Osborne Junction, Ariz., and attacks a ranch.

March 11.—Raids continue along the international border west of El Paso, several ranches being attacked. Villa is reported 25 miles south of the border. Gen. John J. Pershing is placed in command of the invading force.

March 12.—United States Consul William W. Canada notifies all Americans to leave the interior of Mexico without delay.

March 13.—In answer to a note of General Carranza, protesting against American invasion unless Mexicans are permitted similar rights, President Wilson agrees to a reciprocal arrangement for protection against raids in either direction across the border.

San Antonio reports that 25,000 Carranza troops are being rushed to the border.

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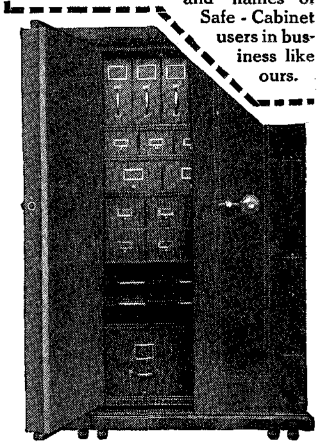

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General Carranza appoints General Obregon Minister of War and General Candido Aguilar as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Border raids continue. One American is held for $14,000 ransom.

March 15.—United States troops to the number of 4,000 cross the border for a definite campaign for the capture of Villa.

DOMESTIC

WASHINGTON

March 12.—Secretary Daniels completes arrangements for a "naval Plattsburg," in the shape of four-weeks cruises on naval vessels for civilians, in the course of which they will be trained as bluejackets.

March 14.—Without the formality of a debate the House adopts a joint resolution authorizing the President to recruit the Army to 120,000 men, or about 20,000 more than formerly authorized by law.

GENERAL

March 11.—San Francisco reports the seizure of the American steamer *Edna* by a British cruiser, which has taken her to Port Stanley, Falkland Islands. A charge of violation of neutrality was laid against this vessel formerly, when she steamed under the name of *Mazatlan*. She carries at present nitrates from Chile for the British West Indies.

March 13.—In New York State the Equal Suffragists succeed in passing their constitutional amendment through the Assembly by a vote of 109 to 30.

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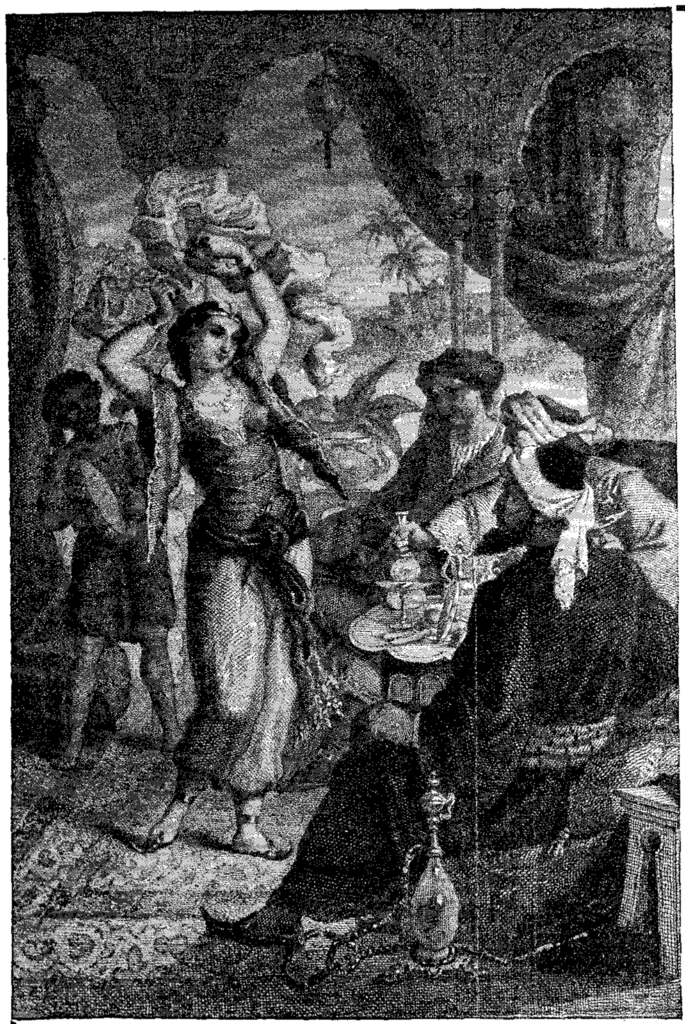
"I must say that New York has the finest-looking and most polite class of men I ever met. They are so friendly and nice to strangers. The ladies also are handsome, but nothing to compare with the men. You hardly ever see a blonde lady here. All dark complected with black eyes and are small in stature. They are not half as good-looking as our Southern girls.

"I am making my letter too long, but have told but little of the many things of interest that I have seen since coming here. Some of these days I am coming home and it will take a good one to match the wonderful yarns that Kennedy will tell then."—*W. A. Kennedy, in the Farmington (Mo.) News.*



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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

THRIFT AS AN INVESTMENT-BANKER SEES IT

MR. S. W. STRAUS, the Chicago banker, who is president of the American Society for Thrift, recently delivered before the National Education Association an address on thrift, in which are given interesting facts pertaining to the thrift-movement in this country which has been getting well under way since the war in Europe began. While the country is prosperous, this prosperity is mainly prosperity as a nation. Individually he does not regard the Americans as a prosperous people, because, while they have earned plenteously, they have spent lavishly, and hence have remained poor. He declares that if the wheels of industry were to stop turning for thirty days, "the vast majority of our citizens would be paupers." Out of every one thousand of population in this country, statistics show that only 108 actually save money.

This is a low percentage compared with European countries. In Italy, the number in a thousand who save is 288, in England 202, in Germany 317, in France 346, in Sweden 386, in Belgium 397, in Switzerland 544, these figures being for a period previous to the present war. In this country people have spent as they earned and have spent bountifully, their savings meanwhile being only moderate. When orators talk about our prosperity they neglect to point out what would happen if this prosperity should cease. We are to-day "the most thriftless nation among the great Powers." To have real prosperity, we must get back to those habits of thrift which prevailed so generally two, three, and four generations ago. At present there prevail too much want and waste, too much riotous living, and too many artificial practises, both social and in business. Mr. Straus presented striking facts as to conditions in New York:

> "New York County is the most populous county in America. The records of the Surrogate's office of that county for the five years which began January 1, 1901, and ended December 31, 1905, revealed the fact that an average of 27,011 adults died each year of that period. Of these 23,051, or 85.3 per cent., left no estate at all; 1,171, or 4.3 per cent., left estates valued at $300 to $1,000; and 1,428, or 5.3 per cent., left estates of more than $1,000 but less than $5,000.
>
> "There are in the United States 1,250,000 dependent wage-earners who have failed to save anything for their own support, now costing this country $220,000,000 a year. There are 3,000,127 widows in America over sixty-five years of age, and over 32 per cent. of them lack the necessities of life, and 90 per cent. the comforts. What a sad commentary! This country is supporting about 1,000,000 delinquents in institutions; yet the wealth of the United States, $150,000,000,000, is nearly double England's $85,000,000,000; Germany's $80,000,000,000, and three times that of France. Incredible as it may seem, in this land of such vast wealth there are between ten and fifteen million people who are in absolute poverty."

Mr. Straus is an ardent advocate of the thrift-movement—not alone for the future of the nation, but as something that is good for the individual. Thrift, he says, is "the very foundation of individual efficiency, and individual efficiency is the foundation of all success." Thrift means submission to discipline, and that discipline is self-imposed. It means denying oneself a present pleasure in order to secure a future gain. Thrift is an index of character and a builder of character. As to the influence of the war on our future development, he says:

> "We have suddenly become an exporting nation, beyond our wildest dreams, but there will be a readjustment. It is inevitable—but I do not say this as a pessimist. These are simply economic conditions that we must face—and the more strongly we fortify ourselves against them the more insignificant will be their effect. Looking down the long vista of years ahead of us in America, we are bound to have many prosperous periods. We are so rich, so strong, so young. We have so many advantages over the older nations—our commercial resistance is so tremendous that periods of depression must be of comparatively short duration.
>
> "But even with the prospect of a golden era of peace lying before us, with the assumption that the wheels of industry shall continue to turn—that we shall be continuously blest with bountiful crops—that our population shall be increasing and increasing—that our cities shall build and grow even more wonderful, and the barren places be taken up for occupation—my friends, even with the assumption of all these things, are we sure to-night that our children, and our children's children, will be prepared for the temptations that will come with these unfoldings of time? Weakness is begot of the pamperings of opulence. We need but to read our histories.
>
> "After the present war in Europe is over, this nation will be the subject of attack, commercially, from every country now at arms. The empires of Europe will lie bleeding, in ruin. Prosperous America will be the shining target of attack. We must be prepared for this contest. It may mean a prolonged period of financial depression, or, on the other hand, we may be approaching the greatest era of prosperity America has ever known. Whether fortune has in store for us prosperity or adversity, the necessity for individual preparedness is alike apparent. And now what are the deductions? I think you will agree with me that whether we have prosperity or adversity, it is necessary that we have individual preparedness, through thrift."

"THE TEN-SHARE TORRENT"

Under the above title, a writer in the New York *Times Annalist* has shown how an enormous volume of trading in fractional lots of corporation stocks, during the recent bull market, overwhelmed financial houses dealing in such lots. Among the interesting things set forth are these:

> "There have been plenty of markets in other periods of speculative expansion that ran in excess of 1,500,000 shares daily, but none to tax the facilities of the odd-lot houses and of the Exchange in handling odd-lot transactions as did the recent markets. Days of tremendous pressure and nights refreshed by few hours of sleep proved beyond any doubt that the system of conducting business in fractional amounts of stock is inadequate in times like the present.
>
> "The need of a more complete organiza-

tion on the Exchange was amply demonstrated. It was not widely known in the Street, but the fact was that the odd-lot system came within a hair's breadth of a breakdown. The dealers became nearly demoralized, and in their disturbed state sought deliberately a method for reducing the amount of business coming to them.

"It is doubtful if the broker for a big odd-lot house knew at any time of the day exactly how his accounts stood. In periods of moderate business a clerk in the office, to whom he makes reports of sales and purchases, keeps him informed about the state of his trades. But the clerk now had so much detail to attend to that he himself did not know the position of the broker. So the broker was constantly working pretty much in the dark. The inflow of business became so great that many brokers abandoned all effort to make reports to the office at frequent intervals, and a number kept a bag at hand into which they threw their order-slips and did not send them around to the office until noon or even later. Under this sort of congestion one odd-lot house was known to have more than 100 cots distributed through its offices on which the clerks snatched a few hours of sleep in the early morning.

"The average daily purchases and sales by one odd-lot firm in one week amounted to 176,000 shares; another's turnover was 80,000 shares; a third house bought and sold 150,000 shares, a fourth 74,000, and a fifth 40,000 shares, making a total for five houses of 520,000 shares dealt in in a single day.

"Two prominent odd-lot firms have six partners who are members of the Exchange. They were not able to handle the business thrust upon them and were forced to hand many orders over to other brokers to be filled. Several firms employed outside Exchange members to help them out, paying a salary instead of the customary brokerage of $2 per hundred.

"The Stock Exchange has made much capital out of the increase of buying of fractional amounts of stock. Through the increase in this business the Exchange sought to prove its value as the medium for investments by persons of small means. Months before the expansion of speculation began, odd-lot transactions supplied a substantial part of the income of numerous commission-houses which would not have welcomed the odd-lot investor or trader a few years ago.

"One week supplied evidence of too great a business to be handled, and it also showed that odd-lot dealings could very easily be curbed. Raising the margin between odd- and full-lot prices had exactly the effect that the dealers hoped for. It went even further, helped, perhaps, by the mistaken notion held in some quarters that brokers had raised their commission from one-eighth to one-quarter of 1 per cent. Public buying fell away substantially, and it was reported that considerable trading in fractional lots was switched from New York to Boston and Philadelphia."

OUR BUSINESS RIVALS AFTER THE WAR

Henry Clews, the New York banker, still active in business, who has survived from what seems now an ancient period—the late sixties and early seventies—has contributed to *The Magazine of Wall Street* an article on America's great opportunity in trade, as a consequence of the European War. Among his interesting points he makes are these:

"According to the 'Statesmen's Year Book,' Great Britain's foreign trade, imports and exports, amounted to $8,020,000,000 in 1913, the year before the war. In the same year the foreign trade of

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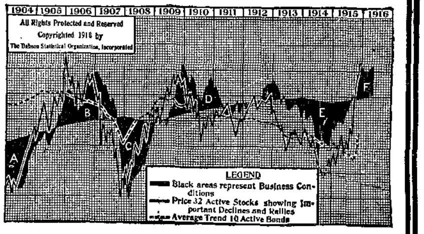
Germany aggregated $5,145,000,000; of the United States, $4,035,000,000; and of France, $3,050,000,000. The United States thus came third in total and had a little more than half the amount of Great Britain. This latter divergence was due to our imports being relatively small, our exports making a particularly satisfactory showing. Great Britain's exports were $3,175,000,000 in 1913; Germany's $2,475,000,000; the United States, $2,225,000,000; and France's, $1,900,000,000. Had we been larger buyers of foreign products we should have prest Germany closely for second place in the world's trade, because large imports invariably facilitate large exports, and a restraint upon one side of foreign commerce inevitably acts unfavorably upon the other. Such were the facts before the war.

"But what we are asking at the moment is what is to be expected after the war, bearing in mind that any answer can only be based upon conditions as they appear to-day. Whichever side wins, the foreign commerce of the world is bound to encounter great changes. If the Allies win, every effort will be made to prevent Germany regaining the possession of second place, which she securely held before the war, and which she, unfortunately for herself, imperiled by permitting that deplorable cataclysm. So far as Germany is concerned, the war temporarily suspended her five billions of foreign commerce and forced out of employment over 3,000,000 tons of shipping.

"Germany will, of course, make a desperate struggle to regain this loss; in fact, when peace comes, the world must face the bitterest economic war ever experienced. German science and German organization, plus German aid, will undoubtedly make heroic efforts to dislodge those who have captured her trade during the war. Her capacities in these respects must not be underrated, even tho she be handicapped by impaired economic and financial conditions, by high prices, high wages, scarcity of skilled labor, loss of export trade, high taxes, foreign prejudice, etc. Moreover, when peace comes it is highly probable that a series of hostile tariffs will be imposed, calculated to restrain German trade and stimulate that of her allied enemies. These are only some of the difficulties against which Germany will have to contend after the war, and it will be some years before such obstacles can be effectually overcome.

"Meanwhile, what will Great Britain be doing? Already she is making active plans for permanent retention of markets captured from Germany. The war will shake Great Britain out of the easy, self-confident spirit which she has long displayed in her foreign trade. Already she is carefully studying German methods, and Germany will almost certainly be temporarily shut out from one of her best markets—the British Empire—by a hostile tariff. British shipping and British finance may also be expected to discriminate very positively in favor of their own nationality. Great Britain is essentially a great trading nation as well as a great manufacturing nation. She controls nearly one-quarter of the world's population and territory, and owns nearly one-half the world's ocean tonnage. Being an island with singular geographical limitations, she is unable to raise more than one-quarter of her necessary food, and is consequently obliged to buy her heavy imports with the product of her factories. Add to these conditions her remarkable colonizing abilities and her genius for governing dependent peoples, and we have a few of the principal reasons for the marvelous growth and development of the British Empire which Germany endeavored to emulate and break; but which, by a strange irony of fate, is likely to be more firmly welded together than ever before. Furthermore, Great Britain is being less hurt in every



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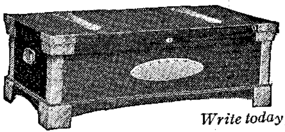

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way by the war than any of the other belligerents; so that when peace comes she will naturally be the quickest of all the belligerents to rebound.

"Now as to the United States, whose future in foreign trade could not be fairly estimated until we had somewhat measured the abilities of our chief competitors, Great Britain and Germany. It is quite evident that a big struggle is coming for foreign markets; that Great Britain and the United States will gain largely from the war, and that Germany will be seriously handicapped for some years to come. After the war, reconstruction will be intensely active in the devastated districts, and many orders on this account will come to the United States. For our steel-products and mechanical appliances of all sorts there will be an urgent demand; tho there is serious danger that the inflated prices at home may shut us out of foreign markets and enable Germany more quickly to recover much lost ground. Great Britain will also be prepared to satisfy European demands; hence the permanence of our hold on some of these markets remains to be demonstrated.

"There are other markets, however, more tempting and less transient, so far as we are concerned. South America, China, Japan, and even India and the Far East offer unlimited opportunities to American manufacturers, exporters, financiers, and investors. One good effect of the war will be to compel us to take broader views of the world and to prevent us from being too self-centered; for this will be a very different world after the war, and whether we like or not, the United States will be forced into more intimate relations with all the great nations.

"This country is increasing its output of manufactures at a much higher ratio than growth of population, while its growth in agriculture barely keeps pace with home demands. It is within the realms of certainty that exports of manufacturers will increase enormously during the present generation, while our exports of farm-products may practically cease. Surplus products from our mills must find foreign buyers, to gain which we shall be obliged to meet foreign competition, selling at prices, terms, quality, style, etc., that will command a preference for American products.

"It would be folly for us to expect that these foreign markets will be easily won. In all probability a fierce struggle for supremacy in this respect will follow after the war, particularly on the part of Germany. Much of her foreign commerce will be temporarily lost, and she will be seriously handicapped in its recovery by financial, commercial, and even human exhaustion. Nevertheless, she will make a supreme struggle for recovery, and will undoubtedly rally more vigorously and effectively than her enemies are disposed to expect. Great Britain has also suffered in her foreign trade, but relatively much less than any of the belligerents, because of her ability to keep open the world's highways for herself and friends while closing them to her enemies. When the war ends Great Britain will undoubtedly recover more quickly and be a larger gainer by the war than any of the belligerents.

"Our chief commercial rival will undoubtedly be Great Britain, but in this there should be stimulus without danger, so long as the spirit of fairness and freedom possesses both nations in their intercourse, and provided always that both nations preserve the willingness to reason out all differences of opinion and interest, as for the last hundred years. The greatest difficulty on our part will come in the unreadiness of American manufacturers to meet the requirements of foreign markets, which hitherto they have been indisposed often to cultivate as a permanency, preferring the profits and ease of the home market."

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"R. L. D.," Terrace Park, Ohio.—"What is the exact meaning of the phrase 'on the bias' as in the sentence 'I'm on the bias'? Is it good English?"

"I'm on the bias" is a slang-phrase meaning "I'm not feeling in good condition." It is not good English.

"T. A. R.," Atlanta, Ga.—"Should 'come' or 'go' be used in the following sentence: 'I can not *come* (or *go*) to see you'? The sentence is supposed to be written to some one living across the city."

Both are correct, when written to some one at a distance. Speaking of this person to a third person one would say "I can not *go* to see him," as one is then considering movement *away* from both oneself and the person addressed, but in writing to some one one is considering movement *toward* him, and therefore *come* is the better word to employ.

"J. F. L.," Coudersport, Pa.—"I find a growing tendency among the people to address a minister of the Gospel as 'Reverend Smith,' or 'Reverend Jones.' If the given name is omitted, is it not correct to say 'Reverend Mister Smith'? Please tell me the source of the quotation, 'The light that never shone on land or sea.'"

Persons of culture use the form *Rev. Mr. Smith* when the first name of the person addressed is not known. When that name is known, the form used may be *Rev. John Smith*, but the former is preferred. The form "Rev. Smith" is vulgar. The LEXICOGRAPHER does not know the source of the words you quote. Wordsworth wrote "The light that never was, on sea or land" in his poem, "Suggested by a Picture of Peel Castle in a Storm." It is a line in stanza 4.

"M. E. A.," Nevada, Ohio.—"(1) Is it proper to use this expression, 'I had a *nice* time'? (2) What pronoun is used in connection with these diseases: mumps, measles, etc.? (3) Is it proper to say '*these* oats'; 'I measured *them* up'?"

(1) *Nice*, in the sense of "a *nice* time," is in wide colloquial use, but is not sanctioned by good usage. (2) The words *mumps* and *measles* are plural forms often used as singulars. Both *it* and *them* may be used in talking of the diseases, depending upon whether one considers the disease or the manner in which the disease manifests itself. (3) "Oat" is used usually in the plural and collectively. Therefore, the expressions, "*these* oats," and "I measured *them* up," are correct, but "all" is preferable to "up," which is colloquial.

"R. L. K.," Chicago, Ill.—"Is the verb in the following sentence used correctly? 'They *have proved* themselves safe by years of tests.' If it is correctly used in this case, can you explain why? Should it not be '*have proven*'?"

Yes, the verb is correct, because the evident intention is to express time passed. If *proven* were used, such use would be open to challenge, because *proven* is an archaism surviving in legal use. The true preterit and past participle of "prove" is *proved*. "Proven" is a Scotticism common in the Scottish verdict, "not proven."

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CASH—For any discarded jewelry; for any watches or diamonds; for any discarded false teeth. Send us any diamonds, watches, old gold, platinum or silver jewelry, new or broken, any false teeth, with or without gold, any dental fillings, painters' gold leaf cotton, or auto magneto points, nothing too large or too small. We send value in cash on receipt of goods. Your goods returned at our expense should our offer be refused within ten days. Established 1899. Liberty Refining Company, 431F Liberty Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FINANCIAL MORTGAGES

I WANT TO REACH PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS, who have funds to place on select First Mortgage Loans, on Dairy Farms, and improved, income-bearing City Property, at 6% net. Higher rates mean larger risks. A choice loan at 6% means a conservative loan. Let me submit applications. None but the safest accepted. Title Insurance required. Eleven years' experience in this locality. I have clients to refer to. Mortgages exempt from taxation in this State. J. HARWOOD MORRIS, SEATTLE.

COINS—CURRENCY

ATTENTION.—Bookstores, Cigarstores, Newsdealers. Gold and silver coins, bank bills and war currencies of old Mexico. $1000.00 Villa Currency, $5.00; $100.00 Carranza, $5.00. Popular and attractive for collections and as souvenirs. Prices coins and other currencies upon request. Old Mexico Export Co., Mills Building, El Paso, Texas.